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CONTENTS

OF

No. II.

ART.		PAGE
I.	JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. *by the Editor*	279
	The Works of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY.	
II.	HUNGARY, PAST AND PRESENT	316
	1. *Hungary and its Revolutions. From the Earliest Period to the Nineteenth Century. With a Memoir of* LOUIS KOSSUTH.	
	2. *The History of Hungary and the Magyars.* By EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.	
	3. *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary.* By GENERAL KLAPKA. Two volumes.	
	4. *Austria in* 1848–'49. *With a Full Account of the Revolution in Hungary.* By WILLIAM H. STYLES.	
	5. *Hungary and Kossuth, or an American Exposition of the late Hungarian Revolution.* By REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.	
III.	SOCIAL LIFE IN AMERICA	350
	1. *American Notes.* By CHARLES DICKENS.	
	2. *Society in America.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU.	
	3. *America: Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive.* By J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq.	
	4. *The Homes of the New World: Impressions of America.* By FREDERIKA BREMER.	
	5. *Anglo-American Literature and Manners.* From the French of PHILARETE CHASLES, Professor of the College of France.	
	6. *White, Red, and Black: Sketches of American Society in the United States.* By FRANCIS and THERESA PULSZKY.	
	7. *Travels in the United States, &c., during* 1849 *and* 1850. By the LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.	
	8. *Letters from the United States, Cuba, and the Canadas.* By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY.	

ART. PAGE.

IV. TORQUATO TASSO..... 375

1. *La Gerusalemme Liberata di* TORQUATO TASSO, *preceduta da un discorso critico letterario di* UGO FOSCOLO *ed illustrada da note storiche.*

2. *La Gerusalemme Liberata, e L'Aminta di* TORQUATO TASSO.

3. *Il Rinaldo del Sig.* TORQUATO TASSO, *nel parto Seconda del Rime e Prose del Tasso.*

V. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE 401

1. *The English Language.* By ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M. D., F. R. S.

2. *The Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English Language.* By the Rev. M. HARRISON, A. M.

3. *Outlines of English Literature.* By T. B. SHAW, B. A., Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Institute, St. Petersburg.

4. *Lectures on the English Language.* By G. P. MARSH, Professor of English Literature at Columbia College.

VI. SEWARD AS AN ORATOR AND STATESMAN... 432

1. *The Works of* WILLIAM H. SEWARD. Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER. In four vols. 8vo.

2. *The Life of* WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *with Selections from his Works.* Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER.

VII. THE WORKS OF MISS EVANS..... 455

1. *The Mill on the Floss,* by George Eliot.

2. *Adam Bede,* by George Eliot.

3. *Scenes of Clerical Life,* by George Eliot.

VIII. AVAILABILITY; OR, POLITICIANS *vs.* STATESMEN..... 485

1. *The Political Text-Book, or Encyclopædia.* Edited by M. W. CLUSKEY.

2. *Our Living Representative Men.* By JOHN SAVAGE.

IX. NOTICES AND CRITICISMS—

Reference..... 504

Belles-Lettres..... 507

History, Biography, and Travels..... 519

Education..... 525

Law..... 537

Theology..... 539

Books for the Young..... 542

Miscellany..... 543

Publications Received..... 549

Compliments of Editor

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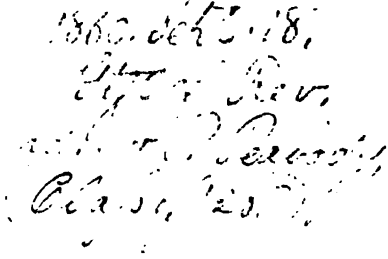
CONTENTS

OF

No. I.

Art.		Page.
I.	Dante	1
	1. *La Comedia di Dante Alighieri.*	
	2. *La Vita Nuovo di Dante Alighieri.*	
	3. *L'Enfer de Dante traduit en vers, par* Louis Ratisbone.	
	4. *Le Purgatoire de Dante traduit en vers, par* Louis Ratisbone.	
II.	Godwin's History of France	30
	The History of France. By Parke Godwin.	
III.	The Modern French Drama	64
	1. *Les Jeunes Gens. Par* Leon Laya.	
	2. *Czarina. Par* Eugene Scribe.	
	3. *Par Droit de Conquete. Par* M. Legouve.	
	4. *Le Gateau des Reines. Par* Leon Gozlan.	
IV.	The Works of Charles Dickens	91
	The Works of Charles Dickens.	
V.	The Nineteenth Century	113
	1. *History of Civilization in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle.	
	2. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps. Par* M. Guizot.	
VI.	A Glance at the Fine Arts	146
	1. *The Two Paths: Being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture.* By John Ruskin.	
	2. *Sacred and Legendary Art.* By Mrs. Jameson.	
	3. *Memoirs of Early Italian Painters.* By Mrs. Jameson.	
	4. *The Epochs of Painting Characterized.* By Ralph Nicholson Wornum.	

Art.		Page.
VII.	The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning	173
	1. *Poems of* Elizabeth Barrett Browning.	
	2. *Aurora Leigh.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.	
	3. *Napoleon III. in Italy, and other Poems.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.	
VIII.	Italy, Past and Present	201
	1. La Question Italienne, Eteudes du Comte Charles Catinelli, ancien Chef d'Etat, Major de l'Armée Anglo-Sicilienne sous Lord William Bentinck.	
	2. *Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph.*	
	3. *Toscano e Austria.*	
	4. Remarks made in several Visits, from the year 1816 to 1854. By Lord Broughton, C. C. B.	
	5. *L'Empereur Napoleon III. et l'Italie.*	
IX.	Notices and Criticisms—	
	Lexicography and Reference	231
	Belles-Lettres	239
	History, Biography, and Travels	250
	Education	255
	Science	261
	Theology	266
	Miscellany	270
	Books for the Young	272
	Publications Received	274



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2. *La Vita Nuova di Dante Alighieri.* Firenze: Felice Le Monnier. 1859.
3. *L'Enfer de Dante, traduit en vers, par* LOUIS RATISBONE. Paris: Michel Levy, Frères. 1860.
4. *Le Purgatoire de Dante, traduit en vers, par* LOUIS RATISBONE. Paris: Michel Levy, Frères. 1860.

EVERY nation has its favorite poet—one whom it prefers to all others. Sometimes different nations, composed of kindred races, although differing in language, agree to place one above all rivals. This is true alike of both ancients and moderns. It is natural that a people should have sympathy for one who has told their story, whether in prose or verse, in the manner most flattering to their self-love; and in proportion as others think like them, they will be pleased with the same work. This is but an enlargement of what we see passing around us almost daily. There is scarcely a family possessed of ordinary talent that is not willing to regard at least one of its members as a genius. The uncle and aunt agree with the brother in his estimate of the brilliant one. The cousin thinks they may be right in their judgment, though

he is by no means sure. But, when strangers come to decide on the same question, they will regard it in a different light. The probability is, that they will laugh at what is merely the partiality of private friendship. If, upon the other hand, all are unanimous in their admiration; whether they live fifty or a thousand miles off; whether they belong to a cold or a warm climate; whether they love liberty, or are indifferent to its blessings; it is conclusive evidence that the object admired possesses real worth.

Of the world's minstrels there are only three whose admiration is thus universal—Homer and Virgil among the ancients, and Dante among the moderns. Each of these has been naturalized in every country that boasts a literature; while all others, not excepting the inimitable Shakespeare, are regarded to a greater or less extent as foreigners. In Germany, indeed, the author of *Hamlet* is nearly if not quite as enthusiastically admired as he is by ourselves, or by his own countrymen. Neither Goethe, nor Schiller, is preferred before him as a poet by those best competent to judge of his merits. But it is different in France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. True, he is read in each, but not more than Corneille, Tasso, Calderon, and Camoens, are read here or in England; while all the countries mentioned rival each other in their appreciation of the works of Dante, especially his *Divina Comedia*. This is the more remarkable from the fact, that no great poem has ever been written more difficult to be understood. The commentaries of which it has been the subject would form quite a respectable library by themselves, at least so far as number and extent are concerned. For nearly six hundred years the most learned and ingenious Italian critics have in turn devoted their best efforts to the elucidation of the allegories of the *Comedia*. Scarcely two agree as to the true meaning of some of the obscurer passages; but all are charmed with constantly varying beauties, even where the poet is most unintelligible.

No year passes without a new edition of Dante's works; in general, there are several. In January one appears at Florence,

the poet's native city; another appears at Paris in April; another at London in June; another at Leipsic, Berlin, or Munich, in August, and yet another at Madrid, in November. Nor do the Danes, Swedes, or modern Greeks, yield to any of their neighbors in their appreciation of the same poet. There are different reasons for this universality. Intrinsic merit alone, however great, would not be sufficient. Even a genius like that of Dante might have brought all its resources to bear on any one subject, and yet failed to attract more than one class of minds. But within the compass of the *Inferno* alone every chord of the human heart is touched. The patriot, the exile, the persecuted for whatever cause, the lover, the friend, the vindictive and the forgiving, find each in its passionate and melodious outpourings, a certain indescribable something that harmonizes with their feelings.

In every point of view the character of Dante is an interesting study. Born of a noble family, his early education was carefully attended to. "In his childhood," says Leonardo Aretino, "he was educated liberally, and given preceptors in letters; and he soon displayed a very great genius fit for excellent things." According to the best evidence which his numerous biographers have been able to collect, from the time of Boccaccio to the present day, his father must have died when he was scarcely eight years old. How long his mother survived her husband can only be conjectured—probably not more than a year or two. There is every reason to believe that he was an object of the most tender solicitude to his parents; and that he felt as much grief at the death of each as any child of his thoughtless age could be thought capable of. The fact that he had hardly completed his ninth year when his love for Beatrice commenced, she being one year his junior, is urged by some of his biographers, as a proof that if he experienced any sorrow worthy of the name, it must have been of brief duration. But this is a hasty conclusion—one that is at variance with the experience of the world; were it even true, it is characteristic of youth to rejoice, if the occasion presents itself, almost before the tear on the cheek has had time to dry.

It is much more probable that Dante loved so soon after the death of his parents because his heart was sad. His affectionate nature yearned for an object on which it could bestow the treasures of its devotion. To find such he had not long to wait. It was at a banquet given by Folco Portinari, her father, that he first saw Beatrice. The impression then made was only deepened by time and misfortune. Why he could not have married the object of his passion is not clearly known She, as well as he, was of a noble family; the friends of both were nearly, if not quite equal, in the social scale; that he was willing to wed her is not to be doubted. This, indeed, is evident from numerous passages in his writings; and we have also sufficient evidence that for a time at least, probably for a period of ten years, she loved him in return. She must have waited for her lover. She had many suitors—several she refused to marry under one pretext or other, though warmly urged by her friends. Finally she accepted an obscure knight, named Messer Simone de Bardi, and the nuptials took place about the middle of January, 1327, when the lady was twenty-one years of age.

That it was a source of grief to the sensitive nature of Dante, to see the one whom he had so long and tenderly loved become the wife of another, may be easily believed; and we have the proof before us in as touching amatory strains as ever minstrel sung. Of the many conjectures put forward by different biographers as to the cause of the poet's failure to make his beloved his own, by far the most plausible is that the Alighieri and Portinari families had at this time become opposed to each other in politics, or that they were parties to some such feud as that between the Montagues and Capulets, so well illustrated by Shakespeare, in *Romeo and Juliet.*

Be this as it may, Dante did not love Beatrice anything the less for becoming the wife of a rival. On the contrary, he wooed her now more passionately than ever, if indeed such was possible. He was so pressing in his attentions and so warm in his professions of love, that she found it necessary to avoid him as much as she could, without giving offence. The

poet himself, in giving an account of an interview with several ladies who took an interest in the peculiar circumstances of his case, refers to this resolution on the part of Beatrice, as follows: "Some of them were smiling at one another; others were looking at me, expecting that I should speak; while others were talking among themselves. One turning her eyes toward me, and calling me by my name, said these words: 'To what end dost thou love this mistress of thine, since thou canst not support the presence of her eyes? Certainly the end of such a love must be most novel.' And after she had said this, not only she but all the others began to look in my face, expecting an answer. Then I said these words to them: 'Ladies, the end of my love has always been a greeting from that lady, whom, perhaps, you mean, and in that rested my delight, and it was the object of all my dearest desires. But since *she has been pleased to deny it to me*, my sovereign Love, thanks be to him, has placed all my delight in that which cannot be forbidden me,'" &c.* The truth of this statement is fully attested by Boccaccio, the poet's first biographer, who had the best opportunities of ascertaining the facts; and those acquainted with his *Decameron*, will readily believe that if there was any cause for scandal, he, above all others, was not the person to conceal it. The love of Dante, he tells us, was most pure, "Not a little wonderful in the present world from whence every pure pleasure has fled."†

In our time and country nothing could justify open professions of love to a married woman by any man, however gifted, except her husband. The finest poetical effusions would not satisfy public opinion that there is nothing wrong in addressing love sonnets to another man's wife. It would not do to say that the love thus made is Platonic—we are too matter of fact, or perhaps too earthly, to have much faith in such love. Nor are the Italians more Platonic than we. There is abundant evidence in their history that they are as much influenced by the weaknesses of human nature as any other

* Vita Nuova, p. 27. † Vita di Dante, p. 19.

people. At the present day, as well as in the time of Dante, it is no uncommon or strange thing for married women to have lovers who are publicly known to be such. Husbands, indeed, generally object; sometimes the rival pays the penalty of his amours with his life. But Italian public opinion is ever lenient to such offenders. It was so in the time of Dante. The author of the *Divina Comedia* was not the only young man of his day who openly avowed a passion for a married woman; and no one save the husband of the beloved one seems to have taken any offence. Whether he would take the theory of Platonic love as a sufficient explanation or not, is another question. Experience shows us that he would be much more likely to act the part of Othello. Hence it is that there are several of the best commentators on Dante who regard Beatrice as a personage purely allegorical, sometimes representing philosophy, sometimes theology, and then again Italy. It seems beyond doubt, however, that there was a real Beatrice, at least a beautiful lady beloved by the poet, and called that name by him, though her true name was Bice; but it is equally certain that the name is frequently used in a strictly allegorical sense.

The poet tells us naively, himself, that he had recourse to many contrivances in order to save his mistress from blame or scandal. For this purpose he paid attentions to several other ladies, in order that he might use them as screens. Conduct like this, even on the part of one of the world's greatest master-spirits, cannot be justified except on the ground, that all is honorable in love. At all events the death of Beatrice was a severe blow to Dante, although he had long a presentiment that she was destined to live but a short time. Several of his foreboding dreams are fully related in his *Vita Nuova*, and are very remarkable. On one occasion, speaking of his experience in this respect, he says: "My imagination was so powerful, that I really cried out with a loud voice, and began to say: 'O beautiful soul, blessed is he who sees thee!' These words being followed by a painful burst of tears and invocations to death to come to me, a young and gentle lady, who was

beside my bed, thinking that my tears and my words were a lamentation over my own sickness, became alarmed, and began to weep herself," &c.* Four poems, written soon after the death of Beatrice, are among the finest of his lyrical effusions. Nor did he confine the expression of his grief to the trammels of verse. He poured forth his regrets with equal freedom in prose. Thus, in his *Convito* he says:† "As the first delight of my soul was lost to me, I remained pierced with grief to such a degree, that no consolation availed me," &c.

It may seem of very little importance at first sight what were the feelings of the poet toward his mistress before or after her death. But Beatrice is the guiding-star of the *Divina Comedia*. The noblest passages it contains, if not the whole, are inspired by her. We see her sweet and exalting influence everywhere throughout the three worlds of darkness, purification and light—in the *Inferno*, in the *Purgatorio*, and in the *Paradiso*. The very idea of the great poem had its origin in passionate love. Time after time it was commenced after the death of Beatrice. The poet would write twenty verses now, examine them, and find them unworthy of the subject—unequal to the vow he had made. Then he would try again, with no more successful result. Having made several attempts in this way, he seems to have abandoned the undertaking. But his beloved Beatrice would appear to him in his dreams, and chide him for neglecting his vow. He pleaded his multifarious troubles and misfortunes in extenuation, but happily failed to satisfy his own scruples; so that after eight years of wanderings and vexations, during which he had to encounter all the vicissitudes of fortune, he resumed the work. It took thirty years of anxious care to complete it; but once finished, the immortality of its author was achieved.

The marriage and death of Beatrice were not the only troubles that contributed to prepare the mind of Dante for the *Divina Comedia*. At a comparatively early age he had distinguished himself as a soldier, a politician, and a diplomat. No one had

* Vita Nuova, p. 41. † Tratt. II., p. 102.

fought more bravely at the battle of Campaldino, at which the Ghibilines were almost entirely destroyed. Some ten years subsequently he was elected to the office of head Prior of his native city, a position, however, which he held only for two months. It would seem that as a ruler he was not very skilful, though fond of power; but while the Guelfs continued in the ascendant he had considerable influence. As an ambassador, he affected more than any of his contemporaries, if we are to believe Filelfo, one of the earliest of his biographers, who enumerates fourteen embassies, in each of which he was successful. The principal of these are: To the Siennese on the subject of a boundary line; to the Venetian Republic to form an alliance; to the Genoese in reference to their boundary line; to the King of Naples to effect the liberation of Vanni Barducci, whom the king was going to put to death, but who was liberated by means of an oration made by the poet-ambassador. He was twice sent to the king of Hungary, who on each occasion complied with his request. He was equally successful with the king of France, but his reward in the end was banishment from his country, which to his sensitive nature, attached as he was to the scenes of his youth, rendered doubly dear by the remembrance of his beloved Beatrice, was worse than death. It was in vain that he tried every means, year after year, to procure his recall—addressing the authorities and the people in turn, with a degree of eloquence which nothing but political animosity could have withstood. Failing alike with both, he would crave the intercession of the powerful in his favor. This also proving fruitless, he would assume a tone of defiance, and in the anguish of his heart threatened to be avenged of his enemies. Nothing can be more touching than the account he gives himself in his *Convito* of his mortifications and sufferings during these wanderings. "Roaming," he says, "over almost every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing against my will the wound with which fortune had smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving, on whom it is inflicted. I have indeed been a vessel without sail and without

steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty; and have appeared before the eyes of many who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt."

These were severe ordeals; but since each contributed more or less to qualify him for his immortal poem, few of us can pretend to be so unselfish as to wish his lot had been cast in happier times, and among less ungrateful people. That his sufferings in exile soured his disposition, is not to be doubted. To this cause may be attributed most, if not all, of the asperity in the *Divina Comedia*, for which he is often censured. But it must be borne in mind that had he not felt deeply he could not have written so well. Had he not enemies wherewith to people his hell, he could never have placed before us such a terrible picture of it. We have already seen, however, that it was love, and not revenge, that first suggested the idea of the *Inferno*. Often, while confined to the bed of sickness, and weeping at the prospect of losing his beloved one, he saw in his dreams the outlines of those scenes which he afterward described with such an air of frightful reality. After her death he soon discontinued his sonnets. It was only in compliance with a request of a near relative of his departed mistress that he wrote the well-known Dirge on her death, voluntarily adding an ode, in the first stanza of which she is mourned for as by a brother, and in the second as by a lover. Less than this he could not have done at the time, for appearance's sake; but he closes his *Vita Nuova* by informing us that a vision had determined him to write no more on Beatrice until he should be able to do her justice; adding, that all his studies would henceforth be directed to that end, and that if his life were spared, "he hoped to celebrate her as no other lady had ever been celebrated." This is what he alludes to in his thirty-third sonnet, as follows:

"Vedela tal che quando il mi ridice
Io non l'intendo, sì parla sottile
Al cor dolente che lo fa parlare.
Si io che'l parla di quella gentile,
Però che spesso ricorda Beatrice,
Si ch' io l'intendo ben, donne mie care."

That he had strange dreams after, as well as before the death of Beatrice, is not to be wondered at; for his grief knew no bounds "He had already become," says Boccaccio, "what with weeping, and what with the affliction he felt at his heart's core, not taking any care of his outward appearance, almost like a wild thing—thin, his beard grown, and altogether quite changed from what he before used to be; so that his appearance drew per force on him the compassion, not only of his friends, but of every one that looked upon him; although while this life of tears lasted, he allowed himself to be little seen by others than his friends." Various means were tried by his friends to console him, but with little effect. Finally, it was resolved to induce him to marry, if possible. The lady proposed for his acceptance was Gemma, the daughter of Manetto de Donati. She, like Beatrice, belonged to a noble family of Florence; and, according to the earlier biographers, she was young, beautiful, and accomplished. The poet hesitated first, but after two or three interviews with the lady, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and they were soon united. Consolation for him was the avowed object of the marriage both with himself and his friends; but whether the expected boon was obtained or not, is another question—one, too, which will never be satisfactorily solved. That they were separated is true; but this was probably caused by Dante's banishment. It may be said that, as a faithful and affectionate wife, she ought to have followed him into exile. This would be true if she had it in her power, and that it was consistent with the interests of both, and the well-being of their family; for it must be remembered that they had seven children, six sons and one daughter, the latter bearing the beloved name of Beatrice. Since the poet himself often found it difficult to procure the necessaries of life during his exile, and had scarcely any fixed place of residence, it is

hard to see how he could have provided for his wife and seven children. Were it otherwise, there would be nothing remarkable in their remaining under the protection of their wealthy relatives, the noble Donati family. Yet several biographers represent Gemma as a Xantippe—one quite as disagreeable, not to say hateful, as the wife of Socrates; while Dante, always impulsive, and not a little irritable as he was, had much less patience than the Greek philosopher to make allowance for such annoyances. Be this as it may, the testimony of Boccaccio, if accepted as correct, goes far to show, though rather by implication than by direct assertion, that, to say the least, Gemma was not an agreeable companion. After enumerating many troubles and misfortunes brought by wives and children on studious men, the biographer remarks: "Assuredly, I do not affirm that these things befell Dante, for I do not know it; however, whether these or other causes occasioned it, it is certain that when he had once been separated from her who had been given to him for a consolation in his afflictions, he never would go to the place where she was, *nor would he ever suffer her to come to him*, although he was the parent by her of many children."

Most of the great productions of human genius may be understood, if not described, by any intelligent person on their own merits, without extraneous aid. But in this respect, as in many others, the *Divina Comedia* forms an exception. Not only is it necessary to be acquainted with all the circumstances in which the author was placed; but in order to comprehend it, either as a whole or in detail, a careful and laborious preparation is essential; for it must be remembered that the poem embraces all that was known in the middle ages. Much of this has had to be unlearned since; in other words, the light of modern science has proved it to be erroneous. This is particularly true of the old systems of astronomy and geography, which, however, the reader must be familiar with before he can hope to understand Dante's masterpiece. But the pleasure to be derived from an intelligent perusal will amply repay all the trouble that has been had in preparation. What at first seemed little better than a chaos, though every-

where full of beauties, is found to possess the most perfect harmony. The half-hidden links begin to display themselves one by one. We are led step by step through the most varied situations, and are brought in contact with almost innumerable characters and personages, all so graphically sketched, that one often finds it difficult to remember that what strikes him so forcibly, and awakens within him such a variety of emotions, is after all but an illusion—the effect of the enchanter's wand. First, we are led into the lowest depths of degradation and agony, where there is nothing but torture in its worst forms, pain, to which there is to be no end; where a ray of hope never penetrates. From this we are conducted to a middle state, the place of purification. Through this we pass as through a vista in which, indeed, we see much suffering; but its pangs are soothed by hope, until finally we reach the realms of glory. Hell is represented in the shape of a funnel or inverted cone, having its base open at the top. The descent is by nine concentric circles, each lower one being seen from the upper like a frightful precipice, until the bottom is reached, which is at the centre of the earth. Each of these circles is guarded by a chief demon; the lower the descent the greater the pain, and the more wicked the sufferers when on earth. To correspond with these nine circles, there are nine ascending steps in Purgatory, and nine heavens in Paradise.

So far as hell is concerned, as a place of punishment, there is nothing new in the idea. Homer had sent Ulysses to the infernal regions, and Virgil had taken the same liberty with Æneas. Orpheus, we are told, would have recovered his lost Eurydice had he not looked back into hell. But Dante explores all in person, enters circle after circle, describing all he meets, placing his enemies among the damned, putting them lower and lower down according to the degree of his hatred toward them, and placing his friends in Purgatory or Paradise, according to the degree of his esteem or affection. There is much of the weakness of human nature in this. He carries his resentments toward his fellow-citizens too far; but he is generally, if not always, just in his condemnation, especially in

his invectives against the factions that divided his country, and were the cause of his own ruin. Nor does he spare his native city. There is an invective in each of four cantos in the *Inferno* against his once loved Florence, while there is only one each against Pisa, Lucca, Sienna, Pistoia, and Genoa. But there is scarcely a line of the whole which the most rigid moralist, having any perception of poetic beauty, would wish obliterated. Thus, in the sixth canto, verse 49, Florence is described as—

"La tua città ch' è piena
D' invidia sì che già trabocca il sacco
Seco mi tenne in la vita serena.
Voi, cittadini mi chiamaste Ciacco:
Per la dannosa colpa della gola,
Come tu vedi, alla pioggia mi fiacco;
Ed io anima trista non sola,
Chè tutte queste a simil pena stanno
Per simil colpa."

Scarcely any translation does justice to the refined, reproachful bitterness of these lines. Of a different character is the invective at the opening of the twenty-sixth canto. This has been well rendered by Cary, as follows:

"Florence! exult, for thou so mightily
Hast thriven, that over land and sea thy wings
Thou beatest, and *thy name spreads over hell.*
Among the plunderers, such the three I found
Thy citizens, *whence shame to me, thy son,*
And no proud honor to thyself redounds."

This, however, is mild and gentle compared to his fierce and scorching sarcasms against individuals, including the most distinguished men of his time and country, some of which are to be found in almost every canto in the *Inferno*. Indeed, this part of the poem is full of hatred and bitterness throughout; except that the terrible gloom is relieved here and there by some gentle speeches of Beatrice, by addresses to Virgil, and by the exquisite episode of Francesca. Wherever Beatrice appears her influence is soothing; love takes the place of hatred and resentment; the dark and withering frown is changed into a genial smile. She appears first

by her proper name in the second canto, invested with the character of celestial wisdom. The poet introduces her as follows:

"I was among the tribe
Who rest suspended, when a dame, so blest
And lovely, I besought her to command,
Called me; her eyes were brighter than the star
Of day; and she with gentle voice and soft,
Angelically tuned her speech, addressed:
O courteous shade of Mantua! thou whose fame
Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts," &c.

In the course of this address he makes her announce herself by name—

"I who now bid thee on this errand forth
Am Beatrice; from a place I come
Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,
Who prompts my speech. When in my Master's sight
I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell."

On her departure, the effect of her visit is thus described:

"As florets by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiny stems;
So was my fainting vigor new restored,
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,
That I as one undaunted soon replied," &c.

No sooner has Beatrice left than the dark and gloomy pictures are resumed; and thus does terror alternate with pity from one end of the *Inferno* to the other, though the former is the predominant passion. But it is in description and delineation of character he excels most in this part of the *Divina Comedia*. The almost endless diversity which he presents us in each, would show by itself the wonderful fertility of his genius. Struck as we are at every canto with the extraordinary richness of his invention, by the rapidity with which his sketches succeed each other, without the least confusion or repetition, we cannot do otherwise than admit that it is not strange, after all, that he has powerfully influenced, not only the literature of Italy, but that of all Europe—nay, more, that there has scarcely appeared a poet of any pretensions to gran-

deur or sublimity for the last five hundred years who has not borrowed more or less from the *Divina Comedia*. This is true of Camoens, Calderon, Schiller, Corneille, Tasso, and even of our own Shakespeare and Milton. Passages could be pointed out in each of these great poets, belonging, as they do, to different countries, in which whole lines, as well as words, are taken from the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*. Need we say that not a few respectable critics are of opinion that *Paradise Lost* was suggested, if not inspired, by the *Inferno*, and that Milton has no Purgatory, but a *Paradise Regained*, only because the reformed religion did not admit of the former? Be this as it may, there is scarcely a page in the great English epic which does not contain a simile, a metaphor, a description, a religious, or moral precept, or a mythological allusion, that is, almost word for word, as given in one or other of Dante's three worlds. We can take examples nearly at random. Thus, Dante addressing Virgil in the first canto of the *Inferno*, verse 81, says:

"My master thou, and guide!"

Milton, in similar circumstances, has, in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, verse 864,

"Thou art my father thou, my author thou."

In describing a scene in the infernal regions, Dante tells us that,

"Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through that *air with solid darkness stained,*
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies."

We find in a corresponding scene in *Paradise Lost*, in the book already quoted,

"Unnumbered *as the sands*
Of Barca, or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings."

Dante addresses the wicked thus:

"Woe to you wicked spirits! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore, across
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat, and in ice."

INFERNO, C. III., V. 78.

"The bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more *fierce*
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth."

P. L., B. II., V. 601.

There are few passages in Milton more admired than that which commences as follows:

"But long ere our approaching, heard
Noise, other than the *sound of dance or song*,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

P. L., B. VIII., V. 242.

Compare this to a well-known passage in the *Inferno*:

"For certain on the brink
I found me, of the lamentable vale,
The dread abyss that joins a *thund'rous sound*
Of plaints innumerable."

C. IV., V. 6.

The imitation is much more obvious to the reader who is acquainted with the original, which we here transcribe:

"Vero è che in su la proda mi trovai
Della valle d' abisso doloroso,
Che tuono accoglie d'infiniti quai."

Of each of the other quotations the same may be said; and we could fill whole pages with similar imitations. It does not appear that Shakespeare was acquainted with Italian; but we have abundant evidence that he was familiar with the best passages of the *Divina Comedia*, either directly or indirectly, although he did not make so much use of them as Milton. They would not, in fact, have suited his purpose so often or so well. But whenever he is describing violent passions, or his object is to excite terror, then he is pretty sure, like the author of *Paradise Lost*, to avail himself of a striking idea from the

Inferno. Thus the very passage in the second canto in which fire is so forcibly contrasted with ice, and the imitation of which by Milton we have already seen, is imitated by Shakespeare nearly in the same words:

> "The delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In *thrilling regions* of *thick-ribbed ice.*"
>
> MEAS. FOR MEAS. Act. III., s. I.

In another place Fucci is made to vent his fury in blasphemy:

> "Ivy ne'er clasped
> An addered oak, as round the other's limbs
> The hideous monster intertwined his own.
> Then as they both had been of burning wax,
> Each melted into another, mingling hues,
> That which was either now was seen no more.
> Thus *up the shrinking paper, ere it burns*
> A brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,
> And the clear white expires." INFERNO, c. XXV., v. 51.

> "All my bowels *crumble up to dust,*
> I am a *scribbled form, drawn with a pen*
> Upon a parchment; and against this fire
> *Do I shrink up.*" SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, Act v., s. 7.

No passage in Shakespeare is more justly admired than that in which occurs the oft-quoted line—

> "What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?"
>
> KING HENRY VI., Act iii., s. 2.

But Dante had expressed the same idea ages previously Thus:

> "But I there
> Still lingered to behold the troop, and saw
> Thing, such as I may fear without more proof
> To tell of; *but that conscience makes me firm,*
> The boon companion, *who her strong breast-plate*
> Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within,
> And bids him on and fear not."

Even so early as the time of Chaucer the thoughts of Dante were reproduced in every form. It is very clear that the author of the *Canterbury Tales* was acquainted with the

Divina Comedia, either in the original or by means of translations, for he imitates it in a hundred instances, sometimes doing little more than to present us a defective English rendering of the Italian. A few examples may not be uninteresting, especially as Chaucer is so little read in our time. It matters little what part of the *Inferno* we commence at. The second canto of the original opens as follows:

"Lo giorno se n'andava e l'aer bruno
Toglieva gli animai, che sono in terra
Dalle fatiche loro; ed io sol uno
Me apparecchiava a sostoner la guerra,
Si del cammino e sì della pietate
Che retrarrà la mente che non erra."

Chaucer in his *Assemble of Foules* has the same, nearly word for word, thus:

"*The day gan failen;* and the dark night,
That revith bestis from their busineese,
Berafte me my book," &c.

A part of the succeeding stanza, which is capable of being more faithfully translated, is rendered by Cary as follows:

"O *mind* that all I saw *hast kept*
Safe in a *written record*, here thy worth
And *eminent endowments come to proof.*"

It will be seen that the change is very slight in Chaucer's *Temple of Fame*—

"O *Thought! that write* all that I met,
And *in the tresorie* it set
Of my braine, now shall men see
If *any virtue in thee be*," &c. B. II., v. 12.

Still more freely if possible does he appropriate the thoughts and imagery of Dante in his *Troilus and Crescide*. One example will suffice, though by no means the most glaring that could be selected. We have already quoted a translation of the original—that passage in the second canto of the *Inferno*, in which the poet describes the effect of Beatrice's visit, commencing thus:

"As florets by the frosty air of night,
Bent down," &c. C. II., v. 127.

Which by Chaucer is rendered as his own:

> "But right *as flowers through the cold of night*
> *Inclosed stoupen in her stalkes low,*
> *Redressen hem agen the sunne bright,*
> *And spreden in her kinde course by rowe,*" &c.

Nor was Spenser a whit less scrupulous than Chaucer in availing himself of the gems so thickly strewn through the *Divina Comedia*. In the seventh canto of the *Inferno*, Dante makes use of the following beautiful simile:

> "E'en *as a billow on Charybdis rising*
> Against encountered billow *dashing breaks;*
> Such is the dance," &c.

Spenser merely changes the scene and alters the name in his *Fairie Queene*, when he says:

> "As *when two billows in the Irish soundes*
> *Forcibly driven with contrarie tides;*
> Do meet together, each *aback rebounds*
> *With roaring rage*," &c. B. IV., C. 1, st. 42.

In the ninth canto the following passage occurs:

> "To the gate
> *He* came, and with his wand touched it, whereat
> *Open* without impediment it flew."

We have the same thought in Spenser, thus:

> "*She* with her rod did softly smite the raile
> *Which straight flew ope*," &c.
>
> F. Q., B. IV., C. III., st. 46.

It is no disparagement of Shakespeare or Milton that both have imitated Dante. Neither claims our admiration a whit the less for this. The chief materials of the *Æneid* of Virgil are taken from Homer's *Iliad;* but this does not prevent the former from being one of the noblest productions of human intellect. Several eminent critics think it equal, if not superior, to that from which its author borrowed so freely. Such was the opinion of Voltaire. It is well known that Shakespeare borrowed more or less from all the dramatists of any note of his time, and it is equally known that he vastly improved on the best of them. Even where he gives a whole passage from an

old play, scarcely changing a word, he is sure to ingraft it on what is original and striking. Milton makes similar use of what he takes even from Homer. This has been well exemplified by Addison in his admirable criticisms in the *Spectator* on *Paradise Lost*. Nor is Spenser aught the less a poet of great originality because he has largely copied from others. The *Fairy Queen* is Italian in its structure, although decidedly Germanic in its diction. It may be called an allegorical romance, rather than a series of well-constructed allegories. Its author had evidently the *Divina Comedia* in view, but he failed to see what left the latter without a rival. Apart from the form of Dante's great poem, and the wonderful variety which it everywhere presents, it is full of life throughout. Even his hell is, so to speak, made natural. He succeeds in interesting us even in the actions of the demons. In a word, he makes his imaginary worlds real. Spenser, on the other hand, infuses but little vitality into his allegory. Except when paying delicate compliments to the Virgin Queen, and those of her favorites who had either served him or were likely to serve him in the future, he addressed himself more to virtues or abstract qualities than to characters. Many of his descriptions are beautiful. There is an idyllic tenderness in his lyrics which is delightful, but he scarcely ever succeeds in making his allegorical personages move and breathe. This is the reason that so few can read one of the books of the *Fairy Queen* without growing weary toward the end, if not before reaching the middle. In a similar manner Milton abounds in sublime descriptions and graphic portraitures. He sometimes makes us almost think we see hell yawn before us, and astonishes us with the enormous size, and more than Herculean strength of his demons. But in the midst of our wonder we pause with the reflection that in reality there are no such scenes, no such beings. We refuse to be interested when we feel there is no life. We still admire the pictures as such; but their very splendor becomes wearisome to us, and we lay the book aside. Hence the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark, that it is much more common to admire than to read *Paradise Lost*.

In Shakespeare, indeed, there is life enough—every variety of life, from the coarsest to the most refined. There is no phase of human nature, no human passion, that escapes his magic pencil. In this respect he excels Dante, and rivals Homer. But in originality, richness of invention, almost boundless diversity of scenes and characters, and, especially, in the faculty of seizing on the heart, through the influence of terror and pity, Dante soars above all others, with the sole exception of Homer.

This, however, would not be apparent to those who would confine themselves to the perusal of the *Inferno* alone; and there are a great many such—probably ten to one of those who read the whole poem. There is a very general impression that the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* bear about the same relation to the *Inferno*, in point of merit, which *Paradise Regained* does to *Paradise Lost*. But this is a great mistake. The two cases are by no means similar. The *Inferno* is but one third of a complete whole, the same as the *Purgatorio* or the *Paradiso*. The omission of any of the three would render the *Divina Comedia* incomplete, just as much as a stately building would be incomplete wanting either of its façades. But there is more than this in favor of the poet. Not a few of the gentler class of readers grow dissatisfied with the fierce invectives and un-Christian hatred which fill so large a part of the *Inferno*. Seeing that the poet grows more and more passionate as he proceeds, it is naturally thought that the same bitterness, perhaps still increasing, pervades the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. But nothing could be more erroneous. Dante is always consistent in his great poem. In hell he speaks and makes others speak in a manner characteristic of the place; and to do otherwise were absurd—just as much so as to put cursing, swearing, and blasphemy, into the mouths of the good and happy in Paradise. The evil passions of every kind which are allowed to run riot in the *Inferno*, render the gentler sentiments of the *Purgatorio* all the more grateful and soothing, until finally, on reaching Paradise, we are the better able to enjoy the society of Beatrice and the angels. Thus there is a

regular gradation from the beginning to the end of the *Divina Comedia;* the language and sentiments changing at every step —growing more and more fierce and startling according as we descend the terrible abyss, until we reach the abode of him who is the author and instigator of all evil. On returning to earth, through Purgatory, a corresponding gradation is observed; the language and sentiments improving—becoming more humane, more moral, and religious, until we reach the top, when we are ready to ascend to Paradise; and here too we shall see the adaptation of a means to an end, on entering any one of the nine heavens constituting the realms of bliss.

The moment the poet leaves hell and enters Purgatory his spirit undergoes a change. He is no longer cruel and vindictive, but hope-inspiring and forgiving. Thus the first canto opens as follows:

> "O'er bitter waves to speed her rapid course,
> The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,
> *Well pleased to leave so cruel sea behind;*
> And of that second region will I sing,
> In which the human spirit from sinful blot
> Is purged, and for ascent to heaven prepares."

Those who concern themselves more with theological dogmas than with the charms of poetry have a multitude of faults to find with Dante in matters of faith. They tell us that at best he is superstitious. This being taken for granted, they have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that his *Comedia*, far from being divine, is, by no means, safe reading for orthodox people, since they too might be brought to believe that there is a purgatory. Fears of this character are not now. Every one acquainted with British history is aware of the great scandal which the first complete English translation of the *Purgatorio* gave the Puritans. They thought the *Inferno* well enough in its way; they had no objection to see their fellow-creatures subjected to the most excruciating tortures for all eternity, especially when they saw that the pope was put into hell with the rest. This destroyed the doctrine of infallibility, which, so far as it went, was a very good thing.

But then purgatory spoiled all; so, at least, many an honest Puritan thought. But they forgot that all great poets were equally heterodox, with, perhaps, the sole exception of Milton. Homer had his gods and goddesses; so had Virgil. Each had a system of theology which was infinitely more at variance with that of the Puritans than anything to be found in Dante. But they had not to go to either ancient Greece or Rome for examples which might have eased their consciences. They had only to turn to the plays of Shakespeare; we do not mean the witches in *Macbeth*, for they were orthodox, though they had no right to live after they were found out. It was otherwise with Shakespeare's fairies, who being partly, if not wholly, recognized in the church of Rome, and not found in Scripture, were not to be tolerated. But the author of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Measure for Measure*, was condèmned accordingly; and to the present day he has never been a favorite with true Puritans.

Then if we are to blame Dante, and call him superstitious because he wove the popular traditions into his great poem, making the leading dogmas of the popular religion, as understood and believed in his time, the groundwork of all, the great poets already mentioned must receivè similar censure, and be also placed in the category of the superstitious. But on the same grounds we should condemn the finest orations of Demosthenes and Circero—especially those of the latter, who scarcely ever spoke in public without giving the people to understand, in one form or other, that he was a devout believer in the national religion.

There are scarcely any other difficulties we have alluded to in our rapid sketch which Dante himself does not seem to have anticipated. He was too well acquainted with the wisdom of the ancients, and too deeply imbued with mediæval learning, not to have foreseen that there would be a large number, even among the intelligent, who would find it difficult, if not impossible, to comprehend the most beautiful of his allegories. The best proof of this is to be found in the rules which he lays down in his *Convito* on allegorical criti-

cism. The same rules are both valuable and interesting, as evidence that he had formed the general plan of the *Comedia* long before he had written it. "It should be known," he says, "that writings ought to be, above all, understood and expounded in four senses; one is called the literal sense, and this is that in which the words do not depart from the strict apparent meaning. The second is called allegorical, and this is that which is concealed under the cloak of fables, and is truth concealed beneath a beautiful falsehood; so when Ovid says that Orpheus, with his gentle lyre, made the wild beasts and trees and plants move of themselves, he means that the wise man, with his voice, softens and bends cruel hearts, *and makes those who are not animated by science move according to his will*, and those who are not *animated by rational knowledge are scarcely above stones.*"*

But without entering into the subtleties of the allegories at all, there is a vast amount of pleasure to be derived from a thoughtful perusal of the *Comedia*, since scarcely anything worth describing has failed to receive a place in its world-wide gallery. Man, in every situation in which we can imagine him to be placed, is delineated with a truthfulness to nature to be observed nowhere else in word-paintings, save in those of Homer and Shakespeare. From describing man to describing the heavens, and then passing to the heroes of different ages and countries, comparing them first with each other, then to those living in his own time, are easy transitions with Dante; and, however closely we follow him in his flight, we find no traces of negligence; and though blemishes are inseparable from any human production of equal magnitude, the wonder is, in reading the *Comedia*, that there are so few, and these so unimportant.

It matters little what may be the proper name of the poem —whether we call it an epic or a satire. Dante, like Shakespeare, was superior to conventional rules; and like the same great master in life-painting and of the passions, he is charged

* Convito, p. 56.

with having been ignorant of the Greek language. At least, doubts are expressed by some of his biographers as to whether he had any knowledge of Greek. Were it even true that he had not, the fact would be no discredit to him; but we have no evidence, worthy of the name, that he did not understand the language of Homer. On the contrary, all that seems reliable of what has reached us, relative to his education, tends to show that he must have been a Greek scholar. In his time the language was much taught by the monks. He was a student not only of the university of Florence, but also of those of Padua and Bologna; and it seems to be pretty well established that, not content with the opportunities afforded by these three institutions, he sought and obtained admission to the universities of Paris and Oxford, receiving the degree of Bachelor at the former.

But had he never been at any college, his studious habits and insatiable thirst for knowledge, as shown by all his biographers, would render it very improbable that he remained unacquainted with the language which, above all others, contained the richest intellectual treasures. That he was familiar with Latin is placed beyond dispute, by his Latin treatise, *De Monarchiâ*, although the style in which it is written is neither elegant nor always correct. The same may be said of his Latin letters and orations, as an ambassador to different governments; but all show that he could express himself not only fluently but eloquently in that language. A memorable example may be found in his oration to the king of Naples, for the liberation of a citizen of Florence, who was under sentence of death, and which begins as follows:—"Nihil est, quo sis, Rex optime, conformior Creatori cunctorum, et regni tui largitori quam miserecordia et pietas, et afflictorum commiseratum," &c. There is a remarkable similarity between this passage and Shakespeare's description of mercy—the most beautiful to be found in any language; and that the king was touched by the Latin of Dante, is sufficiently evident from his having pardoned the condemned man as soon as the oration was over. One erroneous impression generally leads to an-

other. There are a great many, even among the educated, who are in the habit of regarding Greek as much more difficult to be learned than Latin, whereas in point of fact it is a great deal more easily acquired than its sister tongue. The unfamiliar forms of the Greek letters, to those who are used only to the Roman characters, make the language itself seem much more difficult than it really is; and the contrary is true of the Latin. In a similar manner the Hebrew is thought to be still more difficult than the Greek, whereas there is scarcely one of the modern languages of Europe which can be learned in a shorter time than that spoken by David and Solomon. But the best proof that Dante understood Greek is that he makes use of a large number of Greek words, and rarely if ever misapplies them.

But whether he knew Greek or not, it is idle to suppose that he was not acquainted with the rules of epic poetry, as laid down by Aristotle, since the dialectics of that great critic and philosopher formed one of his favorite studies. He did not adopt the prescribed epic form simply because he wished his poem to be original in structure as well as in matter. It had always been his ambition that the great work of his life should be unique; he vowed that it should be so, and his success was complete. He disdained to make use of the labors of others, though he had second-hand materials in abundance. Being asked by a friend why not imitate his great favorite, Virgil, his reply was that his pride would not allow him; that he had abundant resources within himself; that all he needed was to work; and that he would despise himself, and feel lowered and dishonored in the sight of his guardian angel, if he allowed indolence to prevent the development of his creative faculty. It was similar feelings of self-esteem and self-reliance that prompted him to write his celebrated letter to another friend, who sought to procure his recall from exile. No wanderer was ever more home-sick. We have alluded already to the efforts which he continued to make for years to obtain permission to return home. But when the boon was finally offered, but under conditions which, if accepted, would humil-

iate if not dishonor him in the sight of his fellow-citizens, he did not hesitate to reject it. Much as he had suffered from persecution and poverty, it is evident from the noble and manly sentiments expressed in this beautiful letter, that his proud and lofty spirit was still unsubdued. "See, then," he writes, "by the letters of your nephew and mine, and by those of some others of my friends, it is signified to me, that by an ordinance lately made in Florence, relating to the pardon of the banished, if I would pay a certain sum of money, and suffer the disgrace of the offering, I should be pardoned and allowed immediately to return. In this, truly, there are two things that may be smiled at, and are ill-advised on the part of those who have expressed them; for *your* letters, with more discretion and judgment, contain no such thing. And what is this glorious edict that recalls Dante Alighieri to his country, after having endured nearly three lustrums of exile? Is this the reward of an innocence evident to all? of the sweat and labor of constant study? *Far be it from a man familiar with philosophy to show a baseness of heart so rash and earthly as to allow himself to be offered up almost in fetters, and in a manner almost befitting Ciolo and other such wretches.* Far be it from a man who is a teacher of justice, after having suffered injustice, to pay down his own money to those who have thus injured him! This, O my Father, is not the way I should return to my country. Another may be found either by you, or in time by others, which shall not derogate from Dante's fame and honor. *That* I will accept and not tardily. But if there is no other way to enter Florence but that, I will never enter Florence. And what then? Shall I not enjoy, wherever I may be, the sight of the sun and the stars? Shall I not be able to speculate on most delightful truth, under whatever sky it may be, without first bowing ingloriously, or rather ignominiously before the people of Florence?"

No wonder that the Republic of Florence endeavored to suppress this letter soon after the death of its illustrious author. A large reward was offered for it. The reason is obvious. It goes far to corroborate the worst charges made against the party

in power throughout the *Inferno*. The Guelfs felt that disgrace enough had been incurred without this. But they were unable to bribe those who had charge of the precious document. The poet was not long dead, however, until his country bitterly repented its ingratitude to one who had served it so faithfully and so well, and who, it was now evident, was destined to fill the world with his fame. The first proof of this was "ten florins of gold," bestowed, as Pelli tells, "on Messer Giovanni di Boccaccio, in order that he might give them to Sister Beatrice, who was Dante Alighieri's daughter and a nun in the monastery of San Steffano dell' Uliva, at Ravenna." This was soon followed by a much more emphatic recognition of the poet's genius—we mean the decree passed in 1373, providing for the appointment of a lecturer whose sole duty as such would be to elucidate the *Divina Comedia*. There were several candidates among the learned for the new professorship, but Boccaccio was elected by a large majority. No better man could have been chosen. Although there was no other Italian writer of the day, save Petrarch alone, who was superior to Boccaccio, the genial and honest author of the *Decameron* exerted himself to the fullest extent, rising superior to jealousy and envy, to increase the fame of Dante. The example of Florence was soon imitated by almost every city in Italy of any extent or influence.

Such is human nature in all ages, especially in its dealings with the highest order of genius. Homer, too, had been a wanderer; so had Camoens, the national poet of Portugal. The latter, as well as the former, was forced to beg his bread from door to door, so that when leaving the shores of his native land, as he thought, and hoped, forever, he exclaimed, in the words of the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, "*Ingrata patria, non possedebis ossa mea.*" But once dead, honors were showered upon him—nearly the same as on Dante, though the *Lusiad*, an excellent national epic as it is, is vastly inferior to the *Divina Comedia*.

Our object in this article is not to analyze the characteristics of Dante as one of the world's greatest poets and thinkers. It

is not in a hurried paper for a periodical this could be done if it were even necessary; otherwise there would have been no need for so many commentators and professors. What we want to accomplish, however, is perhaps as difficult a task as to write a tolerable commentary: we want to see Dante read as much in America as he is in Europe. Some will ask, Is such not the case already? and probably reply to their own question that they are sure it is. But the fact is otherwise. That a certain number of the cultivated classes read and admire the *Divina Comedia* is very true; but the number is incredibly small—not more than one for every hundred of those of the same degree of culture among Europeans, who find in it an endless source of pleasure. In England it is not read as much as on the Continent, although a hundred fold more than here.

Why is this? No poet who has ever written loved liberty more ardently than Dante, or endured more persecution in its defence. To his latest breath he was the champion of freedom, and the most uncompromising and formidable enemy of despotism. It was for his defence of the rights of man that he was condemned to the stake, and forced to spend the best of his life in exile and poverty. He was equally distinguished for his love of art and science, as well as literature; and always contributed, by every means in his power, to encourage intellectual progress. We have evidence of this in all his writings, and it is fully corroborated by his biographers. But, apart from his labors as a patriot and champion of freedom, his great poem deserves to be read for its peculiar excellence. And be it remembered that we owe the latter much more than the most of us are aware of; for its beautiful and sublime ideas pervade our whole literature. True, no translation does Dante justice; but none are so bad as not to contain sufficient of the multifarious treasures of the original to amply repay perusal.

It is worthy of remark that Michael Angelo is admired in this country in proportion as Dante is neglected, as compared to the estimation in which both are held in Europe. What renders this more strange is, that no two great geniuses are more alike

heart, though in different degrees. But the genius of the painter was animated by that of the poet. This the former often declared himself; and his works go far to prove it. He spent several years in preparing designs for the *Divina Comedia;* but, unfortunately, when nearly completed, they were either destroyed or stolen. Sufficient remains, however, to show the veneration in which he held his illustrious fellow-citizen. In fact, all his works are Dantesque. His *Last Judgment* awakens almost as much terror as any scene in the *Inferno.* He, too, introduces Charon with his boat; and he places his enemies among the damned. Of a kindred character is his Sistine Chapel; and the same resemblance may be traced in his life, habits, and cast of thought. But if it be asked, which of the two has most powerfully influenced modern civilization, those who admire Angelo most, must yield the palm to Dante.

ART. II.—*The History of France.* By PARKE GODWIN. Vol. I. (*Ancient Gaul.*) New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

No nation of modern Europe affords the historian more abundant materials than France. From the time of Julius Cæsar to the present it has never ceased to exercise a powerful influence on the destinies of mankind; and the attention which it has always attracted has been commensurate with its importance. The most ancient historians whose works have come down to us speak of the inhabitants under one name or another with a lively interest, and, with scarcely an exception, all agree in ascribing to them the same intellectual and physical qualities for which their descendants are distinguished at the present day. Thus no minds could be more dissimilar than those of Aristotle, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Cæsar, and Plutarch; but each has been equally impressed with the bravery, vivacity, eloquence, and hospitality of the Gauls. All modern historians worthy of the name, no matter what country they belong to, are similarly unanimous as to the same characteristics.

Nor does Mr. Godwin make any effort to set aside the general verdict. On the contrary, neither ancient nor modern is more liberal in awarding the whole race their full meed of praise. And were he otherwise disposed he would be unqualified for the important task he has undertaken. No amount of learning, research and talent, could render the historian successful, and impart enduring value to his labors if his pen were guided by prejudice. There is no other undertaking that requires stricter impartiality. In short, he must be emphatically a citizen of the world who attempts with any hope of success to tell the story of a foreign nation. Had Tacitus sought to depreciate the character of the ancient Germans as a people because they were not Romans his work on their manners, &c.,* would not have continued to be quoted for seventeen centuries by the learned of all countries. It is for a similar reason that Cæsar's *Commentaries on the Gallic War* will ever remain a classic of the first rank, to be studied from age to age wherever a liberal education is to be obtained. That it is not the style alone, admirable as it is, that has rendered the work a universal favorite is sufficiently evident from the comparative indifference felt toward his *Commentaries on the Civil War* among his own fellow-citizens. No one could have been more truly patriotic than Xenophon; but he was not the less willing on this account to do ample justice to the Persians. Among the moderns the same remarks, but slightly modified, will apply to Gibbon, Augustus Thierry, Sismondi, Prescott, and Motley. Gibbon had to say more or less of all European races, in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;* but in doing so he has not been influenced by latitude or longitude, or by the similarity or dissimilarity of the people to his own countrymen. It is generally admitted by English critics that no Englishman could have written a fairer or more reliable history of the Norman Conquest than that of Thierry. There is no better authority on the subject; nor has any Frenchman or Italian furnished the world a more faithful history of his

* *De Situ, Moribus, Populisque Germaniæ.*

country, than the Swiss Sismondi has given us of both France and Italy, as far as his researches extend in either. And who has described the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella better than Prescott? What Spaniard has told so truly and well what Spain has done in America? Who has drawn a more truthful picture of the Dutch Republic than Motley?

No two nations of modern times have been longer at war with each other than England and France. Mutual animosity and prejudice were the natural consequences of this; and even at the present day there are obvious traces of the same feelings, after the armies of both countries have fought side by side against the common foe. There need not be the least doubt, however, but that if a competent Englishman had undertaken the history of France, even when the two nations were most at enmity with each other, he would have treated the subject fairly. Gibbon would undoubtedly have done so. But it has so happened that the attempt has not been made by any one capable of the task; although there is scarcely an event of any importance in French history from the time of Louis XIV. to the present, which has not engaged the pen of some Englishman able and willing to do it justice. Probably, as Mr. Godwin intimates in his preface, the reason why we have no good English general history of France is, that those capable of producing such have deemed it needless to undertake it, since most educated persons are acquainted with the works of Thierry, Sismondi, and Michelet, in the original. Such, in substance, was the objection made by Macaulay more than once when advised by publishers and literary friends to undertake a general history of France before he had commenced his History of England. "I would rather attempt any other country," said he to Lord Brougham; "not that I dislike the French; but they have told their own story so eloquently and well that a foreigner could have little hope to gain much honor in the same field." There is considerable force in this, but a similar reason might be assigned for not undertaking a history of England, or of almost any other country possessed of a literature, not excepting our own.

Every one cannot expect to excel all others. If none undertook to write a history but those who hoped to equal Thucydides, Tacitus, Gibbon, or Sismondi, historical works would be scarce indeed. A writer has quite a justifiable motive to attempt the history of any country, if he conscientiously thinks that he can promote the diffusion of knowledge and contribute to the removal of prejudices. That Mr. Godwin can plead such a motive will hardly be denied by any intelligent person.

Until very recently, English literature has always had a tendency to impart erroneous impressions of the French people. Need we say that the disposition on the part of a certain class of English publications to disparage all that is French is not altogether extinguished at the present day? And whatever influences public opinion in England has a similar effect in America, though our recollection of the generous aid afforded us by France in our struggle for independence renders us more cautious in adopting the interested views of her censors. For this reason, combined with the more general diffusion of knowledge in this country, France appears in a more favorable light to the American than to the English masses; at the same time, it must be admitted that the jealousies and prejudices alluded to have been productive of much evil here as well as in England. It is to them we owe nine tenths of the foolish, irritating things that have been said of the relative characteristics of Anglo-Saxons and Celts. The history of the world shows but too plainly that there is no worse strife than the strife of races. Nothing has more seriously retarded the progress of civilization. The history of England alone would go far to prove this. Passing over the earlier feuds between the Britons, the Danes, the Angles, and the Saxons, we have ample evidence that a progressive English civilization was impossible until the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans became reconciled to each other and began to regard each other as fellow-citizens. In short, a complete amalgamation had taken place before there was any hope of national prosperity. Every historian of any respectable rank from Clarendon to Macaulay tells us this. Yet there are those in our time who do not

scruple to revive those ancient feuds by teaching the Anglo-Saxon to hate the Celt, and the Celt to hate the Anglo-Saxon. It is needless to say that in this country as well as in England the prevailing impression among the masses is, that as Anglo-Saxons they have a right to regard the Celts as an inferior race. None but demagogues encourage such a feeling. Apart from its pernicious tendency it has no foundation in fact; and it has been denounced accordingly by the greatest minds of Europe; by none more earnestly than by learned Englishmen and Germans. In proof of this suffice it to mention the names of Prichard and Humboldt.

Thus far at least, the theory of Anglo-Saxon perfection and Celtic inferiority receives no favor at the hands of Mr. Godwin. It is evident that he has read too much, not to see how the matter really stands, and he is too frank and honest to say what is popular rather than what is true. Like every thoughtful writer who has paid any attention to ethnology, he bears in mind that however much the Angles, Saxons, Celts, Goths, Vandals, &c., may differ in certain particulars with each other, all belong to the Caucasian race, the noblest branch of the human family. It is then as a Caucasian, not as an Anglo-Saxon, Goth, or Celt, that he speaks; a fact which would almost afford a guarantee by itselft hat his *History of France* will be reliable. But an extract here and there will give a better idea of the characteristics of the work than the most elaborate description. Accordingly, we proceed to quote such passages as may serve at once to interest the reader, do justice to the author, and help to illustrate our own views.

No writer of French history goes farther back than Mr. Godwin. In this respect he has been quite as careful and scrupulous as Michelet, of whose valuable labors he has to some extent very properly availed himself; especially in his notes, which are nearly as copious, though not containing so much Greek and Latin, as those of the Frenchman. After some general remarks on the different peoples found by Cæsar in Gaul, Mr. Godwin observes:—

"If I may not enter into the difficult questions which relate to the primeval seats and migrations of the Gauls, it is, nevertheless, a part

of my subject to refer to some of their earliest appearances in general history and tradition. I have remarked that, in a remote antiquity, they were known to the classic nations; and it should now be added that, from a remote antiquity, they were actively engaged in influencing the destinies of mankind. A peculiarly restless, mobile, and eager race always, its traces are discoverable everywhere—in Europe, Asia, Africa, and, as some do not scruple to assert, even in Australia and America. But its principal home was the west of Europe, whence it spread early in many directions. Long before any recognized historical era, the Kelts were distributed over Britain and the northern islands, giving names to the hills, the streams, the towns, and the populations. When the Romans landed in those parts, they found the seacoasts peopled with Belgian and Kymric tribes, who may have been recent colonists from the continent, although the people of the interior, manifestly of kindred race, claimed an occupancy so ancient, that they called themselves the aborigines. By the testimony of Cæsar, we know also that there were Kelts in Germany, although we do not know whether they preceded the Germans in their settlement there, or whether they were merely straggling colonists from Gaul. In the same way, there is evidence, as it has been already intimated, that, anterior to all written monuments, they were mingled, and, doubtless, engaged in hostilities, with the clans of the Iberic peninsula. But whether, in their hostilities with the Iberians, they were the conquering or the conquered race, learned men are again in doubt."—pp. 19, 20.

Our author describes the capture of Rome, briefly alluding to its results, as follows:

"That the Gauls were early in Italy, and in great numbers, and that they came in contact with the Romans about the year 390 B. C., is all we may prudently say. It would seem likely, however, that they encountered the Romans, not as transient and marauding, but as settled tribes. The way in which they were involved was this: they demanded lands of the Clusians, which the Clusians refused, and then, being threatened with war, asked aid from the little aristocracy on the banks of the Tiber. The Romans were willing to mediate, but not to interfere, and despatched three envoys to adjust the difficulty. These envoys were rash, and headlong enough to take part in some incidental skirmish against the Kelts, which so offended them that they sought satisfaction of the principal government. Not obtaining

it, they marched upon Rome itself; met the army of the city on the banks of the Allia, a brook twelve miles distant, defeated it with a dreadful slaughter, and then pushed on to the capital. The multitude of the city, with the priests and the vestals, fled to the country; a few youths, braver than others, garrisoned the chief fortress, while the old men, senators, who had been consuls and censors, either bound by official honor to remain, or resolved to propitiate the angry gods by the sacrifice of themselves, assumed a position of state and dignity in the forum. When the Gauls entered and found the city deserted, the very solitude filled them with terror; the sight of those venerable figures in their curule chairs smote them with awe, as if they had been admitted to the presence of the gods; but the momentary irritability of one of the Romans, whose beard an incautious Gaul had touched, betrayed that they were men, and, being men, they were murdered. The greater part of the city was then burned; the citadel besieged; and it was only when the Gauls were themselves half famished, that they relinquished the prosecution of the siege for the sake of a ransom in gold. While this money was getting weighed out, the audacious Brenn, who led the Kelts, cast his sword into the scales, shouting against all remonstrances that famous *Væ victis!* (Woe to the vanquished!) which in after years Rome echoed with such fearful resonance into the ears of all his kin.

"This event—about the first really historical event in Roman history—fell like a stroke of destiny upon the Romans; the anniversary of the battle of the Allia became thereafter an accursed day in their calendar; every future whisper of the return of the Gauls was construed into an occasion for a tumult; and a fund was amassed to be specially devoted to Gallic wars, on the condition that whoever might turn it to other purposes should be sacrificed to the infernal gods. Nor was Rome able to avenge in less than two centuries the stigma inflicted on that terrible July day. Steadily she pursued the object, but just as steadily was she thwarted and baffled. The Gauls often cut in pieces her legions, often threatened her capital, were often the life and soul of those formidable Samnite, Etruscan, and other leagues which stayed her progress north; and when at Sentinum, at Aretinum, at Vadimon, their principal tribes were overthrown, and their power broken, their spirit was not yet subdued. Incessant and bloody revolts evinced the strength of their animosity, and the invincibleness of their valor. If unable to conquer for themselves, they were yet the instruments of conquest in others. During the second Punic war,

they helped the great commander of Africa, Hannibal, to his greatest victories; the Gallic arms were distinguished at Trebia, at Thrasymene, and at Cannæ; it was Gallic blood, under Hasdrubal, which stained the waters of the Metaurus; and it was over the Gauls, as well as over Carthage, that Scipio triumphed at Zama. Eleven years after the defeat of the Carthaginian, the mutilated clans of the Boians still held out against the else irresistible city; nor did they succumb at last; they withdrew to the confines of the Danube and the Save, where they found a new home, and continued their name in history." —pp. 28-30.

It is worthy of remark, that notwithstanding the unsurpassed bravery of the Gauls at all times, they are almost the only people of western Europe that have lost their name. They permitted themselves to be deprived of it by the Franks. Italy became in turn the prey of every marauding tribe, whom the hope of plunder attracted to her beautiful and fertile valleys. The Franks went there too. So did the Goths, Lombards, and Germans. She has had alternately to bear the yoke of each. Even at the present day, one of her finest provinces is forced to own German masters; but in all her vicissitudes, from the time Æneas is supposed to have first landed on her shores, until Austria had to relinquish Lombardy, she has always retained the beautiful name of Italy, as unaltered as when her Virgil sung:

> Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
> Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
> Laudibus Italiæ certent; non Bactra, neque Indi
> Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.*

Still more unfortunate was Spain, having successively had to obey the Tyrians, the Saracens, the Goths, the Visigoths, and the Vandals; but to none has she surrendered her ancient name. According to the best authorities, the Gauls were originally called *Walch*† or *Welch* which the Romans changed into *Galli*, merely to suit the genius of their own

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* Geor. ii. 136, &c.

† *Walch* is most probably derived from the Sanscrit *Wala* or *Walya*, which in the original signifies strong, powerful, &c.

language. In this case the name was not lost. The people still called themselves Waleh or Welch, and continued to do so until the time of the Franks, when the country received its present name. It is inferred from this, by writers who have not taken the trouble to examine the facts, that the new-comers were so numerous as to change the character of the whole Gallic population. That such was not the case, however, is now abundantly proved by German, as well as French historians. What is nearest the truth seems to be, that the whole army of Clovis did not exceed twenty thousand men. These had some ten millions to encounter, of the same people who had warred with Cæsar and his legions for ten years, without having at any one time wholly submitted to him; and there were three or four Roman legions still in the country. It is idle, then, to believe that Clovis and his ragged followers were able to subdue the Gauls. It is far more likely that the latter were desirous of a change; and that the establishment of the Frankish empire was just as much a Gallic revolution as that which made Napoleon Bonaparte First Consul, and subsequently Emperor. "As soon as Clovis had the least success," says Voltaire, "his troops were no doubt joined by all the Belgians who panted for booty; and this army is, nevertheless, called the army of Franks." The events that prepared the way for the Frankish monarchy are, however, viewed in a somewhat different light by Mr. Godwin:—

"The league of Western Germans which dwelt between the Saxons and Alemans, on the right bank of the Rhine, does not appear as Franks until the year 242, when a band of Aurelian's soldiers, after encountering them at Mentz, sang a *balista* as a song of victory over them. They called themselves Franken or the Freemen, probably because they were a peculiarly brave, fierce, and independent people, and because, also, they had for centuries disdained and resisted the Roman yoke. Resembling other Germans in manners, customs, and religion, they were driven to warlike enterprises by the same necessities and motives. Their rapid and capricious assaults upon the Roman frontiers, demanded the incessant vigilance, and often the hardest fighting of the legions. If we might believe the panegyrists of the emperors, they were more than once totally annihilated, but they strangely reappear after these defeats, with fresher courage and

in augmented numbers. No history of their spasmodic excursions into Gaul, sometimes made for mere objects of plunder, and sometimes in view of more permanent settlements, can or need be written. It is enough to observe, incidentally, their gradual but continuous progress toward the conquest of its northern parts. In less than thirty years after the name was first mentioned, they are found in possession of sixty Gallic cities (*civitates nobilissimæ*), whence it is said they were driven by Protus with an incredible slaughter (A. D. 277). Nevertheless, they supported Proculus and Bonosus, a few years later (280), in serious revolts against the empire. Maximian Hercules spent twenty years (286–306) in repulsing them, and ended with granting them peace and homes on the deserted lands of the Treviri and Nervii. Constantius Chlorus carried on a similarly destructive war against them in the island of the Batavi, where they had been for some time fixed; but the victories he achieved only transplanted them the more numerously as colonists upon the Belgic soil (A. D. 292). Once established there, either by conquest or concession, they made farther way for themselves. Constantine beat them signally (306), and gave two of their kings, with a multitude of others, to the wild beasts of the amphitheatre at Trèves, amidst spectacles whose magnificence was remembered twenty years afterward; but he received many of them also into his service, and spread other multitudes over the Gallic fields. Under his sons, they raised the usurpers, Magnentius and Sylvanus, to the purple (350–355), while others took forcible possession of some forty-five cities in the Belgics. Julian, on his arrival in Gaul (355), discovered that the "Germans," meaning the Franks, occupied a space of three hundred stadia on this side of the Rhine, and that the whole region for three times that extent, was depopulated and wasted. He attacked and defeated them, but he did not dislodge them; on the contrary, he granted them a permanent footing in Toxandria as subjects of the empire. In that capacity they soon attained a controlling position in the offices and armies of Gratian and the Valentinians. They resisted the great invasion of the Vandals in the time of Stilicho, but did not scruple to take part in the subsequent ravages. Among the confusions of that disastrous period, indeed, it is not improbable that they seized the cities of Spires, Strasburg, Amiens, Arras, Therouane, and Tournai, and by their assaults on Trèves, compelled the removal of the præfectural government to Arles. Chroniclers who flourished two centuries later, refer to the year 418 large and permanent conquests in Gaul by a visionary king called Pharamund, from whom the French monarchy

is usually dated. But history seeks in vain for any authentic marks of his performances."—pp. 271–274.

We fear there are some of the performances in this extract which it would be almost equally difficult to verify; but the author is sustained in his views by respectable authorities, several of which he indicates in his notes. At all events, the following extract is much more in accordance with the accounts given by other historians, and it is interesting withal. It will show those who have hitherto entertained any doubt on the subject, that no race, however ambitious, need be very anxious to claim kindred with Clovis:—

"The authority of Chlodwig was less securely established, or less cheerfully acknowledged, among his countrymen, the Franks, in the north of Gaul, than elsewhere, and, as soon as he was at peace with the Burgunds and Wisigoths, he turned his attention to them. His object was to concentrate in himself the monarchy or executive force of all the tribes—a most difficult undertaking, but one which he contrived to effect in a summary and characteristic way, not very honorable, it must be confessed, to his own character, or to the instructions of his Christian teachers. Among his coadjutors in the Wisigothic war had been Chloderik, a son of the Ripuarian king, formerly lamed in the battle of Tolbiac. 'Thy father is old and limp,' said Chlodwig to him, 'and if he were dead thou wouldst succeed to his kingdom and to my friendship!' The young man, comprehending the suggestions of the tempter, at once caused his father to be killed, and sent messengers to Chlodwig to announce the fact. He, by a returned embassy, answered, 'I thank thee for thy good-will; pray thee show thy treasures to my messengers, before they are appropriated.' Chloderik showed them the chest in which his father kept his gold, stooping down and plunging his arm into it, to indicate how much it was. As he did so, one of the envoys raised his axe and struck it into his skull. The Ripuarians revolted at this atrocity; but Chlodwig, after besieging and beating them at Verdun, denied his participation in the crime, and got himself lifted upon the shield as their king. He then marched against Harrarik, the king at Therouane, made him and his son prisoners, and caused the hair of both to be cut off, in sign of their degradation and disgrace. Harrarik, condoling with his son, said to him, 'This foliage has been cut from a green tree, but it will grow and bloom again.' The words

being reported to Chlodwig, he instantly divined the menace, and ordered both to be beheaded, seizing at the same time their kingdom and their treasures. Ragnakher was still the king at Cambrai. Chlodwig procured his slaves and vassals to conspire against him, by presents of bracelets and baldricks of false gold (brass gilt). He then took him and his son prisoners, and killed the father with his axe, because he disgraced the family by allowing himself to be fettered, and the son because he had not prevented the disgrace of the father. Rignomer, another king of the town of Mans, was put to death in the same spirit. 'Thus,' says Gregory of Tours, who narrates these stories at length, with the most impassive coldness, 'God crushed the enemies of Chlodwig daily under his feet, and enlarged his kingdom, because, he walked with a pure heart before him, and did that which was agreeable in his sight.' The same authority proceeds: 'Having slain, in this wise, many other kings, and his nearest kindred, he extended his authority over the whole of Gaul; and, finally, one day assembling his people he spoke as follows of the relatives whom he had butchered: 'Unhappy that I am, left like a wayfarer in the midst of strangers, there is now no relative to befriend me in the day of adversity.' But this he said not for sorrow at their deaths, only through cunning, in order to discover whether he had still any relatives left so that he might destroy them."—pp. 291, 292.

There are many extravagant stories told about the people whose first and greatest sovereign is said to have acted thus barbarously. Their being Germans is a discovery of comparatively recent date, and one in regard to which the particulars are not given. The truth is, that no one can tell who or what they were. They have been made to belong to different races, at different times, according to the peculiar views of various writers. While they continued in the ascendant they were regarded, doubtless, on their own testimony, as the descendants of Priam, Hector, and Æneas. Such was the opinion of Marcellinus, as recorded in a book supposed to have been written at the close of the fourth century, but of which only some fragments have come down to us. Fredegarius had no doubt, when composing his history of the same people, that their ancestors must have fought under Alexander. The learned Leibnitz has arrived at a much more sensible con-

clusion, namely, that, most probably, they were the scattered remains of the Cimbri, defeated and routed by Marius. Their warmest admirers admit that, at all events, they were barbarous hordes when they extended their devastations into Gaul. There is no evidence that they had any literature; yet, by some unaccountable accident or other, they get the credit to this day from many historians, of having written the Salic Law, although the French had no written usages for more than six centuries after the death of Clovis. The language spoken by the Franks is as great a mystery as their origin. Some, not to be outdone by their fellow-laborers in the field of history, or rather romance, have not scrupled to call their barbarous jargon the Sanscrit; but what is a serious obstacle in proving them to be the authors of the Salic Law, is that that remarkable code made its first authenticated appearance in Latin. This has led to the suspicion that it had a Roman rather than a Frankish parentage; or otherwise that it was the work of a learned monk, who wished to ingratiate himself with the ruling power. Mr. Godwin thinks differently, however, and he sustains his views, as usual, by several authorities:

"We must refer to the same epoch, I think, and to the same impulses, the written compilation of the old Frankish customs, which has come down to us under the name of the Salic Law. It was a version in Latin of the primitive jurisprudence of the Mallberg, with some considerable additions, rendered necessary by the altered circumstances of the people. In its original form, this law, which is called a *pactum*, or compact, must have been coeval with the federation of the several Germanic tribes composing the Frankish league. Coming together under diversified customs, they found it not only convenient but necessary to digest their separate legislations into a uniform whole. The dispersions and revolutions incident to the long conquest of northern Gaul, and the subsequent fusion of the several nations established there under Chlodwig, suggested, it may be conjectured, a second recension, which he undertook. He had powerful motives for doing so in his scheme of a general Frankish monarchy, and in his disposition to diffuse Christianity among his countrymen. He could not, out of regard to the deep-rooted prejudices of the Franks, change the nature of these laws to any considerable extent,

nor the structure of society to which they referred; therefore, in all the extant versions of them, we find the social and political constitution disclosed to us the same in its essential features with that imputed by Tacitus to the ancient Germans. There is the same consecration of the family-bond, with its responsibilities; the same general distinctions of rank; the same system of free-companionage; and the same minute application of the weregild or composition to all classes of crimes, murders, thefts, arsons, and calumnies. But a careful study of several provisions of the law discloses two marked departures of Frank society from the more primitive condition of the nation: first, in that the old semi-patriarchal, semi-popular nobility of Tacitus has given place to a mere official aristocracy, or nobles by service; and, second, in that the Christian churches are sedulously protected from injury, and the Christian clergy estimated, in the rates of the weregild, on a level with the highest dignitaries of the barbaric court. We thus see that already, in the very era of the conquest, the royal power had expanded in dignity and consideration, while the way was prepared for the enormous political authority afterward acquired by the priesthood."—pp. 293, 295.

The facts stated at the conclusion of this extract would point by themselves to a pious fraud. There was no difficulty in getting up such a code, since the work of Tacitus on the manners, &c., of the ancient Germans supplied most of the materials. All that was added to what was given by the Roman historian was mainly designed to protect and support the church. We must also bear in mind that it is now almost universally agreed among the learned that the work of Tacitus was designed much more as a satire on his own countrymen, already becoming debased by licentiousness, than a veritable history of the ancient Germans. "Quant à leur couleur morale," says Guizot, "Tacite a peint les Germains, comme Montaigne et Rousseau les *sauvages* dans un acces d'humeur contre sa patrie; *son livre est une satire des mœurs Romains*, l'eloquente boutade d'une patriote philosophe qui *veut voir la* vertu lá où il ne recontre pas la mollesse honteuse et al depravation savante d'une vielle societe."* Much stress is laid on the respect which, according to the historian, the ancient Ger-

* *Histoire de la Civilisation en France*, tome i., p. 190.

mans had for their women, although one of the most important provisions in the Salic Law is that which excludes females from the throne. Their descendants may be presumed to be somewhat more refined in their gallantry than themselves; yet we require no Tacitus to tell us that the former, far from being more tender to the sex and more respectful to them than their Gallic neighbors, distinguish themselves in our own times in the midst of Europe as women floggers. Those who doubt this may inquire of the ladies of Pesth, Venice, and Milan, or consult the records of Austrian courts-martial down to the present day.

But assuming all that Tacitus says of the ancient Germans to be true, it would prove little. This is made sufficiently apparent by Guizot in his *Histoire de la Civilisation en France*. He shows that if they regarded it as laudable prudence rather than cowardice to turn their backs when getting the worst of the battle, several other savage tribes may claim honor on the same ground. If the Germans, when they ran away frightened, were sometimes persuaded to return to the fight by their wives and mothers, the Scythians and the Arabs have allowed themselves to to be influenced in a similar manner, according to Meiners* and Gibbon.† If they consulted their wives on important occasions, especially when going to war, Guizot quotes reliable authorities to show that several of our own Indian tribes evince the same gallantry.

We trust we need hardly observe that the object of these remarks is not to depreciate the Germans as a people, or give them any offence, but simply to show, as the most learned and enlightened of their own countrymen have done, that the superiority claimed for them as a race over the Gauls, by a class of writers already alluded to, has no real existence. That they possess as much intellectual and physical vigor as the Gauls or any other people we have no disposition to deny; but it is beyond question that the latter have always been a

* *Histoire du Sexe Feminin*, vol. i., pp. 48, 49.

† *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. x., p. 246.

more refined people than the former. In other words, there are some qualities in which the Germans may be said to excel the Gauls: but there are other qualities equally good in which the Gauls excel the Germans; so that there is no ground for the charge of inferiority on either side. If anything contradictory of this appears in Mr. Godwin's History it has escaped our observation, although we have taken pleasure in carefully examining the work. But whatever may be the opinion of the author, the facts which he records of both races in their various relations with each other, whether as friends or enemies, fully sustain our views on the subject.

Before returning to the Gauls, who form the principal subject of the volume before us, we will quote an extract or two, which, while interesting in themselves, though containing nothing new, will show that Mr. Godwin is disposed to render full justice to our German friends:—

"An impervious cloud overhangs the morning of the old Teutonic world. The polished inhabitants of the peninsulas, early made aware of its existence, felt too little interest in it to take the pains to inquire into the secrets of its dusty annals, or even the characteristics of its uncouth people. Amid the absorbing occupations of their cities, they heard of the wars and rumors of war among the wild tribes of the frontiers, as we now hear of the wars and rumors of war among the wilder tribes of Africa. Not until the fiftieth year before the birth of Christ, when the keen-eyed Cæsar cast a few intrepid and searching glances into the darkness, did it seem to be unsettled, as if about to give place to the dawn; but soon the volume rolled back, and for more than a century the Teutons were folded in heavy primeval obscurity. Unknown and unrecorded, they waged their stormy battles with the wilderness and with each other. The exquisite genius of Tacitus, about the year A. D. 97, shed the first clear and steady light upon the various modes and methods of their being. His masterly treatise of the Manners of the Germans, is worthy of all honor and of all confidence. And yet, in spite of its singular combination of great comprehensiveness with great precision, its brief twenty pages of mingled geography, ethnography, theology, politics, and narrative, are scarcely more than a prelude to the themes of which it treats. Into the deeper constitution and life of the Teutonic societies it does

not guide us; while the later Roman writers, benumbed by the terrors which the new and hostile attitude of the Germans inspired, or rendered lax and credulous by the growing degeneracy of the Roman mind, add little to the knowledge that he has imparted, or add it only to distort and to confuse.

* * * * * * *

"The German was physically distinguished by his huge and robust body, his fierce blue eyes, his flaxen hair, and his rough guttural voice. The extenuate and scrofulous races of the south beheld this mass of superabundant animal life with some feeling of fear and wonder. Nor were his intellectual and moral qualities less muscular than his physical. A large complex brain surmounted, a broad, strong heart animated, his lumpy, elephantine body. Like many other races in the same stage of social progress, the Germans were great fighters; they loved combat, adventures, robberies, and killings; and their usual oath was, 'By the deck of the ship, by the rim of the shield, by the withers of the horse, and by the point of the sword." Sometimes entire tribes left land and home to addict themselves to perpetual roving military expeditions. When a warrior escaped a famous slaughter, he often hung himself in shame, and was universally branded with ignominy. Such, indeed, was the exuberance of the northern valor, that it occasionally boiled up into craziness (*berserkswuth*), when the subjects of it ate live coals, rushed naked into battle, or slew, indiscriminately, both friend and foe. Their favorite god was Thor, or Donar, who crushed thunder out of the skies with his fiery axe, and the future heaven they conceived of chiefly as a place where the valiant engaged in eternal alternations of fierce combats and drinking-bouts." —pp. 216-219.

The most ardent admirer of Teutonic genius may be satisfied with the following climax:

"In spite of his external ruggedness, therefore, his hard, reckless, brawny violence, there was in the German a vein of tender and chivalric sentiment, a play of kindly, Brobdignagian humor, and a susceptibility to superior influences. When brought into contact with civilization he early learned to appreciate it; his rudest societies exhibited some strivings toward a just combination of freedom and order; and, if he adored the thunder-god in the skies, he also worshipped Baldur, the beautiful, in the secret groves. *I do not, indeed, conceive it an extravagance to say that, in his earliest manifestations,*

in his wild poems and rough laws, one finds the germs of his later Shakespeares, and Beethovens, and Cromwells—of that genius which has made his literature the richest in the world, and kept his sons, for a thousand years, on every throne of Europe."—pp. 220.

The Shakespeares are not numerous. We may well be thankful for one. There have, indeed, been Cromwells enough. Almost every country of any respectable extent, arrived at mature age, has at some period of its history produced one; and it may be doubted whether the world would be anything the better if it had always such a "Protector." Be this as it may, it would be rather difficult to trace the genealogy of either Shakespeare or Cromwell to the worshippers of Thor or Donar, in the forests and marshes of Germany.* What if it would one day come to light that the Germans and Celts belong to one and the same race? Several elaborate works have already been written with the view of proving the fact. The most important of these is by the learned Dr. Holtzman, who is himself a German. It is entitled *Kelten und Germanen eine historische Untersuchung;* it was first published in 1855, and it has since continued to attract much attention among the *savans* of Germany. Nor has it altogether escaped the attention of the French; but the latter rather seem inclined to object to so close a relationship. Without waiting to inquire which party would be most honored if it could be satisfactorily proved that the French and Germans had a common origin, in some dark corner of Europe, or Asia; but that when the original progeny multiplied it divided itself into different tribes, each setting out, like so many wolves, on a prowling

* In commenting on something similar in Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," Voltaire ridicules it as follows: "The houses of Peers and of Commons, and the English Courts of Law and Equity found in the woods; who would have supposed it? Without doubt the English owe their squadrons and their commerce to the manners of the Germans; and the sermons of Tillotson to those pious German sorcerors who sacrificed their prisoners, and judged of their success in war by the manner in which the blood flowed. We must believe that the English are indebted for their manufactures to the laudable practice of the Germans, who, as Tacitus observes, preferred robbery to toil. *Dict. Philos. art. Esprit du Loi.*"

excursion of their own—we return to Mr. Godwin's narrative. His sketch of the early Celtic religion is well drawn, and may be accepted as reliable, at least as much so as any other account we possess:

"Nor was the priestly order, which participated in the governing power, a fixed restraint upon the other nobles, although it was both strongly organized and influential by means of its superstitions. It consisted of three kinds—bards, prophets, and high-priests, which together formed a sacred association or college of Druids. The bards were the national poets—not only religious, but martial and satiric—who sang to a wild accompaniment of the *rotte* (a kind of harp) the genealogies of the clans, the exploits of heroes, the loveliness of women, and the glories of the gods. Often, as the battle was about to be joined, their voices, lifted above the din of conflict, animated the combatants to the charge. The vates—prophets or diviners—were the revealers of the future, as their name imports, and took charge of the sacrifices and of the interpretation of them, as well as of all public ceremonies.

"Mingling as a kind of popular branch of the priesthood among the personages, and dealing with the events and relations of domestic life, they ministered between the people and that higher branch, the Druids proper. These were the real powers—the Coryphei, the Archimagi, the Masters—who, inhabiting the depths of the oak forests, guarded the interior and vital principles of the mystic faith. They were the teachers of youth, some of whom passed twenty years in their novitiate, the monopolizers of knowledge, the depositories of the will of the gods, having no superior but an arch-Druid, whose office, though supreme, was elective.

"Exempt from taxation and imposts, and from every other burden of peace or war, possessed of their own properties, and operating among a people prone to superstition, the priests were, in addition, endowed with ample and exclusive judicial functions. At a stated period every year, they held their assizes in the country of the Carnutes (Chartres), whither every one was bound to repair who had a cause to prosecute or a remedy to solicit. If any offence had been perpetrated, any murder committed, any inheritance or boundary invaded, the Druids decreed the award or the punishment. All men, whether in a public or private capacity, were compelled to submit to their judgment; nor was there any legal appeal from it, once given.

Woe to the man who dared to resist their verdict! They used no force; they did not appeal to the strong arm for the execution of their sentence; but, like the popes of the Middle Ages, they issued against him a ban of excommunication. The unhappy victim of it was thenceforth an outcast and a criminal; no one might communicate with him; he was incapable of office; denied justice when he required it, and even the benignities of the heavens were closed upon him forever.

"Affiliated to the male Druids was a class of females also, to whom supernatural power was imputed, and who passed for sorceresses. The functions ascribed to them were often whimsical and sometimes licentious. Their worship consisted chiefly in nocturnal rites, when, with their naked bodies stained black, hair dishevelled, and torches in hand, they abandoned themselves to transports of fury. Their favorite retreats were the island of Sena and the several nameless islets opposite the mouth of the Loire. One day every year between sunset and sunrise, they destroyed and rebuilt the roof of their temple; but if any one chanced to let drop a particle of the sacred material, she was torn to pieces amid frantic dances, in which the Grecks saw the rites of their own Bacchantes and the orgies of Samothrace renewed. The Gallic mariner, as he skirted by night the wild reefs of the Armorican seas, often fancied that he heard strange cries and chants, weird melodies, mingling with the wail of the winds and the deep moanings of the waves. On the summit of the misty crags he saw red phantoms gliding, with streaming hair and burning torches, whose flames made the lightnings. These were the Druidesses weaving their magic spells, healing maladies, raising the elements, consulting the dread spirits of fate, or perhaps waiting to receive the souls of the shipwrecked, which the Breton peasant still discerns in the white and fugitive spray, hastening to rejoin their loved and lost companions of the earth."

To the wars of Cæsar it is needless to refer, further than to say that Mr. Godwin has given as full particulars of them as most students care to have. His account of the desperate resistance of the Nervii is one of the best to be found in any modern work, but he calls them the Cimbri, who were a different people; though the latter as well as the former are generally classed with the Gauls. Those who fought so heroically against the disciplined legions of Cæsar until they

were "annihilated rather than conquered," were the ancestors of the Belgians of the present day; whereas the Cimbri were the people of Jutland and Holsatia, the same who, when they made an inroad into Italy with the design of taking Rome, were defeated and scattered by Marius.

The Gauls availed themselves of Roman culture much more readily than the Germans. While the latter were still in a state of utter barbarism, the former had made considerable progress in acquiring not only the Latin, but also the Greek language,* and rendering each subservient to their wants. Mr. Godwin agrees with Michelet, that

"Gallic genius, in fact, from the first manifested a quick susceptibility to the peculiar culture of the Romans. Passionately addicted, as we have seen Cato already remark, to disputation and the refinements of speech, the Gauls of the old province were early distinguished as actors, orators, and poets; and the same regions, it may be observed, which have since given to France Massillon and Flechier, Mirabeau and the Girondists, Guizot and Thiers, contributed to Rome the first and greatest of actors, Roscius; the rhetor, Gnipho who taught both Cæsar and Cicero; Valerius Cato, who was called the Latin syren; Varro Atacinus, whom Virgil deigned to imitate and Horace to praise; the first Latin writer of a Universal History, Trogus Pompeius; and the creator of that species of romance, not, unknown to more modern times, in which the elegance and grace of the style scarcely compensates for the licentiousness of sentiment, Petronius Arbiter. Nor was the example set by the elder province disavowed or disdained by the new, where the teachers and schools of Gaul rose to a rivalry with the most illustrious of Italy."—p. 114.

Further on our author truly remarks:

"Nor was the use of it (the Latin) wholly confined, as some seem to suppose, to persons of the educated classes. The populations of the towns, living perpetually within ear-shot of the Romans, must have soon acquired the dialect of their superiors; and among the

* So early as the time of Cæsar they were acquainted with Greek, which was taught by the Druids. Neque fas esse existimant ea literis mandare, quum in reliquis ferè rebus, publicis privatisque rationibus Graecis literis utantur. De Bell. Gall. VI.—14.

numerous other proofs of this, if there could be any doubt, there are two that may be deemed decisive. The sermons and homilies of the preachers of the fifth century, which it is obvious, from their tone and sentiment, were addressed to the public of all classes, were spoken in Latin; and the lesser dramatic pieces represented on the stage, the farces and buffooneries, as well as the popular songs, tinctured with the colors of the common domestic and low life, were in Latin. Yet the prevalence of the Latin had not, as others have asserted, expelled the more ancient idioms. Greek was spoken by the populace of Arles in the fifth century, and probably by that of other cities which had once been subject to the influence of Massalia. In the secluded rural districts, which the Romans did not so much frequent, the native dialects were still heard. The Basque lingered among the gorges of the Pyrenees, as the Gallic did amid the inaccessible mountain tracts of Auvergne, and the Kymric throughout Armorica. Sidonius compliments his brother-in-law, Ecdicius, for having persuaded the Arvernian nobles to the disuse of their rude provincial tongue. There was, moreover, in this respect a great difference between the south and the north of Gaul, and neither the customs, the manners, nor the speech of the Romans made rapid way or permanent impression beyond the Loire.

"The studies of the cultivated classes comprised both Greek and Latin—the Greek philosophy as it had been filtered through Roman minds, and the Roman jurisprudence, grammar, rhetoric, and poetry. Jurisprudence, for which the Roman intellect was so peculiarly apt, the Gauls had learned, and more than one professor was celebrated for his knowledge and skill."—pp. 202, 203.

This was toward the close of the Roman domination; before the arrival of the northern hordes, whom it is now so much the fashion to praise, but who for centuries were the worst enemies of learning and intelligence, surrounding themselves with darkness wherever they got a foothold. It will never be known what priceless intellectual treasures perished at the hands of the barbarians who overran the Roman empire. All we know is, that many a great work of literature and art was destroyed, many a scientific treatise; probably more than the Turks destroyed at the burning of the Alexandrian library. But we may be thankful that so much was saved. For-

tunately Rome did not fall until she had made provision for the preservation of the greater part not only of her own literature but also that of Greece. Need we remind the reader how this was done? She opened her schools to the Christians whom some of her tyrants had first persecuted; shared with them her culture; and taught them to appreciate her *chefs d'œuvre*. Thus it was that the priests of the new religion became learned; and were as anxious to protect the fountain of knowledge as they were to make converts. According as the barbarians embraced Christianity they permitted themselves to be more and more influenced by the priests. The latter began by protecting works of art, procuring immunities for libraries, and saving learned men from persecution. When they could not obtain permission for others to teach, they taught themselves. They went about by day as missionaries; at night they studied, gave private tuition, and, when they had time, they wrote, or plied their pencil or chisel. They occupied their pen in copying the classics, correcting imperfect editions, adding notes, &c., according as they felt qualified, or had a taste for one department or another. Nay, many of them wrote valuable original works in the solitude of their cloisters, some of which have inspired the greatest geniuses of the modern world. They persevered in the good work in spite of all obstacles, until the darkness began once more to fade away. Leaving religion out of the question altogether, we owe them eternal gratitude for having thus preserved the sacred fire through the long and dreary night of the dark ages. But it is not they who get the credit; nor the Greek and Roman mind that had furnished them the materials to work upon; but, strangely enough, the very barbarians whom they had found it so difficult to restrain from treating knowledge as a criminal vice. We attribute this or that political or moral idea to the Goths, Vandals, Saxons, Normans, &c., according as we are in the habit of regarding one horde or another as our ancestors, forgetting that in the whole range of our literature, laws, or ethics, there is very little, if anything, that possesses any real value, save what we owe to the Bible alone, which is not to be found in

one form or other in Greek or Roman literature;* and this little we are much more likely to have derived from the Saracens, who brought so much of the learning of the East into Spain, freely communicating it to the conquered races—than from a people who, if they ever had a literature at all worthy of the name, have left no traces of it.

We have abundant evidence that wherever the northern barbarians appeared, men of learning, especially those engaged as teachers, fled before them. Mr. Godwin adds his testimony in many interesting passages. In speaking of the quarrel between Brunahilda and her son, in reference to the mayoralty of the palace, he observes:

"A mightier than Desiderius also took up his complaint and his quarrel, the famous, Irish missionary St. Columban, who carried with him much of the strength of the Church. St. Columban was a Leinster man, a scion of the famous monastery of Banchor, whither a purer piety and the *taste for learning had fled during the whirlwinds of the Saxon invasion*, and had come into Gaul, with twelve brother monks, to preach a reform of the discipline and the morals of the monastic establishments (585). The zealous Benedict of Nursia had already organized those popular institutions to a rigid life of fasting, prayer, and labor; but the austerer temper of Columban demanded with less labor, severer observances, and a more fervid devotion, while he punished wilful breaches of duty or discipline with stripes. His monasteries of Fontaine, Anagray, and Luxeuil, erected amid the gloomy solitudes of the Vosges, and, *more lately, of St. Gall, and Bobbio, in Germany and Italy, shared, with the Benedictine foundations*, the profoundest awe of the people, and the most lavish munificence of the princes. Intrepid and heroic as he was implacable, Columban visited the palace of Theuderik as a reformer rather than a courtier; he openly rebuked the incontinence of the king, and the disorderly life he led in

* M. Guizot, who has traced the progress of modern intelligence and civilization better than any other writer, is thus decisive and explicit as to the source of both. "Un fait immense, et beaucoup trop peu remarké à mon avis, me frappe d'abord; c'est que le *principe de la liberté* de penser, le principe de toute *philosophie* la raison se prenant elle-même pour point de départ et pour guide, est une *idée essentiellement fille de l'antiquité* une *idée que la société moderne tient de la Grece et de Rome*, &c. *Hist.* de la Civ. en F., tome ii., p. 899.

the circle of his mistresses; he refused the holy benediction to his children, on the ground that they were the issue of a defiled bed; and at a royal festival, he allowed even his holy anger to break in pieces the vessels of wine which he deemed polluted by the touch of an adulterer.

"The haughty grandmother of the king, was not of a temper to brook this insolence. Herself the friend and correspondent of the great Pope Gregory, whose schemes for the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons of Britain she forwarded, she was disposed to exact a proper respect to herself and to her rank. She ordered him to be torn from his retreat, and conducted by a guard of archers to the seacoasts, where he might be easily embarked for Ireland. But the archers were intimidated by the venerable mien and sanctimonious demeanor of their captive, as well as by the superstitious manifestations of popular homage with which he was received on the way, and suffered him to tarry in the domains of King Chlother, whence he afterward repaired to Austrasia. Columban was not wholly submissive and orthodox in his conceptions of the Roman faith, so that he was viewed with some degree of suspicion by his superiors among the clergy, and yet the wonderful energy and enthusiasm of his character, gave him a strong hold of the religious imagination of the period."

Although Clovis changed the name of Gaul to that of France, and made Paris his capital, the new name is seldom mentioned in history for centuries afterward. Indeed, the Frankish dynasty had ceased to exist before it was generally adopted at home and abroad. Nor did the country make much progress during the four hundred years of the Merovingian rule. The only sovereigns of the whole line whose reigns exhibit anything remarkable or creditable, are Dagobert I., and Charles Martel. Nor can much be said in praise of either of the two exceptions. The former first distinguished himself by murdering his brother Childerbert II., so that he might have all the power to himself. His wars were brilliantly successful; but he generally took the most barbarous advantage of his victories. After he had entirely conquered the Saxons, he caused all whose stature exceeded the length of his sword to be put to death. The other exception is Charles Martel, who

saved the kingdom from the Saracens, and who received the surname of Martel, or "the Hammer," from the weight of his blows in battle. It was under the domination of these boasted Franks, that the ministers of state, or, as they were called, the mayors of the palace, took all the power into their own hands, so that the nominal monarchs who succeeded Dagobert, were called *Fainēans* or *Sluggards.*

True, Charlemagne is regarded as a Frank by certain believers in Frankish superiority. But there is no proof that he was; on the contrary, he did not consider himself as a Frank. Voltaire tells us in his *Philosophical Dictionary*, article France, that he was born in Austrasia. He was of the family of Arnold, bishop of Metz, preceptor of Dagobert. "But what gives most weight," says Voltaire, "to the opinion that Charlemagne regarded the Franks as strangers to him, is the fourth article of one of his capitularies on his farms. If the Franks, said he, commit any ravages on our possessions, let them be judged according to *their* laws." But whether Charlemagne was a Frank, a German, or a Gaul, he was the first to impart lustre to the French name; and though he committed many excesses, he is worthy to be ranked, if not among the benefactors of mankind, at least among the first of royal heroes. No fewer than fifty-three expeditions were undertaken under his auspices; and the only defeat he ever sustained, was that at the hands of the Saracens in Spain. But the most troublesome enemies he had to contend with were the Saxons, who bravely resisted his power for thirty years, he doing his best all the time at once to civilize and christianize them. Some idea may be formed of the extent of his conquests from the fact, that at the time of his death the empire extended to the Ebro on the south, and to the Vistula on the north, and included the whole of Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Prussia, Italy, half of Spain, and all modern France. For the government of all these countries, inhabited by so many different races, he convoked thirty-five national assemblies, with the view of framing laws to suit the prejudices, and conform to the traditions of each people as much as possible. Nor did he confine

himself to making laws and fighting battles. He did all in his power to awaken a taste for literature among his subjects. He sent French, Italian, and Spanish scholars into every part of Germany to establish schools, and instruct all who were willing to learn. It was he who founded the University of Paris, and many other institutions of learning, including monasteries, many of which are the most flourishing and famous of the present day. It is but right, therefore, that Mr. Godwin should give Karl the Great (Charlemagne) his full meed of praise; and even if the picture is slightly overdrawn, we may well excuse the author's enthusiasm :—

"There is to me something indescribably grand in the figure of many of the barbaric chiefs—Alariks, Ataulfs, Theodoriks, and Euriks—who succeeded to the power of the Romans, and, in their wild, heroic way, endeavored to raise a fabric of a state on the ruins of the ancient empire. But none of those figures is so imposing and majestic as that of Karl, the son of Pippin, whose name, for the first and only time in history, the admiration of mankind has indissolubly blended with the title of Great. By the peculiarity of his position in respect to ancient and modern times—by the extraordinary length of his reign, by the number and importance of the transactions in which he was engaged, by the extent and splendor of his conquests, by his signal services to the Church, and by the grandeur of his personal qualities—he impressed himself so profoundly upon the character of his times, that he stands almost alone and apart in the annals of Europe. For nearly a thousand years before him, or since the days of Julius Cæsar, no monarch had won so universal and brilliant a renown; and for nearly a thousand years after him, or until the days of Charles V. of Germany, no monarch attained any thing like an equal dominion. A link between the old and new, he revived the Empire of the West, with a degree of glory that it had only enjoyed in his prime; while, at the same time, the modern history of every continental nation was made to begin with him. Germany claims him as one of her most illustrious sons; France, as her noblest king; Italy, as her chosen emperor; and the Church, as her most prodigal benefactor and worthy saint. All the institutions of the Middle Ages—political, literary, scientific and ecclesiastical—delighted to trace their traditionary origins to his hand; he was considered the source of the

peerage, the inspirer of chivalry, the founder of the universities, and the endower of the churches; and the genius of romance, kindling its fantastic torches at the flame of his deeds, lighted up a new and marvellous world about him, filled with wonderful adventures and heroic forms. Thus, by a double immortality, the one the deliberate award of history, and the other the prodigal gift of fiction, he claims the study of mankind."—p. 410.

There is no doubt that the Saxons of the eighth century were a turbulent and barbarous people; but it is not quite so evident that they were humanely dealt with by Charlemagne. That they deserved severe punishment cannot be denied. Almost any of their marauding exploits would show this. Mr. Godwin gives a graphic sketch of one of their forays, and the terrible retribution which it brought upon themselves:—

"Regardless of the solemn oaths of Paderborn, and the remonstrances of the more pacific elders, they (the Saxons) pounced impetuously upon the borders, and, from Duisburg, opposite Cologne, to Coblentz, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, *burned all the villages, churches, and farms, and massacred the inhabitants, without respect to age or sex.* Karl dispatched a body of his Austrasians, in forced marches, to arrest their fury; but, before it could reach the scene of havoc, the Saxons were in full retreat toward the Adern. Encumbered with booty, however, they were delayed in crossing the stream, when the Franks came up with them at the town of Badenfeld, or, as some call it, Likesy, and inflicted upon them a fearful punishment. The greater part of them were cut off, and the few that escaped were driven into the marshes and woods. The next year (779), however, other tribes of the Saxons rallied, and Karl renewed the war in person. He defeated them at Bockholz, near Zutphen, and then compelled the cantons, one by one, to sue for peace, and submit to the external rights of Christianity. Witikind and his companions sought refuge again among the Northmen. But as soon as Karl had dismissed his forces, they came back in augmented numbers and whetted zeal. All the following summer (780), in fact, the soil of Saxony presented a continuous scene of combat and carnage. The Franks traversed the whole region from the Rhine to the Elbe, dispersing war-parties, rooting up settlements, exacting hostages, and razing fortresses. They stopped at the Elbe alone, where

the Venedi, a Schlavic race, were the neighbors of the Saxons, and whose language, manners, and sentiments announced that they had now reached a new people. Karl received their willing submission; he regulated their border difficulties with the Saxons, and then proceeded to organize the Church systematically within the limits of his late conquests. He divided the whole country of Saxony among the priests, abbots, or bishops, whose sees, at once religious and military colonies, spread their influence gradually, till they became the cradles of those powerful prelacies, that, during the Middle Ages, almost controlled the destinies of Germany. He ordained laws, also, *quite as savage as the people they were meant to restrain*, condemning to the same penalty of death the heathen *who immolated human beings*, who insulted the Christian religion in the person of its priests, and who refused or deserted the rite of baptism."—p. 428, *et seq.*

They now kept quiet for some time, that is, until a favorable opportunity to do harm presented itself. Then, as Mr. Godwin tells us, "the priests were driven from the churches, and the Frankish counts butchered or expelled," &c.

"Karl, incensed beyond measure by the perfidy of the revolt, and the atrocities which accompanied it, as well as by the defeat of his favorite generals, hastened to the relief. Witikind, with his fellows, however, had by this time withdrawn, and there was nothing left for him but to bring together all the Saxons whom he could capture, or who would listen to his summons, to impress upon them, by some signal act, a salutary awe of his power. They declared that Witikind alone was responsible for the recent outrages, and they offered to renew their oaths of fidelity and to be converted once more, i. e., baptized; but the angry King of the Franks had been too often deceived by their hypocrisy (which he should have remembered he himself had encouraged) to receive their protests and expostulations. All that was convicted of having taken arms in the late campaign, to the number of four thousand five hundred men, were decapitated on the spot. A bloody and repulsive revenge, which stained forever the fame of this otherwise noble chieftain."—p. 443.

At this time the Gauls as such had ceased to be spoken of; but it is not the less true, that not only was it they who formed the bone and sinew of Charlemagne's conquering armies, and composed the masses of the people, but it was they who also

possessed most, if not all, the knowledge which existed in an available form. Nor are the people of France less purely Celtic to-day than they were in the time of Charlemagne—nay, in the time of Cæsar. Far from denying this themselves, their best historians and greatest men rejoice in it. "We have not a single family in France," says Voltaire, "which can furnish, I do not say the least proof, but the least probability, that it had its origin from a Frank." In the opinion of Thierry, at least nineteen out of every twenty Frenchmen are Celts. Nor is Michelet aught less a believer in the same predominance of Celtic blood among his countrymen, or in the enduring vitality of the principal branches of the Celtic race. On no other subject is that eminently brilliant historian—the Macaulay of France—more eloquent. "I have spoken," he says, "elsewhere of the Celtic tenacity, and beg leave to return to the subject, and dwell on the obstinacy characteristic of these nations. France will be better understood by strongly defining its starting point. The *mixed Celts who are called French*, may be partially illustrated by the pure Celts, Bretons and Welsh, Scotch and Irish. Let me be permitted to pause, and to raise a stone at the cross-way where these kindred races are about to separate by such opposite roads, to follow so different a destiny; for I should be pained did I not take a solemn farewell of these people from whom the Germanic invasion will isolate our France. Whilst undergoing the long and painful initiations of the Germanic invasion and of feudalism, she will proceed from serfdom to liberty, and from shame to glory. The old Celtic races seated on their native rocks, and in the solitude of their isles, will remain faithful to the poetic independence of barbarous life, until surprised in their fastnesses by the tyranny of the stranger. Centuries have elapsed since England has surprised *and struck them down; and her blows incessantly rain upon them as the wave dashes on the promontory of Brittany or Cornwall.* The sad and patient Judæa, who counted her years by her *captivities, were not more rudely stricken by Asia.* But there is such a virtue in the Celtic genius, such a tenacity of life in this people, that they subsist

under outrage, and preserve their manners and their language."* Further on, after adverting to the effects of persecution on the different branches of the race, M. Michelet remarks: "Singular fate of the Celtic world! Of its two great divisions, one, although the least unfortunate, is perishing, wearing away, or at all events, losing its language, costume, and character. I allude to the Highlanders of Scotland, and the people of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. Here we find the serious and moral element of the race, which seems *dying of sadness*, and soon to be extinguished. The other, filled with inexhaustibleness of life, *multiplies and increases despite of everything;* it will be felt that I speak of Ireland. Ireland! poor elder child of the Celtic race, so far from France, her sister, who cannot stretch out her arm to protect her across the waves —the isle of saints, the emerald of the sea, all-fertile Ireland, whose men grow like grass to the terror of England, in whose ear is daily shouted, 'They are another million'—land of poets, of bold thinkers, of John Eregines, of Berkeley, of Toland —land of Moore, land of O'Connell—land of the brilliant speech and lightning sword, which in the senility of the world still preserves the power of poetry. The English may laugh when they hear in some obscure corner of their towns, some Irish widow improvising the *coronach* over the corpse of her husband —*pleurer à l'Irlanaise* (to weep like the Irish), is with them a by-word of scorn. Weep, poor Ireland! and may France weep as well, as she beholds at Paris, over the gate of the asylum which receives your sons, that harp that asks for succor. Let us weep at our inability to give back the blood which they have shed for us. In vain, in less than two centuries have four hundred thousand Irish fought in our armies. We must witness the sufferings of Ireland without uttering a word."†

Judging from the volume before us, we may reasonably expect that when Mr. Godwin's work shall have been completed, the English student of history will have little need to search for any facts or events worth recording in the works of

* *Hist.* de France, tome i., p. 35. † *Ibid*, i. 39 *et seq.*

various authors, as in many cases has to be done at present. His first volume is a large octavo, of nearly five hundred pages. Commencing with the earliest accounts of Gaul that have reached us, or that can be referred to any respectable authority, he brings his narrative down to the treaty of Verdur, which resulted from the battle of Fontanetum, fought in 843, two years after the death of Louis the Pius, the young princes having, as usual, gone to war for the crown. The reader who has accompanied us in our rapid glance at the work, need not be told that it exhibits no ordinary research. The notes are copious throughout, and what is better, they are judiciously selected. Few, if any, controverted points are passed over evasively, or without having as much light shed upon them, as could be expected from patient care, industry, and candor.

We would gladly close our remarks here, having no disposition to find fault with a volume which is evidently the result of much labor and pains, and which we doubt not is destined to be extensively read, especially by such in England as well as in this country as are not acquainted with the French language. If Mr. Godwin were as attentive to the graces of style, and the usage of the best writers, as he is skilful in the grouping of incidents, and graphic and generally truthful in his sketches of character, we should have nothing but praise to bestow on his book. But whether through carelessness, or a desire to be peculiar, he uses such forms of proper names as are either obsolete, or entirely new to the English reader. Instances of this kind may be found at almost every page; so that it is often difficult to identify in his work some of the most prominent names in the history of ancient Gaul. He has, for example, a particular preference for the letter *k*, forcing those to use it more than eighteen centuries after their death, who scrupulously avoided it while they were living. Thus Cæsar is made to use it, in the very first sentence of his Commentaries, though it is a letter that does not belong to the Latin language at all. In no correct edition of a Latin classic is it to be found, except in an abbreviated *foreign* word, and it is expressly

excluded from the Roman alphabet. Even in the dictionary, it only appears in three or four words borrowed from the Greek. Nor does it fare better in French, Italian, or Spanish. The peculiar exigencies of the Greek require it, which language adopted it from the Hebrew ף. But the Arabic and the Syriac being more refined languages than the primitive tongue, have respectively changed *kaph* into *caf* and *coph*. But the Greeks as well as the Romans used the *g* in naming the Gauls. Instance Plutarch, *passim*, who calls them Γαλάται, and who uses the adjective Γαλατικος, pertaining to the Gauls., All this, however, we would very willingly have passed over; but Mr. Godwin also writes *Kymbri* for Cimbri, as well as *Keltic* for Celtic, *Kelts* for Celts. Instead of Alaric, he gives us *Alarik*, &c.; and Charlemagne, he calls *Karl*, sometimes Karl the Great, and Charles Martel, *Karl the Hammer*. Mr. Godwin shows a similar preference for the letter *w*, which is only to be found in primitive languages, and those having guttural sounds, like the Arabic, the German, and our own. Thus, for Visigoths, he writes *Wisigoths*, although the term is evidently composed of the Latin word *vis*, force, violence, strength, &c.; and Goths, meaning the strong, powerful, or terrible Goths; so that it would be just as correct to write the *Wandals*, in-instead of the Vandals. For the classical Dumnorix, Orgetorix, and Vercingetorix, we have *Dumnorigh*, *Orgetorigh*, and *Vercingetorigh*; for Clovis, we have *Chlodwig*; for Clothaire, *Clother*; for Gouthran, *Gouthramn*; for Pepin, *Pippin*; for Louis, *Ludwig*, &c.

That the same forms are to be found in other works does not justify the use of obsolete, unfamiliar, or foreign names in an English history of France, which in almost every other respect is a work of decided merit and value. If the Germans call Charles *Karl*, that is no reason that we should do the same. We might as well call Cologne, *Koeln*; Vienna, *Wien*; the Danube, *Donau*, &c. Mr. Godwin, as we have seen, calls Charles Martel *Karl the Hammer*, thus translating one part into German, and the other into English. Of course, to be consistent, he should write *Karl* X., instead of Charles X.,

when he comes to describe the rather brief reign of that monarch. In a similar manner we should not read of Louis XIV., but of *Ludwig* XIV. We doubt whether there are many boys at our best schools, who would not feel a little bewildered if called upon to relate some incidents in the reign of *Chlodwig the Great;* whereas, if they were asked about Clovis, the probability is that a prompt and intelligent reply could be obtained.

These are, undoubtedly, blemishes; but they are such as can be easily removed. It must be remembered that the forms of proper names improve in proportion as the language does in which they are used. Needless or guttural consonants are dropped in the former according as the latter receives a polish, or makes progress in refinement and harmony. All living languages afford evidence of this, and none more than our own. And if we should not resume forms discarded by ourselves or our ancestors, still less should we try to revive those discarded by others; though it would be nearly as good to do either, as to adopt the harsh, unfamiliar terms of foreign languages, without subjecting them to any change. We are not so sanguine as to expect that Mr. Godwin will adopt our suggestions in the remaining volumes of his work, or in getting out a new edition of that before us, though we think few will deny that he would enhance the value of his labors by doing so. At all events, he is entitled to our thanks for what he has done. No other author has produced so full and reliable a history of ancient Gaul in the English language, or one, from the excellence of its arrangement throughout, and the fullness and order of its table of contents, in which the particular event or incident required can be so easily found.

ART. III.—1. *Les Jeunes Gens.* Par LEON LAYA. Paris. 1859.
2. *La Czarina.* Par EUGENE SCRIBE. Brussels. 1858.
3. *Par Droit de Conquete.* Par M. LEGOUVE. Paris. 1857.
4. *Le Gateau des Reins.* Par LEON GOZLAN. Geneva. 1859.

IT is by no means a settled point in what country did the modern drama originate. The honor of having introduced it is claimed, with nearly equal pretensions, by Spain, France, and Italy. The preponderance of evidence seems, however, in favor f the first mentioned country, although it is beyond doubt that the first regular drama acted in Europe was the *Sophonisba* of Trissino, performed at Rome in 1515, in the presence of Leo X. Doubtless, dramatic representations were known and encouraged, at least by the lower order, for centuries previously. But they were of a very rude, if not very vicious character. Warton tells us, in his History of the Troubadours, that the first attempts of the kind of which there is any record, were made by minstrels and buffoons at fairs in Spain, France, and Italy. These were followed by similar efforts, very little better, made by the Crusaders on their return from the Holy War. As neither kind had any resemblance to the drama of Greece or Rome, it seems pretty safe to conclude that the first was borrowed from the Moors (to whom we owe so many much better things), and the second from the Turks. Be this as it may, it soon after became the fashion to dramatize stories from the Bible. These were called Miracle Plays; and were represented chiefly, if not wholly, by priests and nuns. Probably the oldest known specimen now extant is that founded on the story of St. Katherine, first acted in Paris in 1117, and subsequently in London, without translation, and of which a copy may be seen in the British Museum. What was called the Sacred Drama seemed to have a good effect for a while, but in time it led to such excesses, with its mysteries, allegorical char-

acters, &c., that stringent laws had to be passed against it in France, or rather against its abuse, for the protection of public morals.

This is the first record we have of a censorship on the modern drama; and so excellent was its effect in improving the tone and spirit of dramatic literature, and consequently in elevating the public taste, that we can hardly wonder that it is still a favorite institution with the French government. It would seem that the modern hiss had also its origin in France. "Encores" are as old, at least, as the time of Livius Andronicus, who, according to Valerius Maximus, used to be called back so often that at length he had to employ another to declaim for him, while he performed himself what he most excelled in, i. e., the appropriate gestures. But we have no account of an actor having been hissed at an ancient or modern theatre prior to 1680, further than that Horace intimates that when a tragedian mouthed his words the spectators either fell asleep, or laughed at him.* The poet Roi tells us, in his *Brevet de la Calotte* that, on the first representation of Fontenelle's tragedy of *Aspar*, the person who undertook the principal character was literally hooted off the stage, and thus was furnished the shaft for the well-known epigram on the author,

"Auteur d'*Aspar* œuvre immortelle
Par le sifflet, qui sortit d'elle."

It is generally admitted by the best critics that the drama has exercised a more powerful and all-pervading influence in France than in any other country; and in no country have dramatic authors attained so high a social position. Neither Corneille, Molière, Racine, nor Voltaire, can, it is true, be compared to Shakespeare; perhaps it is not too much to say that the great English poet had more genius than the four put together; but it is not the less undeniable that any one of the great French dramatists produced more effect on the manners, prejudices, and superstitions of his contemporaries, than he did

* Male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

on his, and was better appreciated and more honored in his lifetime. But their influence was transitory, scarcely surviving themselves, except among the favored few; while that of Shakespeare continues to increase to the present day, not only wherever the English language is spoken, but wherever there exists a cultivated literature. If Shakespeare was comparatively unappreciated by the great, so was Homer; and this is not the only similarity between the authors of the *Iliad* and *Hamlet*. When we add to this that, of all modern poets, only Dante, Tasso, Corneille, and Milton, are, in our estimation, worthy of being placed in the same rank as poets with the great English dramatist, we hope we shall not be deemed guilty of either heresy or treason in the remarks which we have to make on the progress, character, and influence of the French drama.

Nearly half a century before *Aspar* was hissed, Corneille had produced the *Cid*, which was translated into all the languages of Europe except the Sclavonian and Turkish. The high merits of this tragedy were so universally acknowledged and admired that the famous Cardinal Richelieu offered to give the author any amonnt of money he might ask if he would permit him to have the honor of it. Having failed to induce the poet to barter his fame, the disappointed and mortified ecclesiastic influenced the French Academy to criticise the work. This celebrated critique, well known throughout Christendom, under the title of "Sentiments of the French Academy upon the Tragi-Comedy of the *Cid*," is well worth reading, even at the present day. The Cardinal was well pleased when shown, before he had time to read the whole, that certain parts of the play were censured; but when he found that unqualified praise was bestowed on other parts, he was more dissatisfied than ever.

He had had good reason to hope that the Academy would be severe in its criticism; for he had previously written his own comedy, entitled *Europe*, and having sent it to that learned body—a tribunal of which he was himself the founder—in order that any minor violations of the rules of the drama which it might contain should be rectified, there was scarcely

a line in the whole piece left unaltered. It is well known that this so much enraged him that he tore the manuscript to pieces. He repented of his rashness, however, before many hours—felt all the tenderness of a fond parent for his outraged offspring, and proceeded to gather up the fragments, aided by his secretary, had all pasted together and retranscribed, omitting nearly all the alterations made by the Academy. In this shape it was sent back again. The critics had got a hint in the meantime of what had happened; and accordingly they now found *Europe* an admirable performance—one which, from its near approach to perfection, was above criticism! Nor was it difficult to persuade the author that this was a righteous judgment. Soon after he caused it to be played at the same time with the *Cid;* but the audience, less manageable than the most learned tribunal in the world, refused to tolerate a second representation of it.

This jealousy on the part of the illustrious founder of the Academy, and his eagerness to purchase the credit of the *Cid* at any price, were, as may well be understood, most flattering to the self-love of Corneille, who subsequently admitted that a higher tribute could not have been paid to his genius. This admission he was able to make with the better grace, and with a pretty safe conscience, when he learned that, after all, the Cardinal had conferred a handsome pension on him for life.

But even his only rival, Racine, could not conceal his admiration of the tragedies of Corneille. In a speech made by the former before the French Academy, in 1685, he spoke of the author of the *Cid* as "a man who possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which form a great poet—art, force, judgment, and wit. Nor can any man sufficiently admire," added the author of *Mithridates*, "the greatness of his sentiments, the skill he shows in the economy of his subjects, his masterly way of moving the passions, the dignity, and, at the same time, the vast variety of his characters."

There is no doubt but Corneille carried the French theatre, as Bayle tells us, to its highest pitch of glory. He was the great reformer of the French tragic drama; yet he did not exercise such powerful influence on society as Molière, or even

Racine. This may seem contradictory, but it is not the less true. Corneille's tragedies, full of grandeur as they undoubtedly are, and abounding in sublime passages, present rather pictures than real, living characters; rather classic statues than men or women. At the same time his countrymen are not peculiar in calling him the Shakespeare of France. The best German and English critics acknowledge that the comparison does no dishonor to the author of *Macbeth;* indeed, some of them say the contrary, and think more than they say. A recent editor of the works of the French dramatist, who is also an eminent critic, compares the two intellectual giants as follows: "Corneille est inegal comme Shakespeare, est plein de genie comme lui; mais le genie de Corneille etoit à celui de Shakespeare ce qu'un seigneur est à l'egard d'un homme du peuple, nē avee le meme esprit, que lui." This is designed as a polite allusion to Shakespeare's "little Latin and less Greek." In other words, it is meant to convey the idea of superior culture on the part of Corneille; but admitting this to be true, it only adds to the glory of the great English dramatist, since inasmuch as he accomplished what he did under the disadvantage of having but a limited education—surpassing all other poets since the time of Homer—what might not have been expected from him had his scholarship been commensurate with his genius?

Molière in his *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, and Racine in his *Les Plaideurs*—especially the former—exhibited to society its foibles and follies in all their ridiculous absurdity, as if reflected in a mirror. It seemed a dangerous experiment for a provincial actor like Molière, who was scarcely yet recognized as a poet—but who had come to Paris to seek his fortune—to venture to expose to public derision the hollowness of a state of society of which the celebrated Hotel de Rambouillet might be regarded as the centre and exponent. The poet himself was by no means unconscious of the difficulties which surrounded the undertaking. But having once conceived the project, he was not the man to be deterred by fear of consequences from carrying it into execution if possible. The result is well known. Never before had any drama such universal success

in France. All who could afford to leave home came in hundreds from all parts of the country to witness the marvellous novelty; and it is the opinion of the most eminent critics that the effect of this comedy, in exposing to ridicule the vicious habits, affectation, and general bad taste, which then prevailed even in the highest circles, was scarcely less complete and lasting than that of Don Quixote on the absurd system of Spanish chivalry, which had so long been the laughing-stock of Europe.

No such triumph as this has been accomplished by a modern dramatist of any other country; and probably the drama whose influence approximated nearest to that of *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, or which, in other words, deserves from its success to be ranked with that famous production, is Racine's *Les Plaideurs* —the comedy of a tragic writer. Not but much better dramas than either have been written in English, Spanish, and German. Neither can be said to approach the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, or *Love's Labor Lost*, as a production of genius; nor is either superior in that respect to Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*, or *The School for Scandal*. But the French are a much more susceptible people than any of their neighbors—much more easily moved to laughter, if not to tears. No other people have a keener sense of the ridiculous, or have such a horror of being exposed to derision. It was to this characteristic sensitiveness and quick perception of the satirical, much more than to superiority of genius, that Molière and Racine owed their wonderful success—although the fame of the latter rests, not on the comedy of *Les Plaideurs*, but on his tragic writings.

A striking proof of this preference for the comic on the part of the French, is to be found in the comparatively little influence exercised by Voltaire as a dramatic writer, his most elaborate efforts in that field being tragedies; whereas it is doubtful whether there is an author of any age who has acted so powerfully, by means of his prose writings, on the minds and thoughts of his contemporaries. Not but the author of *The Henriade*, *Alzire*, and *Mahomet*, contributed, in no slight degree, to enrich the dramatic literature of France. We

have ample proof that his dramas were appreciated by that class of his countrymen who were best competent to judge of their merits. Not only was the laurel crown awarded to him in the evening of life—only two months before he died—but for years, whenever he appeared at the theatre, the enthusiasm of both audience and actors knew scarcely any bounds. In spite of all the harm done by the arch scoffer, by his attacks on Christianity, it is difficult even for the most pious church-member to read the account of his last visit to the *Comèdie Française*, for the purpose of accepting the laurel wreath, without the tribute of a tear. "Ah Dieu, vous-voulez donc, me faire mourir," exclaimed the philosopher, weeping for joy, when he saw the precious garland ready to be placed on his brow, in the presence of the beauty, wit, and fashion of Paris.

We may remark, parenthetically, that this enthusiastic admiration of genius is a noble trait in the French character; nor is it by any means confined to the people. The proudest of the *noblesse*, and the royal family itself, have always shared in this feeling. It was nothing new or strange to Voltaire, who had so long been the bosom companion of the Great Frederick, to be greeted as an equal by dukes and princes. But Corneille, Molière, and Racine, had before him been received on terms of familiar intimacy by Le Grand Monarque. Nothing does greater honor to Louis XIV. than his friendly and considerate attentions to these celebrated men. The pains which he took to render the society of Molière acceptable to his courtiers, who were disposed to sneer at the ex-actor, should endear his memory to every friend of literature.

"You see me," said the proudest of kings one morning to his courtiers, after sharing a roast fowl with the great comic dramatist, "employed in giving Molière his breakfast, as my people do not find him good enough company for themselves." It is almost needless to say that this had the desired effect. Of a similar character was the conduct of the great Condé to the author of *Les Precieuses Ridicules*. So much did he delight in the poet's society, and so desirous was he to make him feel at ease, that he told him that as he feared to trespass

on his time when engaged in the composition of his plays, he would be glad to receive word when he had an hour of leisure to bestow on him, and would eagerly avail himself of the opportunity. These were no mere words, of course, or hollow compliments: they were literally true. All other visitors were dismissed whenever Molière had time to come, in order that the Prince of Condé—one of the most famous names in modern history—might be able to fully enjoy his conversation.

Generally the favors of the great are uncertain at best—more the result of caprice than sincere good feeling; but those of Louis XIV. and the Prince of Condé, to the illustrious authors of their time, formed memorable exceptions. Nor did they consist exclusively of mere courtesies. The king, as already intimated, made Molière a member of his household. Neither did he forget him when he could no longer write, or be an ornament to his court; nay, even after the poet's death, he took a paternal interest in all that related to his reputation and fame. Every one acquainted with French literature is aware of the pains he took to secure him decent burial. When the poet died the Archbishop of Paris refused to permit his body to be buried in consecrated ground, because he had not received the sacrament before death, and made a formal renunciation of his profession. The king sent for the Archbishop, and used his personal influence with him to induce him to consent; but in vain. At last the witty monarch asked, "How deep does the consecrated ground extend?" "About eight feet," was the answer. "Well, since nothing can get the better of your scruples, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep—that's four feet below the consecrated boundary—and let him be buried there."

There were those at the time who were ill-natured enough to allege that religious scruples were not the only feelings that influenced the Archbishop in proscribing the remains of Molière from the rites of Christian burial. His grace, too, like the cardinal, had a taste for verse-making. Several of his pieces had been published, but all were below mediocrity. It is thought, with good reason, that it was in reference to the best

of these Molière made Alceste say in his *Misanthrope*, act 1, scene 2:

> "Ce style figuré, dont on fait vanité,
> Sort du bon charactère de la verité;
> Ce n'est que jeu de mots, qù affectation pure
> Et *ce n'est point ainsi que parle la nature.*"

In the fourth act, first scene, of the same play, Philinte quotes as follows to Eliante:

> "On peut être honnête homme, et faire mal des vers;
> Ce n'est point a l'honneur que touchent ces matières,
> Je le tiens galant homme en toutes les manièreres,
> Homme de qualite, de merite et de coeur,
> Tout ce qu'il vous plaira, *mais fort méchant auteur.*"

Worse, if possible than all this, his grace was suspected to be Trissiton of *Les Femmes Savantes*, who composes the sonnet to the Princess Uranie on her being ill of fever, every line of which is ridiculed in the second scene of the third act. Trissiton and Vadius first bestow the most fulsome praise on each other's productions. But unfortunately the latter condemns the sonnet to the Princess Uranie, of which his opinions were asked, before he knew who its author was. Abuse succeeded to compliments; and it was with considerable difficulty the twain were prevented from coming to blows, after they had called each other all the hard names they could think of. All Paris laughed at the mimic row; many regarded it as a too faithful parody of a real one which had recently taken place at a certain *salon*, which was a favorite resort with the Archbishop, before he had obtained the mitre. Whether all this had anything to do with the refusal of Christian burial to the author of *Le Misanthrope* and *Les Femmes Savantes*, is a question which we do not pretend to solve. But the Archbishop was human; and it requires great magnanimity, as well as piety and philosophy, to feel no resentment against those who expose our foibles to public ridicule.

It is, however, but justice to the prelate to say that different versions are given as to the difficulties attending Molière's burial. Madame Campan throws most, if not all, the blame

on the mob of Paris. She admits, indeed, that in the first instance the Archbishop refused, as we have stated, adding that he could not have done otherwise since Molière might be said to have almost died upon the stage. It had always been his habit to personate one of his own characters. He had recently produced his *Malade Imaginaire*, which was written on purpose to ridicule the professors of the healing art; and some thought that doctors of divinity were aimed at, nearly, if not quite as much, as doctors of medicine. While the poet was representing the part of Monsieur Pourgon, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which affected him so much that he had to be carried home; and as he never got out of bed after that, until he died, the common people easily believed that his death was a sort of miracle. Prompted by this absurd notion, they collected in large numbers to prevent the corpse from entering the cemetery; and were only prevented from laying violent hands upon it by the admirable tact and presence of mind of Madame Molière, who caused most of the money which she had received from the king for the funeral expenses to be thrown in small coins among them. The cash eased their consciences at once, and they allowed the burial to take place.

No one regretted the death of his old friend more than Racine, who never forgot the generous kindness he experienced from Molière when he first came to Paris from Languedoc without either friends or money. When the author of *Les Precieuses Ridicules* was at the height of his popularity, the young stranger ventured to call on him, without any introduction, under pretence of requesting his opinion in regard to an ode he had just finished. Molière read it carefully, and spoke in high terms of its merits. Overjoyed at such encouragement from so great a man, he showed him his first tragedy. This, too, was carefully examined; and the critic had no hesitation in predicting that its author would one day be the glory of the French stage. In proof of his sincerity in this flattering estimate, he presented his visitor a purse containing a hundred *louis d'or*, having good reason to believe that he was in need of money. True, they quarrelled afterward more than once,

and, doubtless, Racine was most to blame for it. Be this as it may, he never really disliked his first patron and friend; but he was morbidly sensitive—almost always unhappy—disposed to look most at the gloomy side of life, and to think that his slightest disappointments were caused by professed enemies or pretended friends.

So much was the author of *Andromache* the prey of melancholy, that even after having achieved more than one of his great intellectual triumphs, he resolved on becoming a monk of the proverbially austere order of the Chartreux. Fortunately for the cause of classic literature, his confessor happened to be both an honest and a sensible man. He persuaded the hypochondriac that, much as he disliked the world, he would be more unhappy than ever in solitude. As a remedy for his malady, the good priest advised him to marry a serious woman. He acted too literally on this counsel; not but Madame Racine was a good sort of woman, at least she meant well enough, but no one could have been worse calculated to be the wife of one whose chief, if not sole motive, in writing was the love of fame. Racine was more affected by praise or censure than any of his contemporaries; but so perfectly insensible was his wife to his genius that she never either read or witnessed the performance of any of the plays which have immortalized him. Nay, she did not know their titles. All this might well seem incredible were it not fully attested by her own son. In short, such were the sufferings of the poet, as a husband, that more than one of his contemporaries tells us that many passages both in *Andromache* and *Iphegenie* are expressive of his own personal anguish, though it does not appear that he was ever in love. At all events, there is some truth in the language which he often puts into the mouth of Pyrrhus, as applied to his own case; but, in order that it may suit, it must be taken apart from the context, as follows:

> "Vaincu chargé de fers, de regrets consumè
> Brulé de plus de feux que je n'en allumai—
> Helas fus-je *jamais si cruel que vous l'êtes?*"

That Racine was not vain of his genius we have abundant evidence. "Do not think," he says to his son, "that I am sought after by the great for my dramas. Corneille composes nobler verses than mine, but no one notices him, and he only pleases by the mouth of the actors. I never allude to my works when with men of the world, but I amuse them about matters they like to hear. My talent with them consists, not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that they have." On another occasion, he was asked by Louis XIV. what French writer had done most honor to his reign, his unhesitating reply was, "Moliere, Sire." It might naturally be thought that those who would thus candidly yield the palm of superiority to their rivals would not be much affected by adverse criticism. But it was different with Racine. "I will not dissimulate," he says to his son, "that in the heat of composition we are sometime pleased with ourselves; but you may believe that when, on the day after, we look over our own work, we are astonished not to find that excellence we admired in the evening; and when we reflect that even what we find good ought to be still better, and how distant we are still from perfection, we are discouraged and dissatisfied. Besides all this, although the approbation I have received has been very flattering, the least adverse criticism, however miserable it might be, has always occasioned me more vexation than all the praise I have received could give me pleasure."

This sensibility was finally the cause of his death. The deep feeling of sympathy for human misery, which forms one of the most prominent features in his tragedies, was no fictitious sorrow. It was a spontaneous outpouring of the poet's heart. Many anecdotes are related which, in connection with the best authenticated facts in his biography, place this beyond doubt. It is well known that the money he got as a gift from the king when he needed it most, was freely shared with the poor. No one advised Louis XIV. more than he—few were more averse to do anything that might displease him. Yet, when he saw that the working classes of Paris wanted bread, while they were able and willing to work for it, he at once

undertook to espouse their cause. He drew up a memorial with his own hand. He showed the manuscript to Madame de Maintenon; she allowed it to fall into the King's hands by accident or design, before the author had time to preface it with any explanation which might serve as an apology. Le Grand Monarque got angry, and severely censured the poet for having been so indiscreet as to interfere in matters of state. This was too much for the French Euripides; he took a violent fever, of which he died soon after. It is said the king regretted this more than all the blood he had spilt during his reign; and he made all the reparation he could by not only contributing largely to do honor to his remains, but also by settling a handsome pension on his family.

Racine was not alone a great genius, he was an accomplished scholar; almost as good a master of the languages of Greece and Rome as of the vernacular, which he contributed so much to enrich and elevate. The majority of French critics give him credit for a higher order of culture than Corneille. In instituting a comparison between the two poets, Voltaire uses the following language: "La victoire ne demeura pas a Racine seulement parcequ'il était le plus jeune, mais parceque sa piece est incomparablement meilleure que celle de Corneille. * * * Racine tira de ce mauvais sujet tout ce qu'on en pouvait tirer. Son goût épuré, son esprit flexible, sa diction toujours élégante, son style toujours chatie et toujours charmant, etaient propres à toutes les matieres; et Corneille ne pouvait guere traiter heureusement que des sujets conformes au caractere de son genie."

This comparison was made in reference to the famous Bérénice. Henriette Anne of England, the sister-in-law of Louis XIV., furnished a subject on which the two poets were called upon to compete; and the performance of Racine was almost unanimously declared the best. Even Fontenelle, the warmest friend and admirer of Corneille, had to agree to the verdict against him in this case; but he intimates that Racine succeeded, not because he had more genius than his rival, or as much, but because he was younger. Voltaire, who had a

reason for everything, pretended that Fontenelle praised Corneille so highly, and sought to depreciate Racine, either because the former was his brother-in-law, or, what he thought more likely, because the latter had written a piquant epigram against him. Be this as it may, there seems little doubt that Racine had more personal friends and admirers than Corneille. One reason for this has already been given in the poet's own words; but there is yet another which is given in the Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon, and which is sufficiently explained by the following anecdote: Racine was in the habit of reading aloud among his literary friends, for all were delighted to hear him. On one occasion, while at the Hotel de Rambouillet with Boileau, Nicole, and several other of the wits and critics of the day, the conversation turned upon Sophocles, when Racine took up a copy of the Greek dramatist, in the original, and translated scene after scene from the *Œdipus*, becoming more and more deeply imbued with the spirit of the tragedy as he proceeded, until every one of his auditors felt almost as if spell-bound. "I have seen," says Nicole, in his diary, "our best pieces represented by our best actors, but never anything approached the agitation that then came over us; and to this distant day I have never lost the recollection of Racine, with the volume in his hand, full of emotion, and we all breathlessly pressing around him."

There were no such charms either in the conversation or reading of Corneille. The testimony of Fontenelle is final on this point. "Sa prononciation," he says, "n'etoit pas tout-à-fait nette; il lisoit ses vers avec force, mais sans grace." After speaking of his learning and acquirements, the critic adds "Il n' ornoit pas ce qu' il disoit; et pour trouver le grand Corneille, il le falloit lire."

But Fontenelle thought that the author of the *Cid* could afford to be an indifferent speaker, somewhat as Dr. Johnson thought of Goldsmith. Nor is the brilliant author of *Plurality of Worlds* by any means peculiar in this. Boileau, the French Horace, was equally enthusiastic in his admiration of the *Cid*, as is sufficiently evident from his famous lines:

"En vain contre le *Cid* un ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.
L' académie en corps a beau le censurer,
Le public révolté s' obstine à l' admirer."

M. Pelisson tells us, in his history of the French Academy, that the comparison "As beautiful as the *Cid*," had passed into a proverb in several of the provinces in his time. It is still more common at the present day; although the best modern critics, including Goethe, Sir William Hamilton, Sheridan Knowles, and Lord Macaulay, have pronounced the *Polyeucte* a much nobler effort of genius; notwithstanding the well-known fact that the latter was condemned by the Hotel de Rambouillet on its first representation, Voiture coming next morning to communicate the bad news to Corneille in as gentle language as he could use.

Crebillon, as a tragic writer, ranks next to Voltaire. There are, indeed, respectable critics who think he is superior in power to either Voltaire or Racine; and who insist that, notwithstanding his well-merited fame as a writer of tragedies, he could have produced comedies equal, if not superior, to *Les Plaideurs*. At any rate he showed much more comic wit in company than the author of *Mithridates*. No one unacquainted with Crebillon would have taken him for a tragic writer; for he scarcely ever spoke without a jest or *bon mot*. In this respect he was more like Rabelais or Swift, than Corneille or Racine. Even while on his death-bed, like Sheridan, Curran, and Hood, he could not resist perpetrating an occasional joke. When his attending physician begged that he would bequeath him the two acts he had ready of a tragedy which he thought he would not live to finish, he replied by repeating a line, with a smile from one of the coveted acts:

"Say, shall the assassin be the dead man's heir?"

While composing his tragedy of *Catiline*, a friend who called to see him was surprised to find four large ravens on the table beside him—still more surprised, but not a little amused withal, when the poet observed, with his usual *bonne hommie*, "Walk

gently, my good friend, or you will put my conspirators to flight." On another occasion he was intruded upon in a similar manner. "Don't disturb me, please," said he, with one of his most encouraging smiles, "I am enjoying a moment of happiness; I am going to hang a villain of a minister, and banish another who is an idiot."

It was the boast of this great man, on entering the French Academy, that he had never availed himself of satire in any form, as a weapon against his fellow-man. This was undoubtedly more true of him than of any other literary man of his country and time; but it is equally true, that no author of any time has presented more characters in the preparation of revolting acts. Thus, in his *Electra* he makes the son assassinate the mother; in *Rhadamistus*, the father murders the son; and in *Atreus*, the father drinks the son's blood. Nor did he escape censure for this. "They charge me," he says in his Diary, "with all the iniquities of Atreus, and they consider me in some places as a wretch with whom it is unfit to associate; as if all which the mind invents must be derived from the heart."

For more than two centuries it has been a favorite task with critics to institute comparisons between the dramatic literature of France and that of each of the principal nations of Europe, especially of England, Spain, and Germany. But the question of superiority is still unsolved—at least it is unsettled; and it is likely to remain so as long as different nations have different tastes, and different modes of thought. Probably no critic of the present day has juster observations on this subject than Schlegel; although he is by no means an admirer of French literature in general. In one of his lectures on the history of literature, he says: "French tragedy is in reality the most brilliant portion of her poetical literature, and that which has at all times justly attracted the greatest amount of foreign attention. It is so exactly adapted to the spirit of the national character and peculiar tone of feeling, that the high value at which it is rated is sufficiently justifiable, though it will be remembered her early tragedy was seldom, if ever, founded on

home subjects. * * * Upon the whole, then, we have seen that French tragedy, while, as a general rule, it is based on subjects foreign to her national history, is, nevertheless, of a national turn, as regards its prevalent tone and spirit. * * Many have been led to regard French tragedy as a copy of the Greek, from references pointedly alluded to by tragedians themselves, in their prefatory remarks. On this head, Racine appears to great advantage. He speaks of the artistic spirit of the Greeks with a true and lively knowledge, which cannot be said of any other French poet; and even now, when scientific research has thrown light on many points that were imperfectly understood in his day, we are impressed with the dignity and artistic appreciation of his nature."

The chief peculiarity of the French drama, as compared to the English, is its subserviency to the unities of action, time, and place. "Il faut," says Corneille, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, "observer les unites d'action, de lieu et de jour, personne n'en doute." In this it follows the ancient classic models; and it must be admitted that, in not a few instances, the violation of the unities leads to absurdities. Even in Shakespeare, it sometimes seems unnatural to find the events of scores of years compressed into a period of perhaps one hour; journeys of hundreds of miles by sea and land being performed in the course of a few minutes; while it not unfrequently happens that he who was but a youth, nay, a child, at the rising of the curtain, is gray with age before the audience stir from their seats.

The French maintain that this is preposterous; and there are eminent English and German critics who agree with them that it is. Dr. Johnson, in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare's works, does not deny that the non-observance of the unities gives rise to contradictions which must seem unnatural to the audience when compared with each other; or perhaps it is more correct to say that the great lexicographer admits, in substance, that such contradictions cannot be believed as consistent with the occurrences of real life. But he maintains, at the same time, that there is equal incredulity when there is

no violation of the unities, since those who go to witness the performance of a play are prepared not to believe anything they see on the stage further than as a representation of a real occurrence, or an occurrence which, being natural in itself, might have taken place as represented.

There is a good deal of force in this; yet we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the same argument would apply to a novel, and that when placed in the balances it would hardly be found to possess the necessary weight. If we take up a work of fiction, knowing it to be such, we do not, it is true, intend to believe that the incidents which it relates, or the characters which it portrays, are otherwise than imaginary; at the same time, we expect to find the former related, and the latter portrayed, as if they were real; and in proportion as our expectations are realized, or disappointed—in proportion as the *tout ensemble* is like, or unlike the truth, we pronounce it to be a successful or an unsuccessful effort. Nature is always consistent with herself, and, to do her justice, she must be imitated accordingly, whether with the pen, the brush, or the chisel. Let us, then, honestly admit, without further discussion, that the advocates of the unities have a sound and respectable foundation to rest upon.

We can afford to be thus candid with our Gallic friends: we can give them full credit for all they can adduce from ancient and modern learning and criticism in support of the unities, since we have one argument in favor of our drama which is unanswerable—an argument which no rules or laws, not even those of the Stagyrite himself, can set aside: it is this, that Shakespeare, who sets all rules at defiance, has produced the noblest dramas—the most life-like transcripts of human character, which exist in any language, scarcely excepting those of Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides. Critics like Voltaire may call Othello the tragedy of the handkerchief, and Love's Labor Lost, and the Merry Wives of Windsor, "des farces monstreuses," and others may quote the witty and harmonious lines of Boileau* against Romeo and Juliet; but, sooner or later, all

* Art Poetique.

who possess human sympathies will admit the superiority of their author above all other masters in the dramatic art since Homer's time.

But there is yet another important difference between the French and the English drama. In this the former has certainly the advantage over the latter. We mean the difference in regard to the manner in which the catastrophes are made to take place in tragedies. Thus, in a French drama, no violent or frightful act can be represented before the curtain. All murders, all scenes of blood, nay, all noisy squabbles, must take place behind the scenes. The audience may hear the groans of the murderer or assassin's victim, but cannot see the deadly blow given; whereas, in the English drama, nothing is too revolting to be represented as conspicuously as possible.

The effect of this on the majority of the spectators is certainly not good. It has a tendency to familiarize the mind with scenes of cruelty, and to blunt the finer sensibilities of our nature. It is more demoralizing than the Spanish bull-fight, in proportion as the actor or actress personates truthfully the assassin or murderess of real life. It is in recognition of this principle that most enlightened nations of the present day, including our own, cause even their public criminals to suffer in private. But the French dramatists are not peculiar in doing all their fighting behind the scenes. The same "law" is observed at Vienna, Berlin, Florence, and Milan; and that it was observed by the Greeks and Romans we have ample testimony; though, like most other laws over which man has power, it was sometimes violated. This, without further evidence, we can see plainly enough from the unequivocal injunctions of Horace:

> "Multaque tolles
> Ex oculis, quae mox narret facundia praesens;
> Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidat,
> Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus,
> Aut in avem poene vertatur, Cadmus in anguem."

Thus it is indisputable that the French drama is at least more classical than the English drama. But is it upon the

whole more refined, more free from what is gross or vicious, or less repulsive to good taste? or rather, has it been in its halcyon days? (for it is notorious, as we shall presently observe more particularly, that it has sadly degenerated within the last half century, especially since 1830.) This is another question upon which there is a wide difference of opinion; but the large majority, even of English critics, including Southey, Coleridge, and Jeffries, are on the affirmative side—that is, they yield the palm of purity to the classic French drama. The concession is made repeatedly in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. Dr. Blair, who was by no means an admirer of the French or their institutions, but who is generally discriminating and just in his criticisms, institutes a comparison in his Lectures between the dramas of the two countries as follows: "A French tragedy is a series of artful and refined conversations, founded on a variety of tragical and interesting situations, carried on with little action and vehemence; but with *much poetical beauty, and high propriety and decorum.* An English tragedy is the combat of strong passions, set before us *in all their violence;* producing deep disasters; often irregularly conducted, abounding in action, and filling the spectators with grief. * * * Among the French there is more correctness; among the English, more fire. Andromaque and Zayre *soften;* Othello and Venice Preserved *rend the heart.*"

But no such dramas are any longer produced in France as those of Corneille, Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Crebillon, and Retrou. Not a single tragic dramatist, worthy of the smallest niche as such in the temple of fame, has appeared in France since the first Revolution. The country has, indeed, been prolific enough in writers of comedy—more so than at any previous period; but among the whole multitude there are scarcely half a dozen whose works will survive them. We do not mean but there are many recent French comedies that have been received with great applause—a large number which have proved eminently successful in a business point of view. Many have been deemed worthy of translation into several languages —nay, of plagiarizing by writers of considerable pretensions. In

other words, many French comedies of recent years have had an immense popularity; but they owed it much more to adventitious circumstances than to any intrinsic merits of their own. This may be said even of *Le Mariage de Figaro*, which has had more success than any other comedy since the time of Molière. It set not only Paris, but all France, to laugh, in 1784, and elicited the most enthusiastic applause; but it was because the author happened to hit on the right materials for the time, politics being then a novelty upon the stage. Such laborious railleries as those of Figaro would have excited disgust rather than afforded pleasure, had they been made the vehicle of moral instead of political sentiments. For, in a literary point of view, the play scarcely possesses any merit; yet, Beaumarchais, its author, although he utterly failed in the regular drama, is ranked by his countrymen among the first of modern dramatists.

Though we have little more than glanced at the classic drama in this rapid sketch, we have already occupied so much space that we must necessarily be brief in our remarks on what is called the new drama; anything like a thorough examination of which would require more than one article by itself. Suffice it to make a few passing observations on two or three recent plays, which may be regarded as tolerably fair specimens of as many different kinds of dramas.

Les Jeunes Gens of M. Laya has been translated into Italian and Spanish, and has been much praised by a certain class of critics; but there is very little in it. Its design is to prove what needs no proof, at least in this country, namely, that for the government of youth, "moral suasion" and confidence are better than corporal punishment—*i. e.*, that arguments are better than blows. The manner in which this is sought to be done is, in general, amusing. Some of the scenes are highly ludicrous. The dialogue is lively, and in the main natural, and contains a liberal sprinkling of *bons mots*. But the latter are not of the right stamp. They are too much labored—too far fetched; and they are often vulgar withal. In short, they are such as make the *canaille* laugh boisterously, but "make the judicious grieve." M. Laya employs characters enough,

but he seldom succeeds in rendering them natural. There is, however, one tolerably good specimen of human nature—a near approach to a real man—in *Les Jeunes Gens*—that is, Francisque Rigaud. Francisque talks humorously; he can always be merry, and make others merry. But there is nothing very instructive in what he says—nothing that any one will be much the better for hearing. Antonin Delorme is a very good uncle, but he is of that kind rarely if ever met with in a tangible shape. Still more unearthly, though by no means heavenly, is Max Delorme; and there is not another character in the piece that is any more like a being of flesh and blood than the clumsy picture on a sign-board.

Yet *Les Jeunes Gens* has had considerable success in Paris It still occupies a prominent place in the *repertoire* of the Theâtre Français, and has put no inconsiderable amount of cash into the author's pocket.

The *Czarina* is a production of another character. As its title implies, this is historical; and the historical drama has yet hardly found a home in France. It is badly suited to the genius of the French people. Indeed, it has not very well succeeded in any of the Southern nations of Europe. Even in England, Shakespeare alone has been able to give it vitality—in Germany, Schiller. *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Henry VIII.* and *Richard III.*, not to mention *Hamlet* and *Othello*, will always please an English or American audience; and Schiller's *Wallenstein*, *Don Carlos*, and *William Tell*, will continue to be well received by the Germans. But such dramas are too grave for the French—not sufficiently lively or animated. If they like philosophy, they prefer to study it in their chambers rather than learn it from the stage. They have no patience with long monologues, even in a tragedy. Yet it cannot be denied that the historical plays of M. Scribe have been well received by his countrymen. He has dramatized English, Danish, and French history, with a degree of success which scarcely any other French writer has attained in the same field. But he has signally failed in Russian history. For this, however, we may blame not his ignorance of Russian life and manners, or

of the peculiar character of Russian intrigues, but his own love of novelty, or rather his overweening confidence in his own powers. No one was more opposed to the *école nouvelle* than M. Scribe. In the prefaces to several of his plays, he ridiculed it with all the severity of which he was capable. Nevertheless, in order to show what a genius like his could accomplish in a new field, he produces the *Czarina*, which is composed in accordance with the very principles, or rather want of principles, against which he had so long warred. The style of his best efforts is not very classic; nor has it always the negative recommendation of correctness. But in the *Czarina* he affects vulgarity in both language and sentiment, in order to please the crowd. Unfortunately the crowd has found it a dull affair, and treated it accordingly. It were well for public taste and morality in France if there were a good many failures of the same kind; for the well-merited punishment of M. Eugene Scribe has proved a useful lesson to others.

M. Legouvé's *Par Droit de Conquete* is a comedy which is unexceptionable in its language and sentiments, and not deficient in animation and humor. Here and there, it contains passages of considerable beauty; indeed, it abounds in happily turned expressions; but it is rather barren of ideas. No French play with which we are acquainted can boast a larger number of moral precepts; but half as many skilfully handled, would have a much better effect. M. Legouvé, like M. Laya, undertakes to prove what scarcely any one disputes any longer—namely, that talent is better than high birth. However, people do many things which are not absolutely necessary, but which are agreeable at the same time, when well done. An idea is nothing the worse for being old, if it is invested with new interest. If real men and women possessed of wit, spirit, and good sense, were put upon the stage to prove that two and two make four, they would perform the operation in a manner that would amuse if not instruct the audience. But M. Legouvé substitutes arguments for persons—declamation for action. He introduces proper names enough, but scarcely any incidents—none that possess any real interest.

George Barnard becomes wealthy by means of his talent, learning, and industry. He pays his addresses to Alice, an aristocratic young lady, possessed of beauty and virtue, but of no fortune. It does not appear that his passion is by any means violent; yet he submits to the insults and impertinences of the Marquis de Rouelle and the Baroness D'Orbeval, for no other apparent reason than that they are decorated with titles. Nor are we furnished with any very satisfactory evidence of the intellectual superiority which is claimed for him from the outset; whereas the Marquis, whose intellect he is intended to render null by contrast, is made quite a respectable savant. One is subjected to no trials more than the other; and Alice, notwithstanding her beauty, is a very commonplace person; so that, upon the whole, it is difficult to see what there is in the piece to justify the title, "By Right of Conquest." If a man of education, talent, and wealth, is permitted to marry a lady who has titled relatives, notwithstanding his humble origin, because her poverty precludes her from getting a more suitable match, the conquest, if such it be, is on the aristocratic side. But if M. Legouvé is not very particular in regard to common sense, or to what is probable or natural, he has the faculty of shrouding his absurdities in a very brilliant drapery.

A play, called *Le Gâteau des Reines*, was in great favor in Paris about two years ago; and it still enjoys a certain degree of popularity. It is meant to be historical, but contains very little history besides the names of a few historical personages, and some anecdotes of questionable authenticity. At the same time it is by no means a dull performance. The characters are skilfully drawn—especially the women, who are as much like those to be met with in the world, at least in the world of Paris, as any to be found in French comedies of the present day. They are not, indeed, very good specimens of the sex. They talk too much, and too often say what were better unsaid; and the men like them all the more for their boldness and want of modesty. Mary Leczinska, the daughter of King Stanislaus, is made to use language which a sewing girl of doubtful reputation might blush for; and Madame Prie is

always ready with any suggestions which the young lady might possibly need in the pursuit of pleasure, or for the gratification of a morbid curiosity. And she teaches by example as well as by precept. She is possessed of wit, vivacity, and beauty, and she glories in her vices. In short, the sentiments and allusions of the piece are very bad; but their grossness is concealed beneath a profusion of sparkling *bons mots;* and the incidents succeed each other so rapidly that the spectator has hardly time to remember any one in particular. All the attractions are on the surface—all tinsel. But destitute as it is of ideas—containing not a single thought that is worth being reproduced, it seems that M. Leon Gozlan, who claims the credit of its authorship, was incapable of producing a comedy of so much merit; for there is scarcely an original scene or character in the whole piece. A large proportion of the jokes are taken, with scarcely any alteration, from *Le Mariage de Figaro,* and the best of the incidents may be traced to Dumas' *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*—one of the most amusing and successful, but at the same one of the most vicious, specimens of the *école nouvelle.*

Bad as the new comedies are, the new tragedies are still worse; but of the latter we have no room to speak on the present occasion. We can only add a few remarks, and these must be general and brief.

There are many reasons for this marked degeneracy of the French drama. The general diffusion of knowledge which an improving civilization leads to, divests many a subject of that interest which in former times rendered it so powerful in the hands of the dramatist. If great catastrophes occur now, the particulars relating to them are placed by the printing press within the reach of all, almost as soon as they happen. When wars break out, or when great international alliances are formed or broken, the same ready facility is afforded for obtaining all the information in relation to them which the public cares to have; so that if they are subsequently made the subjects of dramas, they have lost their novelty. These observations are as applicable to the dramas of Germany, England, and our

own country, as to that of France; and here we are reminded of the remarkable similarity in the materials used by the most successful dramatists of Europe.

However much a French, English, Spanish, and German tragedy may differ in form and details with each other, in nine cases out of ten all are alike, so far as to have drawn their inspiration from the same source. The most enthusiastic admirer of Homer, on first discovering how vast a share of the materials of the modern drama has been borrowed from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, is struck with wonder. Not only has each of the principal Homeric characters furnished themes for numerous dramas, but those to which the Prince of Poets himself has scarcely given any prominence are also made the foundation of a large number whose chief merits consist in the ideas which they derive from that inexhaustible fountain. Thus we find Achilles, Hector, Sarpadon, Agamemnon, Diomed, Ulysses, Ajax, Nestor—each attempted in a hundred forms, though never reached. Similarly universal has been the use made of Andromache, Helen, and Hecuba; not one of which has ever been equalled. So many failed during the last century in attempting to emulate Racine, Corneille, and Tasso, in the use those great poets have made of the Homeric characters, that the public became disgusted; and in this we have another cause of the decline of the modern drama. Upon the other hand, the Italian opera has become so fashionable—it is so generally admired by the cultivated classes, throughout Europe and America, that the theatre has in a great measure been abandoned almost exclusively to the middle and lower classes; and first class authors will only produce their best efforts for those who are capable of appreciating them. This is particularly true of French authors. At the same time, the people want amusement; and another class of authors want money and fame. Those whose productions would not be tolerated by a respectable audience are thus enabled to attain at least a temporary popularity. And the transition from bad comedy to the modern French *Fantaisie* is sufficiently easy; for in the latter species of composition, truth and nature, and even com-

mon sense, are out of the question. Some fail in it, however. These have yet another resource; they betake themselves to dramatizing novels and romances. Finding that they have no ideas of their own, they try to patch up those of others—treating them as a bad tailor does his cloth. Far from adding anything new, they often mutilate the best and most natural of the original author's scenes and portraitures; but because there are a certain class who are anxious to see reproduced on the stage what has deeply interested them in a novel, not a few plays of this kind have proved highly successful.

Yet, another cause of the decline of dramatic literature, is the undue importance attached to particular actors and actresses, both by managers and the public. That tragedians and comedians sometimes possess genius of a high order is not to be questioned. As modern instances, suffice it to mention Garrick, Talma, Kean, Macready, Forrest, and Vanderhoff; not that Rachel, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and Miss Cushman, should be passed over. But the majority, even of these illustrious representatives of the stage, have been too much petted; while the authors whose creations they have illustrated, but without the aid of whose genius they could themselves have acquired but little fame, have been neglected, often scarcely mentioned. True, this habit does not prevail in France to such an extent as it does in England and in this country; but its influence has long been felt, and has considerably increased since the accession of Louis Napoleon.

Under all these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the theatre has fallen into disrepute; but what is strange in connection with the subject is, that men who ought to possess intelligence and understanding, will attack dramatic literature in general—all dramatic representations—as vicious and demoralizing in their influence on society. Every one remembers the denunciations with which an eloquent and distinguished New-York clergyman* was assailed when, two or three years ago, he had the manliness and spirit, as well as the

* Rev. Dr. Bellows.

ability to prove to all who were capable of being convinced, that there is not necessarily anything bad in the influence of the drama. In this, and indeed in all he advanced on the subject, to vindicate the truth and remove prejudice, he was fully sustained by the greatest moralists of ancient and modern times; by several of the early fathers of the church; and by the example of theological writers—evangelical divines like Dr. Paley—who, it is well known, was long in the habit of attending the theatre, believing with St. Thomas Acquinas, and St. Anthony, that, "Ludus est necessarius ad conversationem vitatæ humanae; and that officium histrionum *non est per se* illicitum * * *nec* sunt histriones *in statu peccati.*"

ART. IV.—*The Works of* CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

"I WAS once," says Voltaire, "attending a tragedy near a philosopher. 'How beautiful that is,' said he. 'What do you find beautiful in it?' asked I. 'It is,' said he, 'that the author has attained his object.' The next day he took his medicine, which did him some good. 'It has attained its object,' cried I to him; 'it is a beautiful medicine.' He comprehended that it could not be said that a medicine is beautiful; and that to apply to anything the epithet beautiful, it must cause admiration and pleasure." It may be said that Charles Dickens has both attained his object and caused admiration and pleasure; so that according to one of the best of modern critics, his works are entitled to the epithet beautiful. He too has given medicine. His medicine has been taken by hundreds of thousands; although no one has taken it as such, but as the child takes the pill or the bolus when enveloped with sugar to conceal its bitterness. And it is much more as a skilful physician—one who understands nature—than as an artist, we mean to consider him in this paper. Among the ancients the business of the

doctor was not exclusively to cure the diseases of the body. He was also expected to impart instruction, and to entertain and amuse when he could, even those who were not his patients. Nor has the practice fallen altogether into disuse among the moderns. Goldsmith was nothing the less entertaining and instructive because he wished to be regarded as a physician. The same may be said of Smollett. If both were much more successful in operating on the mind than on the body, they are not the less entitled to be called physicians. We are not aware that Mr. Dickens has ever studied medicine; but that he understands physic in its true sense, few that comprehend the term and have read his works will deny.

To write a criticism on any particular work of Mr. Dickens at the present day, with the view of pointing out the characteristics of its style, or the influence which it is likely to produce on public morals, were a superfluous task. No one who reads fiction, or has any faith in the general verdict of those who do read it, needs any information on either point. But the author has now been so long before the public and has produced such a variety of portraits, that his productions may be regarded as a whole and compared with each other, as well as with those of other great laborers in the same field. It is not, we are aware, within the limits of an article in a periodical that this can be done thoroughly, or in a manner worthy of the subject. But one may enter a portrait gallery, and give a tolerably correct idea of its character, without attempting to describe all it contains. Most people would be satisfied with sketches of the principal pictures. It is well to bear in mind also that if twenty persons attempt descriptions of the same gallery, no two of them will be alike. Some will be erroneous, probably the majority, very possibly all. But the worst may not be devoid of interest even to one capable of writing the best. Thus, although the greatest critics of ancient and modern times have given their impressions of Homer, we still read those of writers whom we know to have no pretensions to greatness, and seldom do so in vain; whereas if none should attempt to criticise the *Iliad* but those capable of producing a similar poem

then Longinus should not have written his *Essay on the Sublime*,* the portion of which relative to the Prince of Poets is surpassed in grandeur and beauty only by the finest passages in the *Iliad* itself. Addison could not have produced *Paradise Lost*, but his criticisms upon it in the *Spectator* are among the most valuable esssys in the English language. Almost any of the poets whose lives Dr. Johnson has written, wrote better poetry than himself; but it may be doubted whether the best of them could have excelled him as a biographer and critic. Nearly every year, sometimes oftener, we have new editions, of Shakespeare, from writers who could not pretend to equal his most trifling effort; and if there are may who tell us nothing new, there are scarcely any who do not, more or less increase the admirers of the great dramatist, and thus contribute to elevate the public taste.

It is not, however, with Homer, Milton, or Shakespeare, we mean to compare Mr. Dickens. He must be content with a much humbler rank—a rank humble, indeed, compared to the world's profound thinkers, but high and distinguished in the history of modern literature. We dare say our author himself would be satisfied to have a place in the temple of fame two hundred years hence beside Fielding, Richardson, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Smollett, if such could be guaranteed to him at this moment, while his works are almost universally read and admired. If otherwise, he does not sufficiently appreciate the labors of those who had gone before him in the same field. At any rate we will take occasion, in the course of our remarks on Mr. Dickens's principal novels, to see how much he gains or loses by a comparison with the great masters in English fiction we have named. But let us first endeavor to estimate the value of his writings on their own merits, taking into account the influence which for more than a quarter of a century they have continued to exercise on the public mind.

We will first speak of those characteristics of Mr. Dickens's writings which have afforded us most pleasure, partly because they are the most numerous, and partly because the language

*Περὶ ὕψους.

of approbation, where it is deserved, is more agreeable than that of censure. Fortunately justice does not require that much of the latter should be given in the present case. There are, indeed, defects in the stories of "Boz," some of which we will endeavor to point out in due time, but few if any of them are of a grave nature—none calculated to corrupt the heart, or produce any evil effect on public morality—for although no great novelist deals more with vice, he scarcely ever fails to render it hateful and repulsive.

The papers entitled *Sketches by Boz*, some of which were contributed to a newspaper and the remainder to a magazine, attracted attention more from the novelty of their style than from any other merit they possessed, though they were undoubtedly brilliant, and afforded the careful observer sufficient evidence that their author was destined to attain no ordinary rank as a novelist. The avidity with which they were read by all classes, when published in book form, was well calculated to deepen this impression. Mr. Dickens himself easily believed that his friends were right in their predictions, and he exerted himself accordingly. Those who had been pleased with the Sketches were delighted with the *Pickwick Papers*. Rich and poor, young and old, read them, laughed and wept over them, and called each other Pickwickian names. It was admitted on all hands that the "Papers" were new. The critics hardly knew what to make of them, for like Shakespeare's plays they were written in defiance of all rules. In no modern literature had anything exactly similar appeared. We may well believe that Mr. Dickens found his model nowhere out of his own mind, although of this as of almost all other kinds of writing, specimens may be found among the Greeks and Romans. True, the best of them are lost, and we only know their character and value from quotations given in other writings, or from the incidental criticisms of ancient authors. As an example of this class we may mention the imaginary voyages of Antonius Diogenes, entitled *The Incredible Things beyond Thule* (Τὰ ὑπερ θούλην απιστα). Of a somewhat similar kind was a work by Lucian entitled Αληθής ἱστορια, a most amusing,

though rather grotesque satire on travellers who relate wonderful stories. It would seem that travellers were as great charlatans, and made as much noise in the time of Lucian, as did the learned societies of England when Mr. Dickens wrote the *Pickwick Papers*, but it may well be doubted whether the former succeeded as well as the latter. At all events certain it is that Lucian has drawn no such amusing character as the unsophisticated and genial Mr. Pickwick, nor one that affords so interesting a representation of low-life in a large city as Sam Weller, not to mention Snodgrass and Winkle, either of whom would save the credit of an ordinary novelist.

Through the greater part of the "Papers," Mr. Pickwick scarcely does or says anything that is not amusing, not excepting his opening speech to the club. Had we no other record of that rather eccentric gentleman than those of his exploits at Ipswich, which led to his arrest on the charge of sending a challenge (a crime of which he was by no means guilty, although the good magistrate holds him to bail for his future good behavior, and fines his servant and companions for being concerned in a riot), they would be sufficient to make us remember him. But we often find him in much queerer situations. Examples may be given almost at random. At one time he is rolled on a wheelbarrow into a pound, and he tries the while to look as dignified as possible; in a similar manner he is mindful of his character, and the cause of science and philosophy, when he makes the mistake of getting into a double-bedded room with a lady of a certain age, who for aught he knows might destroy his reputation. His speeches on the top of a sedan-chair, though not the best specimens of oratory that could be given, are not all vanity. True, indeed, they make us smile. The situation of the orator heightens the effect not a little, still there is an under-current of common sense which renders the fun instructive. There is a similar mixture of the silly, the ludicrous, and the wise in his conduct pending the famous trial of Bardwell *vs.* Pickwick. Sergeant Snubbin may laugh at him at the Chambers for his ignorance of law and his awkward attempts at expounding it; at the same time

he is made to feel that if he is mad there is method in his madness. When finally sent to prison he is as good-humored as ever. He makes his fellow-prisoners laugh; but his generosity wins their regard. He values liberty as much as any one; yet he would rather remain forever in prison than pay what he considered an unjust debt, not that he was unduly fond of money, or that one hundred pounds would be any serious object to him, but that with all his whimsicalities and absurdities he was willing to suffer, in order to maintain a principle. Thus, whether Mr. Pickwick is at large or in durance, before the country magistrate or the King's Bench, engaged in a fight with a cabman, or hiding in a boarding-school garden, remonstrating with Bob Sawyer about his mode of travelling, or taking part in a contest between rival editors, there is always something in his language if not in his conduct to leave an impression in favor of virtue and against the particular abuse, the removal or reform of which is the chief design of the author.

Even those who have never read the *Pickwick Papers* cannot help coming to the conclusion, if they are tolerably acquainted with English literature, that it is a great work. The most unthinking must understand that were it otherwise it would not have had such a host of imitators, for it is not too much to say that it created a revolution in English literature. Even Macaulay has not disdained to be a little Pickwickian As for the novelists, those of them who have not openly plagiarized Mr. Dickens's descriptions of localities, adopted his incidents, copied his phraseology, or aped his peculiar cast of sentiment, at least have rendered him the homage of borrowing from him the form with which the public had so suddenly become delighted. Many of these imitations might be pointed out in the works of both English and American novelists, some of whom would not be satisfied with any secondary rank in the world of letters.

There is much more unity of plan in *Nicholas Nickleby* than in the *Pickwick Papers*. The author profited in this respect by the suggestions of the critics, but the public did not sufficiently appreciate the improvement. We do not mean that the new work was not popular; it was so in an eminent degree.

Every monthly instalment was looked forward to with avidity. Still its reception was not as warm as that of the *Pickwick Papers*. The public was at once astonished and indignant at the conduct of the pedagogues in the cheap seminaries throughout England. All who had children, or young brothers or sisters, or who took any interest in the cause of education, regarded the satirist as a benefactor, for the startling revelations which he made from month to month—revelations, the beneficial effects of which were in many cases immediate. It is beyond doubt that several of the boarding-schools of this class which were most flourishing in their way, that is in making money, not by instructing, but by half-starving children, sent to them to be educated, from all parts of the country—had ceased to exist in two years from the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby*. But some how or other the public still evinced a preference for the investigator of "tittlebats." Every friend of humanity had an interest in exposing the ignorant and unprincipled charlatans of whom Squeers may be regarded as the type; while the abuse satirized by means of Pickwick was much more ridiculous than dangerous. This shows that after all it is more to be amused than to be instructed that people read light literature. There is certainly more to be learned from *Nicholas Nickleby* than from the *Pickwick Papers*. The former affords a much greater insight into human character than the latter. Different phases of life, and passions the most dissimilar, are portrayed in *Nicholas Nickleby*. In the conduct of Ralph Nickleby we see to what extremes money will lead the selfish and hard-hearted; and find it difficult to decide whether he is not a worse character in the end than Squeers, who does not scruple to subject the children confided to his care at his seminary of Dotheboys Hall, to what is no better than a system of slow poisoning. The author assures the reader in his preface, that bad as these characters are, they are from actual life. "I went" he says "to several places in that part of the country, where I understood these schools to be most plentifully sprinkled, and had no occasion to deliver a letter until I came to a certain town, which shall be nameless. The person to whom

it was addressed was not at home, but he came down at night through the snow to the inn where I was staying. It was after dinner, and he needed little persuasion to sit down by the fire, in a warm corner, and take his share of the wine that was on the table. I am afraid he is dead now. I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad-faced man; that we got acquainted directly; and that we talked on all kinds of subjects except the school, which he showed a great anxiety to avoid. 'Was there any large school?' I asked him, in reference to the letter. 'Oh, yes,' he said, there was a pratty big 'un. 'Was it a good one?' I asked. 'Ey,' he said, 'it was as good as another; that was a matther of opinion;' and fell to looking at the fire, staring round the room, and whistling a little. On my reverting to some other topic that we had been discussing, he recovered immediately; but though I tried him again and again, I never approached the question of the school, even if he were in the middle of a laugh, without observing that his countenance fell, and that he became uncomfortable. At last when we had passed a couple of hours or so very agreeably, he suddenly took up his hat and leaning over the table, and looking me full in the face, said in a low voice, 'Weel, misther, we've been vary pleasant together, and ar'll spak' my mind tiv'ee. Dinnot let the weedur send her little boy to yan o' our schoolmeasthers, while there's a harse to hold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in. Ar wouldn't mak' ill words among my neeburs, and ar spak' tiv'ee quiet loike. But I'm doom'd if ar can gang to bed and not tellee, for weedur's sak', to keep the lattle boy from a' sike scoundrels,'" &c. Had Mr. Dickens produced no work but that for which he took the pains indicated in this extract, he would have a strong claim on the gratitude of his countrymen. Yet, had a foreigner represented before the world the low state of education in England among the middle, as well as the lower classes, as Boz has done, the press with one accord, from the London *Times* down to the most obscure Yorkshire journal, would have denounced him as a slanderer, who was entitled to no credit. In America, too, the thing would have been resented as a libel on the Anglo Saxon race. But

the author of *Nicholas Nickleby* is never afraid or ashamed to tell the truth, when he knows that good will result from it. Were he of the class of writers who would keep the ignorance of English pedagogues a secret, lest the French, or any other people should regard England as still in a semi-barbarous state, he could never have attained the rank which he now occupies; he would have no just claim to the title of a public instructor, much less to that of a philosopher. Nor is he less an Englishman on this account. There is probably no living author more thoroughly English—that is English in the best sense of the term—the sense which comprehends generosity, and a disposition to do justice to all. He is at once a patriot and a citizen of the world. In this respect at least he may be compared to Shakespeare. He has less prejudice than even Byron or Shelley, and quite as little as Gibbon or Pritchard.

His American "Notes" may seem to contradict this, but such is not the case. Boz said unpleasant, unhandsome things of us—things which in many particulars did us gross injustice. But he did so, not because he had any dislike to Americans as a people, but that he was not altogether free from the weakness so common to authors, that of wishing to make his book sell. This is the most unfavorable view that can be taken of the most offensive passages in his "Notes;" and it is by no means certain that it is the true one. Let us bear in mind that he has drawn no darker pictures of us than he has drawn of his own countrymen. Supposing he had described the seminaries of Pennsylvania and New-Jersey as he has described those of England. If he has drawn a dark picture of our press, he has given his impressions with equal freedom of the press of England. Nay, what English institution has he spared from the highest to the lowest that contained abuses which the pen of the satirist was likely to remove or reform. If he has not spoken in a general way of English, as he has of American manners and customs, are we to make no allowance for the force of habit? The keenest observers fail to see many defects among their own countrymen, which are detected at once by a foreigner. Besides, it is one thing to be a great novelist, and quite another to be infallible.

But all is not dark and repulsive in *Nicholas Nickleby*. If Ralph commits suicide out of remorse, after he had done nearly all the harm he could to everybody within his reach, and if Squeers ought, if possible, to have felt still deeper compunction, there is yet something agreeable left for the reader to contemplate and find consolation in. Of this character is the admirable portraiture of Mrs. Nickleby. No truer picture of an English wife, in the middle rank of life, has been drawn since the time of Fielding, to whose incomparable delineation of Amelia it may justly be compared, though with what result we will not say for the present.

In form *Oliver Twist* is more like the *Sketches*, or the *Pickwick Papers* than *Nicholas Nickleby*. Like the author's first two efforts, it is rather a series of portraitures than a connected story, all the parts of which harmonize with each other. If it can be said to have any plot, there is no need to describe it. Those who have not had the curiosity to examine it before this will hardly do so now; although, certain it is, that thousands have been led to read Dickens who have never attempted any other works of fiction. It would seem that he came to the conclusion himself, after comparing the sales of *Nicholas Nickleby* with those of the *Pickwick Papers*, that it was not artistically constructed plots the people wanted, but remarkable incidents, and remarkable people to take part in them. At any rate we have an ample variety of both the latter in *Oliver Twist;* sufficient to exhibit all the bad features of the poor law, or workhouse system, and excite public indignation against them. No one could have been more unfortunate in his youth than Oliver Twist. Almost immediately after he was born his mother dies in a workhouse, to which misery and wretchedness, in their worst form, had driven her. As an illegitimate child he was the object of jealousy and hatred to the lawful wife of his father, who regarded him as the son of a hated rival—one that caused herself to be abandoned. The injured wife had, as everybody knows, one son, who went by the name of Marks. This was the evil genius of Oliver; whenever harm was to be done to the latter the former

was sure to be ready for it; more, however, to please his mother than to give vent to his own feelings, though he had been early taught to look upon his younger brother as his worst enemy. It is difficult, however, to conceive a more depraved character. Because the father of both had made a provision in his will by which Oliver was to be disinherited, if ever convicted of a disgraceful crime, his brother did all in his power to corrupt his nature; hence it is that we are introduced to the Jew Fagin, whose chief business it is to give instructions in the art and mystery of pocket-picking and housebreaking—paying himself for his tuition out of the goods stolen. Nor is the undertaker to whom Oliver is apprenticed a much better man than Fagin, although we do not hear so much of him personally. It is while with him that Oliver is forced to form the acquaintance of Noah Claypole, who has not sufficient genius to steal scientifically, though always willing to learn. The former is forced to run away from the latter, however, and it is by this means we are introduced to Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger—characters as widely known as the English language. Yet the most consummate scoundrel in the whole book is probably Bill Sikes, and it would be difficult to find a woman anywhere from whom less that was good was to be expected than his mistress, Nancy. According to her own words, she came into the world "with the alley and gutter for her cradle, and to be her death-bed," and with "no certain roof but the coffin."

It may well be asked, *Quod genus hoc hominum?* and posterity, in reading Dickens, may add, *Quae hunc tam barbara morem permittit patria?* Few would expect a book, in which Marks, Fagin, Sikes, and Nancy, are the principal characters, to be otherwise than loathsome. It might well seem impossible for it to be agreeable, save to those who are themselves depraved. That such a book must at least be full of coarseness and vulgarity, would be the opinion of ninety-nine out of every hundred. This is the reason that Reynolds, and others like him, are only read by a certain class. It is the peculiar privilege of genius to exhibit vice in its worst form without

offending the most fastidious. In the hands of an ordinary novelist, Sikes and his mistress would be intolerable; no lady could read their story of degradation and shame without feeling uneasy lest she might be seen doing so; whereas, from the pen of Dickens, it may be read aloud in the most refined female circle, without causing any worse feeling than regret that human nature was capable of such depravity.

The conduct of Fagin is powerfully contrasted with that of Oliver; we are taught to sympathize with the latter in all his troubles and misfortunes, because his intentions are honest, his motives pure; and for the opposite reasons we are forced to admit, on every occasion, that what befalls the former, however bad it may be, is no worse than he deserved. Even when he is hanged, we feel that although the evidence of his guilt, in this particular instance, is by no means conclusive, he had forfeited his life by his former crimes of a similar character. Thus, while the malefactors are meeting their doom, one by one, and are never in the enjoyment of a single hour's happiness, their intended victim continues to prosper; so that when we come to the end of the book, we have a more vivid and lasting impression than we ever had before, that while industry and perseverance, combined with integrity, will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, triumph over all obstacles, those who are most adroit and skilful in avoiding detection as criminals, may always expect that, sooner or later, the day of retribution will come.

It is, however, an agreeable transition to pass from *Oliver Twist* to some lighter pictures in Boz's gallery, such as his *Chimes*, or his *Christmas Carol*. In either, indeed, we see humanity sinning and suffering, but not to the same frightful extent as in *Oliver Twist*. The lights and shades mingle more easily in the miniature than in the full-sized picture; there is more that is poetic and tender, and less that is startling in the former than in the latter; and it is for no other reason we turn to the *Chimes*. As for attempting, in a rapid sketch like this, to examine every production of Dickens according as it has been given to the world, it were a hopeless task. We know of

no tale of equal length, no prose work of equal dimensions, in which there are more kind thoughts and generous sympathies, than in the *Chimes*. It is impossible for the most iron-hearted to read it without being melted into compassion for the children of want and the victims of oppression. There is an eloquent earnestness in every page, which few that are capable of an emotion can resist. Racine does not move us more when he makes Andromache plead, with all the eloquence of a beautiful and virtuous woman in captivity, for the life of Hector's son, exclaiming—

> "Helas! il mourra donc! il n'a pour sa defense,
> Que les pleurs de sa mere, et que son innocence,"

than does Mr. Dickens when he pleads for bread, or the means of earning it, for the starving laborer. In the *Chimes*, as in most other works of our author, the rich are appealed to in behalf of the poor; the former are brought, step by step, to see that they are unjust and unreasonable in their conduct to the latter; that the barrier between them should be greatly diminished, if not altogether removed. This might well have seemed a hopeless task to those who knew England best, even a few short years ago. In no other country did the upper classes separate themselves from the lower by a so wide a gulf; even the middle classes were kept aloof, as if the caste system had been borrowed from the Hindoos. The change which has taken place in this respect, within the last seven years, has been remarked by all foreigners who had any opportunity of witnessing the former state of things. Every traveller who gave any account of what struck him as remarkable, informed us that a lord was regarded with as much awe in England as a king is in most other countries. Wherever the former appeared among the people, every one who had to work for his bread felt it a sort of duty to take off his hat, merely at the sight of so great a personage. Now, those who boast the best Norman blood go about and lecture to the same people, talk and jest with them, and will not allow them to be uncovered except when they are uncovered themselves. The new social revolution is indeed not yet complete, but that it has passed

through its most difficult stages is certain. We do not mean that Dickens has been exclusively instrumental in effecting so important a change, but there is abundant evidence that he has contributed more to it than any other living writer—nay, probably more than all others put together—although if the question were put to the aristocracy, not one lord out of a score would admit that he had anything to do with it.

This, however, is nothing strange. The reformer seldom gets the credit due to him in his own time. People do not like to admit that they have been laughed out of their vicious or absurd habits. It was so in the time of Socrates; it was so in the time of Cervantes. The Athenians pretended that the philosopher who tried to induce them to lay aside their superstitions, and bad habits generally, was an enemy to the gods and to his country, and they condemned him to the hemlock draught accordingly; though it was not long after until they confessed their error, and made all the reparation in their power. Although Cervantes was not put to death for the ridicule which he cast on knight-errantry by his inimitable romance, it is not the less true that he was forced to suffer for the good he had done. He, too, was charged with impiety, and want of patriotism; while, not only all Spain but all Europe read and re-read *Don Quixote* and laughed at the eccentricities of the knight of La Mancha, the author lived in poverty, often wanting the necessaries of life. The case of the same author would afford a sufficient reply to those who pretend that because the fame of Mr. Dickens has been sudden it must follow that it will be equally sudden in passing away. *Don Quixote* became popular at once. No author ever became more suddenly famous than Cervantes. Those who persecuted him most could not help admiring his genius; yet, after he has lain in his grave nearly two centuries and a half, his great work is still the delight of all nations.

If Boz is in no danger of being either put to death or starved, he has not altogether escaped the common lot of reformers. Let those who do not understand this bear in mind the sort of criticisms to which he has been subjected by the organs of the

aristocracy, who regard him to this day as a troublesome innovator—one that interferes too pryingly in the affairs of his betters. Even the *Edinburg Review*, which is in general so liberal and so much in favor of progress, has more than once undertaken to lecture him on the enormity of having dared to bring his powers of ridicule to bear on certain of his country's institutions.

But it is of no use to try to prevent him, at the eleventh hour, from doing good—as well try to induce the skilful and honest physician to discard the medicine which he has proved to exactly suit the case of his patient. The patient himself may not like it; he may find it too bitter; but it would be only mistaken kindness, or something worse, to allow him to have a relapse of his old malady rather than offend his palate. Our author pursues the same course in the *Chimes*. He shows the rich that allowance ought to be made for the poor, even when they commit crimes—that the temptations by which they are surrounded should be taken into consideration. Every one that reasons admits the truth of this, for who that wants for nothing which money can buy, can tell what he himself might, in an evil hour, be tempted to do if he saw his wife and children starving, without the ability of affording them any relief. The cruelty of unequal laws is also placed in relief in the *Chimes*. In short, nothing less is sought in this truly beautiful tale, than that the lord of thousands of broad acres should learn to consider the poor artisan or laborer, with no acre at all, as his brother; an unfortunate brother it may be—nay, a degraded one—but still his equal save in the gifts of fortune. True, this can never be done literally. As long as there are people on the earth, they will always differ more or less from each other. If the world's wealth were equally divided to-morrow, the indolent and thriftless would gradually yield their share to the industrious and energetic, until they finally became as poor as ever.

It is sometimes said that whenever Dickens attempts the tragic side of life he fails; but where do we find a more touching pathos than that which pervades this story? Certainly

in no novel of the present day. Even when all are made happy toward the close a feeling of sadness still remains—we have a sort of vague misgiving as to the reality of the change. When the illusion is past we wonder that we could have been so deeply interested in the story of so humble, quiet, and unpretending a person as Toby Veck, the poor ticket porter of London. Still more do we wonder when we reflect that the incidents which have impressed us most deeply are those of a dream. But we are first taught, nay forced, to like Toby; we could not do otherwise, so honest, patient, unrepining, sad, and childlike is the poor old man amid all his privations. Nor can we help taking a similar interest in the conduct of his daughter Meg, who is all the world to him. And who does not feel ready to denounce Alderman Cute as worse than any of Job's comforters, and tell the heartless man, in no agreeable accents, to go and mind his own business, when he tells Meg how indelicate it is for her to think of getting married, seeing that she can hardly expect that her children can be otherwise than in a starving condition, until they are able to steal and commit other crimes, when it will be his duty as a magistrate to put them down? In a similar strain does he address the old man, as if the world was for the rich alone, and that the poor ought to be thankful if allowed to live without being punished or "put down" for their poverty. But there are too many Aldermen Cutes in real life to allow our indignation to be lasting, even when we see Meg walking off from him in tears; her lover, equally grieved and sad; and old Toby overwhelmed with despair, going with a letter, for the delivery of which, in a distant part of the city, he is to receive sixpence—a letter, the object of which is to crush a poor laborer, whose crime may be inferred from his sentiments relative to the "gentle folks": "When work won't maintain me like a human creetur; when my living is so bad that I am hungry out of doors and in; when I see a whole working life begin that way, go on that way, and end that way, without a chance of change, then I say to the gentle folks, keep away from me. Let my cottage be. My doors is dark enough without your

darkening of 'em more. Don't look for me to come into the park to help the show when there is a birth-day, or a fine speech-making, or what not. Act your plays and games without me, and be welcome to 'em, and enjoy 'em. We've naught to do with one another. I am best let alone!" No wonder that Sir Joseph Bowley is desirous that such treason should be duly punished, and that Alderman Cute should be willing, as a loyal and conscientious magistrate, to lend a hand in the good work. And may not the same incidents sufficiently explain the dislike, on the part of the "governing class," to Mr. Dickens, alluded to above—a dislike, however, which he can afford to treat with contempt, triumphantly exclaiming with the poet,

> "Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
> Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me;
> Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

We might easily fill our article with observations, however brief, on the beauties and excellences of Dickens without noticing any of his defects. To the general character of the latter we have already alluded, and we now proceed to note such particulars as our prescribed space will admit. Even Boz has not altogether escaped the charge of imitation. Indeed, some go so far as to accuse him of plagiarism, though, we need hardly say, that for the latter at least there is no just ground. Those whom he is alleged to have imitated chiefly are undoubtedly the best models he could have chosen—namely, Goldsmith and Fielding. There is some general resemblance, indeed, between Mr. Pickwick and Dr. Primrose, but if there is any between him and Parson Adams it is seldom, if ever, apparent. Primrose, like Pickwick, regards himself as destined to effect important reforms—at least one; and his learning and literary talents are the means by which the good work is to be accomplished. One makes it his business to publish tracts and get up controversies on monogamy, the other to write essays and deliver speeches on tittlebats. Pickwick, like Primrose, thinks t if his valuable suggestions are not adopted by the world,

it is because the latter has yet much to learn. Goldsmith's hero becomes an altered man toward the close of the *Vicar of Wakefield*; so does Mr. Dickens. But here, it seems to us, the resemblance ends. Every reader of fiction knows that the alteration which takes place in the character of Pickwick is much greater than that in the character of Primrose. Now the question arises, which of the two heroes is best drawn? Which is the most natural, or most like a real man, from the beginning to the end of his career? It is one of those questions, however, which need be proposed only for the sake of illustration, for we believe that Mr. Dickens himself would hardly deny the palm to Primrose. Nor can a different verdict be given if the *Pickwick Papers*, as a whole, be compared to the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The honest Vicar seeks no admiration. He minds his own business and attends to his family as well as he can. If he meets with misfortunes he does not go hunt for them about the country; if he is sometimes duped it is not because he is a fool, but because being honest himself he takes others to be the same; if he permits himself to be imposed upon by Thornhill, and excludes from his house Burchell, who is really worthy of his confidence, he still acts like a man and a philanthropist. Even the bargain by which Ephraim Jenkinson was enabled to trot off the old horse Blackberry, in exchange for his cosmogomy, his spurious draft on Solomon Flamborough, and his two or three scraps of Greek and Syriac, are perfectly consistent with all the other principal incidents of the story—far more consistent than is anything done by Mr. Pickwick in the last eighteen chapters of the *Papers* with the scenes or incidents in which he takes part in the preceding thirty-eight chapters. In a word, however much Mr. Pickwick amuses us, we cannot sympathize with him even in his altered or metamorphosed state, as we do with the honest Vicar. Nor does he fare much better when compared to Fielding's Parson Adams. The latter, too, is eccentric, but really learned, benevolent, and pure-minded. He has a certain vanity which is somewhat akin to Mr. Pickwick's. For example, he calls on a bookseller to publish a bundle of stale

sermons, and gets laughed at for his pains, and when he would fain prove by ocular demonstration that the goods in question were no ordinary homilies, he finds that he has left them behind. If Mr. Pickwick makes the mistake of getting into a double-bedded room with a middle aged lady, Parson Adams makes the still more awkward mistake of getting into bed to Fanny. There is this difference, however, between the twain in regard to the room and bed. The Parson was rather fond of ale. Either his too copious draughts, or his studious habits—perhaps both—made him absent-minded. Thus, fond as he is of his MS. *Æschylus*, he burns it in a fit of abstraction; so that the mistake in relation to Fanny's bed is no more than what might be expected from his general character. With Mr. Pickwick it is otherwise. Anything may be expected from him; for his views on almost all subjects are entirely different to-day from what they were yesterday. But if Fielding is more consistent, artistic, and natural than Dickens, he has borrowed more from others. No one familiar with *Don Quixote*, can read of the indignities heaped on the Parson at the inns and taverns about the country—how he is kicked, cudgelled, or buffeted, under one pretence or other, wherever he goes, without calling to mind the similar grievances of which the famous knight of La Mancha had to complain. If this were not sufficient consolation for Boz, in having to admit the decided superiority of Parson Adams over Mr. Pickwick as a portraiture, he might find more, if less generous and good natured than he is, in the criticism of Richardson, who speaks of "Tom Jones" as "that brat." "Its run is over," he says, "with us." He commends the taste of the French because, as he tells us, they do not tolerate "such stuff" as *Tom Jones*. In short, he allows Fielding low humor, but nothing better. As for Parson Adams, he finds him an absurd burlesque; the same as some modern critics find Mr. Pickwick. True, Richardson had reason for all this, since *Joseph Andrews* was written for the express purpose of ridiculing his *Pamela;* whereas no such motive to disparage the works of Mr. Dickens exists, except, if we correctly remember, that he has been

blamed for giving a photograph of Charles Lamb in one of his stories, which is anything but flattering.

There are a few of Mr. Dickens's admirers who compare him to Sterne; but, in our mind, very injudiciously. Uncle Toby, Trim, Dr. Slop, Brother Shandy, and the Widow Wadman, are as different from Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Snodgrass, and Winkle, as any group of portraitures could be from another. The story of Le Fevre would endear my Uncle Toby to generation after generation had all the rest of *Tristram Shandy* been lost; while, in order to understand Mr. Pickwick, we must accompany him through three fourths of the multifarious scenes in which he takes a part, hear at least two thirds of his speeches, and about half his philosophical reflections. But the journey will be agreeable throughout—never wearisome. Sterne may lead us among people more like those we meet in the world than those to whom we are introduced by Mr. Dickens; but we do not feel so happy in their company; so well pleased with ourselves, or so well reconciled to the world with all its faults.

It is not alone in the *Pickwick Papers* that the characters of Mr. Dickens are inconsistent in themselves. The same defect is to be found in every one of his longer stories; though in *Nicholas Nickleby* it is less apparent than in any of the others, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that it is seldom apparent at all. But take *Oliver Twist*, for example. Here scarcely a character is the same in the end as in the beginning; all undergo a change. If they merely improved in their morals, or grew more prosperous, no one could find any just fault with them for it. This, indeed, they do too. Mr. Dickens has too much kindness of heart to allow them to do otherwise, except when poetical or rather unpoetical justice requires them to be hanged, or so much filled with remorse that they must commit suicide before they have had sufficient time to become entirely reformed. Thus Nancy is a very plain, vulgar girl at the beginning. Of herself and her companion, Bet, we are told by the author that "they wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind, and were rather untidy

about the shoes and stockings." She is equally untidy in her language.

"Nancy, my dear," said the Jew, in a soothing manner, "what do you say?"

"That it won't do; so it's no use a trying it on, Fagin," replied Nancy.

"What do you mean, by that?" said Mr. Sikes, looking up in a surly manner.

"What I say, Bill," replied the lady, collectedly.

"Why you're just the very person for it," reasoned Mr. Sikes; "nobody about here knows anything of you."

"And I don't want 'em to neither," replied Nancy, in the same composed manner, "it's raythor more no than yes with me, Bill."

"She'll go, Fagin," said Sikes.

"No she won't, Fagin," bawled Nancy.

* * * * * * *

"You are on the scent, are you Nancy," inquired Sikes, proffering the glass.

"Yes I am, Bill," replied the young lady, disposing of its contents, "and tired enough of it I am too. The young brat's been ill and confined to the crib; and —" &c.

This is the style in which she talks and acts in the first volume; but in the third she becomes quite sentimental, and argues like a philosopher. She has an interview with Rose Maylie, who tries to redeem her from wickedness and infamy. In reply she says, "When ladies as young, good, and beautiful, as you are, give away your hearts, love will carry you all lengths—even such as you, who have homes, friends, other advisers, everything to fill them," &c. If she had spent all her time at a boarding-school of the first class, instead of being the inmate of a brothel, among a gang of robbers, to the worst of whom she is a mistress, she could hardly have made more proficiency in grammar and fine sentiments than she exhibits throughout this interview; all through *love* for a brutal ruffian, who beats her almost daily, and finally cuts her throat. But if things of this kind do not occur in real life, and that when they interest us most, we have an idea, however vague, that they are absurd—that they are just such as Horace warns us against when he speaks of the vase being turned into a pitcher—it must be ad-

mitted that Mr. Dickens does more to reconcile us to them—makes fuller amends than any other living writer. This is particularly true in the case of Nancy, the description of whose death softens and appals the heart, and reminds us that "the way of the transgressor is hard," as much as any other picture in the whole range of fictitious literature.

Boz does not flatter the sex much. He has drawn no female character which could be regarded as a model in respectable society. Mrs. Nickleby is indeed a true portraiture; she is a fair representation of the class to which she belongs; her faults are few and none of them are of the heart; but she lacks refinement. She is inferior to Fielding's Amelia; still more inferior to Richardson's Clarissa. Worse still does Mr. Dickens succeed with his young ladies. Probably the best of these is Kate Nickleby; and few would like to point her out to their young daughters, just leaving boarding-school, as worthy of imitation. As for the rest, their manners are intolerable. We pity Meg and Lilian. Their misfortunes and sufferings beguile us of our tears. We feel sorry that they could not have been placed in more favorable circumstances in their youth; but the emotion is not lasting; it is relieved by the reflection that if there are any such females to be met with elsewhere than on paper or on canvas, they are *rarœ aves*. Even in the case of little Nell, whose misfortunes are depicted with such wonderful power, and whose untimely death is invested with such tragic interest, we have not much to say in favor of the victim; we can hardly apply to her such extenuating words as those of Goldsmith:

> "She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
> Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
> Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
> Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

All this, however, is no disparagement of Dickens. Similar defects may be found in the world's greatest life-paintings. Even Shakespeare has unearthly characters, besides his ghosts, demons, &c. Such for instance is Miranda. No one ever met so pure and beautiful a creature with flesh and blood; yet Shakespeare is not the less unapproachable as a delineator of human

life. If there are faults in the works of Dickens, which are not to be found in the works of the other great novelists to whom we have in passing compared him, the same may be said of his beauties, in the multifarious variety of which he is excelled by none. As to the superiority of Fielding, Goldsmith, and Sterne, it is merely a matter of opinion; one in which we may be entirely wrong. Future generations may pass a very different judgment, and place Mr. Dickens above all rivals in English fiction. Should it be otherwise, we think he may be content with surpassing all his contemporaries. Of these there are some whose colloquial style is more correct, more free from slang; others in whose stories there is more unity, or who allow themselves to write fewer passages that are neither interesting nor useful; there are perhaps yet others whose descriptions especially of rural scenery, are more vivid and truthful; but in the art of affording pleasure, of teaching us to make allowance for the failings of our neighbors, of removing the prejudices of the rich against the poor, in a word, of alleviating human sorrow, and increasing human happiness, no other novelist of his day can be said to equal Mr. Dickens.

ART. V.—1. *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. London: Parker & Son.
2. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.* Par M. GUIZOT. Vols. I. et II. Paris: M. Lévy.

THERE is at least one faculty which the people of the present age possess in a high degree of perfection; that of appreciating their own merits. It is doubtful whether any other generation since the flood were so great in their own estimation. There are few if any peoples deficient in this gift; but it seems to attain its fullest development among those who own the English language as their vernacular tongue. Let Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, differ as they will in most other respects, they are all pretty much alike

in modestly placing themselves above every other branch of the human family. There is a mixture of good and evil in this feeling. Those who believe themselves to be possessed of superior abilities are much more likely to undertake and accomplish great deeds than those who are timid and diffident. The former act and have most of the work done while the latter hesitate, count the cost, magnify the obstacles against which they have to contend, until they render them insurmountable. To the former the world owes all great discoveries and inventions; many of which have been opposed as absurd and impious by the latter.

But we must distinguish intelligent self-reliance, industry, and perseverance, from arrogance, self-laudation, and a contempt for the efforts of others. This requires thought and study. In order to estimate the relative value of what we have done ourselves, we must look around us and examine not only the performances of our neighbors, but also those of the great nations of antiquity of which any adequate vestiges remain. After comparing all, and making due allowance for the ravages of time, then if there remain a balance in our favor—if we find a satisfactory proof of our moral, intellectual, and physical superiority, let us, by all means, be proud of such result, though self-love may have much more to do with the verdict which we render in our own case than the preponderance of evidence.

No one can deny that great progress has been made in our time. Great Britain and America have accomplished much, so much indeed that neither can be said to be second at the present moment to any other nation on earth. But we are not satisfied with occupying the front rank among contemporary nations; we adduce the fact as a proof that we excel all who have gone before us—that we are, in short, a superior race. In this we err undoubtedly; the logic on which it is founded is very bad—no logic at all—nothing better than to maintain that because a certain individual is more powerful and wealthy than any of his neighbors, it must follow that he owes his good luck to the superior blood which is confined to the mem-

bers of his particular family; no such claim, be it remembered, has any respectable authority in its favor. Its advocates would search in vain for anything of the kind in Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Prescott, Hallam, or Macaulay; whereas the most eminent writers of the age have denounced such assumption of superiority as ridiculous vanity. Indeed, no one of ordinary intelligence, who is capable of thinking for himself, needs any proof on so plain a subject. Every one acquainted with history is aware that among all the great nations of Europe, there is not a single pure race. But if an ethnologist went in quest of any such curiosity, England would be about the last place in which he would expect to find it, since no other country has been oftener conquered. If it can be said that a mixture of Celts, Romans, Danes, Norwegians, Angles, Saxons, and Normans, makes a pure race, then our English cousins are as much entitled to that character as perhaps any other people in the world, excepting ourselves, who are composed of a still larger number of ingredients.

Let us then be content with being the greatest people of our time; and to this distinction we are somewhat entitled, however much the French, the Russians, and one or two other nationalities, may be disposed to question our right to it. And since we may as well give ourselves one high-sounding name as another, let us be Anglo-Saxons by all means; and this point being settled, we will proceed to examine the value of the progress which it is acknowledged upon all hands we have made, and are constantly making, as compared with what has been done by others. This is much more our object in the present article than to indicate the characteristics of any of the works which we have selected as a text; works which will serve our purpose only so far as they are calculated to give a more or less correct idea of the present state of European and American civilization. The rest, by far the greater part of our materials, we must draw from other sources; and in doing so we expect to show that much that is great and good, as our race has undoubtedly accomplished, we are, to say the least, too vain-glorious. We speak of our civilization as if there had been no civilization

but ours—of our literature, our fine arts, our scientific discoveries, &c., in the same spirit—forgetting that nations like individuals have their youth, their maturity, their old age, their dissolution.

Of all the nationalities of remote antiquity, China alone remains. The Assyrian, the Babylonian, and the Median empires have long disappeared from the world; ages, so to speak, have passed over their tombs; but although there are scarcely any of their works which exist at the present day in anything like a perfect state, we have abundance of evidence of the greatness to which each people had once attained as a nation. The monuments of Egypt continue to excite the astonishment of all who behold them. What modern nation, however numerous and great may be its discoveries, could pretend to equal those grand and magnificent specimens of ancient art—specimens which bid fair to endure as long as the earth itself. But what has become of the race that built the pyramids, and that taught Pythagoras and his disciples astronomy, geometry, &c., &c.? If the true Egyptians can be said to exist at all in our time, how changed they are! How much changed are the Hindoos, who, despised as they are now, were certainly once a great people. Their sacred books, their marvellously beautiful language, and their ancient temples prove this. There are those indeed who scoff at the civilizations of Assyria, Chaldea, Egypt, and India, and who will not admit that any of these nations had cultivated the sciences, or possessed anything worthy of the name of literature, excepting the Hindoos, simply because the ancient books of the latter render it impossible to deny that they were acquainted with letters thousands of years ago.

Each of these nations had its "age of progress," and doubtless regarded itself as superior to all others. Since human nature is ever the same, we have a right to assume that the ancients had as strong a faith in their missions as we have in ours. It is more than probable that they were as firm believers in the progressive theory, in their time, as we are now; perhaps never thinking in their prosperity that, like everything else that is earthly, their sway would have an end—that one

day there would not be a vestige left of their rule. To come nearer to our own times, have we not before us the examples of Greece, Rome, and Carthage?—especially the two former. Can we pretend to be intellectually superior to the Greeks and Romans? Each in their time were the greatest people in the world; of this there can be no question; but is it equally certain that either regarded themselves as a distinctive superior race—a race that would go on from one step of progress to another, continually improving, in spite of time and its vicissitudes; in fact, in defiance of nature's laws, until they reached perfection? If they entertained any such puerile ideas—if their self-love blinded them so much, we have no evidence of it from their poets, philosophers or historians; on the contrary, whether we take up Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, Virgil, Cicero, Tacitus, or Livy, we are sure to be reminded in some form or other that all human greatness, whether it belong to a race or to an individual, is transitory.

Mr. Buckle puts forward some strange theories in his *History of Civilization*—theories which, however ably and eloquently maintained, have startled many, and have afforded materials for much earnest discussion among the learned of Europe and America. But whatever opinions he may entertain on the subject of government, religion, or literature, however peculiar or objectionable may be his views as to the chief agents of civilization, he is too conversant in philosophy to regard national prosperity, or even the largest amount of progress that any people have yet made, as a proof of a superior race, and he is far too well acquainted with the history of his country to give any countenance to what is called the Anglo-Saxon theory. Carlyle himself is not more plain or emphatic on this point than the learned and eloquent author of *Civilization in England.* "There are," he says, "few things in our history so irrational as the admiration expressed by a *certain class* of our writers for the institutions of our barbarous Anglo-Saxon ancestors." It is well known that there is no institution we possess worth preserving which is not attributed to

this source, whereas the truth is that no country in Europe had less to boast of before the Conquest than England. Prior to the time of William the Conqueror, certain it is that she had neither parliament nor trial by jury. It is very well to say that the so-called *Wittenagemots* of the Anglo-Saxons—meetings not unlike those held by certain tribes of Indians in our own time—were miniature parliaments, but the true founders of the English representative assembly, called a parliament, were the Normans. Its very name comes from them—being taken from *parler la ment*, which was their way of saying *to speak one's mind.* But there had been parliaments in Spain and France before they were introduced into England, either by the Anglo-Saxons or Normans. The first institution of the kind, after the fall of the Roman Empire, of which we have any account, is the Cortes of Leon, A. D., 1188. Of the same character were the general assemblies of the state under Louis VII., of France, about the middle of the twelfth century; whereas the statute of Westminster, passed under Edward I., in 1273, is the first intimation we have of a parliament in England. That the Greeks and Romans possessed representative institutions, and had the benefit of trial by jury before Spaniards, French, or English, is known to every intelligent schoolboy. How foolish it is, then, to persist in giving the credit of all to a people who can hardly be said to have had any regular system of laws, and whose literature, if such their crude manuscripts could be called, consisted of little more than absurd fables and superstitions. With the exception of good King Alfred, whose origin is by no means certain, all that history gives us any account of as belonging to the Anglo-Saxon period, which is worth mentioning, is the heptarchy. And what was the heptarchy? Seven petty states, whose kings were continually at war, and whose wars have been compared by Milton to those of a parcel of kites or vultures, fighting with each other for their prey. Petty tyrants are very apt to become pious in their old age, when they see their end approaching, hence it is, perhaps, that the imbecile Ina, one of the kings of the heptarchy, was the first European

prince who went on a pilgrimage to Rome, to undertake, in person, the payment of "St. Peter's penny"—a tax of about a dollar of our money for every house within his territory. Always excepting the patriotic efforts of Alfred, this is the most memorable event that we can trace to a purely Anglo-Saxon source. Is it any wonder, then, that the people of whom, strangely enough it is now so much the habit among a certain class to boast, were treated by their Norman masters with the contempt and scorn—amounting to actual loathing—which Macaulay has so graphically described in his history of England?

In similar defiance of history and fact, the Great Charter (Magna Charta) is spoken of to the present moment as another heirloom of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors—the truth being that it was purely a Norman institution, having been wrung from King John by the Norman barons and clergy, who subsequently compelled Henry III. to confirm it. How little the people had to do with it is sufficiently indicated by the Charter itself, which commences thus:—"We grant of our own free will the following *privileges* to the *Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Priors, and Barons of our kingdom*," &c. By the twenty-first article it is ordained, without any reference to a parliament, if such an institution existed even in name, that henceforward the king's officers should not take away the horses and ploughs of *freemen* without paying for them. With those who were not freemen it was quite another matter; and we learn from the thirty-seventh article, that even the freemen, or those so called, owed service to their lord. And who was this King John, whom the Norman barons thus compelled to grant Magna Charta for their own benefit? Perhaps all our readers may not remember that he is the same John who, in 1213, gave England and Ireland as a donation to Pope Innocent III., and his successors, as follows: "Not constrained by fear, but with my full consent, and the advice of my barons, for the remission of my sins against God and the Church, I resign England and Ireland to God, St. Peter, St. Paul, and our lord, the Pope Innocent, and to his successors in the apostolic chair."

The Norman barons, who esteemed the Magna Charta much more than they feared the Holy Father, far from ratifying this curious bargain, did not hesitate to cancel it, and to punish the royal fanatic who made it. But there is a fact more worthy of remark than all this—one that cannot be denied, but which has evidently never occurred to those who talk so much about "our time-honored Anglo-Saxon institutions;" it is this—that, to the present day, it is the descendants of the Normans who rule England. It is they who frame the laws; they are the true architects of English institutions. It is they who possess nine tenths of the land; although it is the Anglo-Saxons who cultivate it, and who pay four fifths of the taxes. Some may hesitate to believe this, but it is literally true. Let those who doubt it examine the history of the British peerage. Let them see who are the Derbys, the Russells, the Palmerstons, the Clarendons, &c., &c. Sometimes, indeed, one of the people has become a cabinet minister in England; but even when this occurs, the new statesman soon discovers, no matter what his real origin may have been, that he, too, has at least Norman blood in his veins. Canning was once highly offended, while Secretary of State, because he was said to be a descendant of an Anglo-Saxon family. Mr. Disraeli, not many years ago, wrote an angry letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, to contradict a similar statement in reference to his own origin. These are but a few instances out of many that could be mentioned, but they are sufficient to show, in connection with the facts already alluded to relative to the peerage, what the feeling is even at the present day, among what are called the better classes in England, with regard to he Anglo-Saxons as compared to the Normans. It is still more undeniable that, of five families that have reigned in England since the Conquest, not one Anglo-Saxon, nor is that of her present Majesty. We do not mean that the Anglo-Saxons, or the middle and lower classes of Englishmen, are anything the worse for all this; nor do we like or esteem them a whit the less. Our object is not to find fault with them, or depreciate them, as a people, but simply to show those who

are willing to become convinced of the truth, how absurd and silly it is to call all the great institutions of England and America Anglo-Saxon institutions.

True, Mr. Buckle is of opinion that it is not those who govern that advance civilization; on the contrary, he maintains that they are its chief obstacles, and that it is not in the nature of things they could be otherwise. If he merely had reference to despotic governments, many would agree with him in this; but he means constitutional England when he says, "It may be broadly stated that, with the exception of certain necessary enactments respecting the preservation of order and the punishment of crime, nearly everything which has been done has been done amiss." (p. 254.) Further on he is still more explicit, assuring us that "To maintain order, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and to adopt certain precautions respecting the public health, are the only services which any government can render to the interests of civilization." (p. 257, 258.) If the views expressed in these two quotations are correct, why then there is some reason in giving the Anglo-Saxons credit for the institutions of which the Anglo-Normans have been the architects. But they could not, in any circumstances, set aside the fact that, whether governments advance or retard civilization, it is the strongest race that is in the ascendant in every country; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say the most vigorous and energetic race. This was true even of the Turks, as long as they were able to oppress the Greeks, but it did not prove that the former were a superior race to the latter. All that any one could infer from Turkish domination in Greece is, that the descendants of Leonidas, Pericles, Themistocles, and Alexander, had degenerated; that the old age already spoken of as incident to all nations, however great and powerful, had at last fallen on the

> "Clime of the unforgotten brave,
> Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
> Was Freedom's home, or glory's grave."

It is precisely because the British are a more vigorous and energetic race than the modern Hindoos that the latter have

submitted to the yoke of the former for more than a century. Thus a few hundred Englishmen had kept in subjection until lately, for nearly two centuries, countless millions of Hindoos, chiefly, by means of an army composed of their own countrymen; the same as a few scores of Anglo-Norman barons, lords, earls, &c., have governed, not to say oppressed, millions of Anglo-Saxons for more than eight centuries, the governed in the latter case, as well as in the former, furnishing the armies to mount guard on themselves; so that their rulers might enjoy all the benefits accruing from their broad domains, let the masses of the people, whatever name they choose to call themselves, suffer as they might. If Mr. Buckle belonged to the "governed" in either instance, especially if he were a Hindoo, then his opinion as to the utility, or rather comparative usefulness of government, as a means of national progress, could hardly surprise any one. But unfortunately for those who would like to turn his views on the subject to account in endeavoring to sustain an exploded theory, he does not estimate religion or literature as of any higher value than government. In his opinion, "The system of morals propounded in the New Testament contained no maxims which had not been previously enunciated; and that some of the most beautiful passages in the Apostolic writings are quotations from pagan authors is well known to every scholar—to assert that Christianity communicated to man moral truths previously unknown, argues on the part of the asserters either gross ignorance or wilful fraud." (p. 164.) Were this even true, would Christianity be anything the worse for it? Does a good moral sentiment lose any of its value, or can its origin be said to be the less divine, from the fact of its having once graced the writings of a pagan philosopher? Nay, if every "beautiful passage" in the New Testament could be shown to have been adopted by a pagan writer, would it not rather prove the genuine worth of the whole than that any part of it was not calculated to do good? But Mr. Buckle, with all his learning—and it is easy to see that his erudition is varied and profound—could not

point out many of these "beautiful passages" in pagan works. Three would be the most; and one of these is, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Religion and literature are in his estimation the effects, not the causes, of civilization; whose sole agents are intelligence and morality. "If, in the first place," he observes (p. 158), "we ask what this progress is, the answer seems very simple; that it is a two-fold progress, moral and intellectual, the first having more immediate relation to our duties, the second to our knowledge. * * * A question now arises of great moment, which of these two parts or elements of mental progress is the most important. For the progress itself being the result of their united action, it becomes necessary to ascertain which of them works more powerfully, in order that we may subordinate the inferior elements to the superior one." Mr. Buckle easily discovers that the "inferior agent" is morality, and he accounts for the fact as follows: "The actions of individuals are greatly affected by their moral feelings and passions; but those being antagonistic to the feelings and passions of others, are balanced by them, so that their effect is, in the great average of human affairs, *nowhere to be seen.*" (p. 208.) This is very different indeed from a passage at page 158, in which we are told: "There can be no doubt that a people are not really advancing, if, on the one hand, their increased ability is accompanied by increasing vice; or if, on the other hand, while they are becoming virtuous they are likewise becoming more ignorant." These, we think, may be reckoned among the soundest philosophical views of Mr. Buckle. They are views which it would be well for those who maintain the theory of "progressive development" to examine—especially those who are so fond of representing our present civilization as the best in every respect that has ever been enjoyed by any people, and who talk of the nineteenth century as a sort of intellectual millennium—a period in which the arts and sciences have nearly reached the culminating point of perfection. As already observed, there is no doubt but great discoveries and inventions have been made in our time, and that magnificent

enterprises have been undertaken and brought to a successful issue. The triumphs effected by steam and the telegraph alone are such as we may justly be proud of. But we are by no means sure that the same agencies may not have been known to the ancients, as well as gunpowder, the art of making glass, and a great many other arts of which the moderns had long thought they themselves were the original inventors. No one can form any idea of all that the world has lost by the destruction of the Alexandrine library, with its six hundred thousand volumes—that inexhaustible fountain of knowledge to which the most learned of the Greek philosophers were so much indebted. And it would be credulous to believe that this was the only great ancient library of which there is not now a vestige left. Sir William Temple is by no means peculiar in the opinion that several others had met with a similar fate in different parts of the world, and that Moses, Job, and Solomon, must each have been acquainted with authors who were perhaps as much ancients to them as Socrates and Plato are to us.

If the immortal productions of the Greeks and Romans had been destroyed in a similar manner before their value could have been known to the moderns, who, in our time, could have believed that such noble monuments of genius had ever existed? Certainly none of the believers in the superior greatness of the present civilization. Were it possible for any one to have lived until our time who had heard Homer recite passages from the *Iliad* from door to door, how few could he get among us to put faith in his statements, if he gave a true estimate of the grandeur and sublimity of the poet, had we not the poems themselves remaining, to excite our delight, astonishment, and admiration? That there have been great poets in modern times far be it from us to deny. We yield to none in admiration of Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, each of whose works will live for ever. But be it remembered that the highest praise that can be bestowed on any one of the sublime trio is to compare him to Homer. Another important fact, which should be borne in mind whenever such a compari-

son is made is, that each of the three has largely borrowed from the *Iliad*. It is easy to trace some of the finest passages in *Paradise Lost*, if not in the *Inferno*, to this source; whereas Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* derives its chief materials, and nearly the whole of its interest, from the same source. In short, there is not a single great poet that has lived since Homer's time, not excepting Virgil, who has not drawn copiously from the Homeric fountain. No one understood this better than Dr. Johnson, when the great lexicographer recorded his judgment as follows: "The poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking that nation after nation, and century after century, have been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

And equally unrivalled and unapproachable is Demosthenes as an orator, Plato as a philosopher, Thucydides as an historian, Phidias as a sculptor, and Longinus as a critic. It cannot be pretended that any of these has been equalled, much less surpassed, in modern times. The same might be said of at least a dozen of ancient Romans. Nay, there are no such geniuses in our time as those of two or three centuries ago, or even of a later period. Our civilization can boast no Bacon, no Shakespeare, no Milton, no Franklin, no Newton, no Galileo, no Edmund Burke, no Descartes, no Copernicus, no Michael Angelo, no Raphael. How absurd it is then, to persist in the silly boast that the Anglo-Saxon civilization of the nineteenth century is so immeasurably superior to every other civilization the world has ever seen, and that those who enjoy its benefits are greater in proportion—a greater people, and a nobler race, than all who have gone before them!

But let us further apply the test of Mr. Buckle. Assuming it to be true that our ability is increasing, can we say that such increase is not accompanied with an increase of vice? If we cannot deny, but must, on the contrary, admit that there is an increase of evil as well as of good, we must also admit, however unpleasant such admission may be, that we are not ad-

vancing. Then let us estimate our railroads at the highest figure, and attach its full importance to the electric telegraph —taking into account all other improvements worthy of the name; but let us also look at the other side of the picture. In what category, for example, are we to place the so-called spiritualism, with its complicated machinery of table-turning, its armies of ghosts, its almost innumerable varieties of "mediums?" In which scale shall we put the "free love" societies, the woman's rights societies, and at least a score of kindred organizations? Are all these, or any of them, to be regarded as evidences of intellectual and moral progress? No doubt, if the leading members of each were consulted on the subject, they would have a good deal to say on the affirmative side. Nay, they would be astonished at the obtuseness and ignorance that would persist in maintaining the negative. But when the future historian comes to examine the facts and to weigh the pretensions and performances of each society and sect, we imagine that the verdict will be different. Indeed, there is no need of any postponement, in order to decide pretty safely on this point. There are few sensible, intelligent people, who do not regard most of the theories and "isms" alluded to as positive evils. It is well known that spirit-rapping, in its various forms and through its various agencies, has done more harm in one week than it is likely ever to compensate mankind for. Its victims are to be numbered in scores—they include thousands. Some have committed suicide under the delusion that the spirits had, for their good, counselled them to do so; others have committed murder, abandoned their wives and families, brought ruin on themselves and those depending on them, under the same hallucination; finally ending their lives on the gallows, in the state-prison, or in a lunatic asylum. And to counterbalance all the unhappiness and misery thus produced, in what manner can spiritualism be said to have benefited makind? No one can tell—no one can point out any real good it has done; whereas nothing is more evident than that it has increased vice. So has Mormonism; so has Millerism; so has "free-love," &c. Then if Mr. Buckle's theory is

correct, and it is the soundest and most philosophical enunciated in his whole book, it is not true that, with all our discoveries, inventions, and reforms, our civilization is improving, or that we are advancing as a people!

Since Mr. Buckle does not recognize religion, literature, and government, as instruments of civilization, but on the contrary maintains that they are merely some of its results, one is naturally curious to know what are, in his opinion, the chief agents of civilization. But who would expect to find skepticism placed in the first rank? This is, to say the least, giving skepticism more honor than it deserves. At the same time it cannot be denied that what may be called the secular kind of it, has been productive of some good. "The more we examine this great principle of skepticism," says the author of *Civilization in England*, "the more distinctly shall we see the immense part it has played in the progress of European civilization. To state in general terms, what in this introduction will be fully proved, it may be said that to skepticism we owe that spirit of inquiry, which, during the last two centuries has gradually encroached on every possible subject; has reformed every department of practical and speculative knowledge; has weakened the authority of the privileged classes, and thus placed liberty on a surer foundation; has chastised the despotism of princes; has restrained the arrogance of the nobles, and has even diminished the prejudices of the clergy. In a word, it is this which has remedied the fundamental errors which have made the people in politics too confiding, in science too credulous, in religion too intolerant."—(p. 308.)

No wonder that Mr. Buckle is skeptical himself when he believes skepticism to have accomplished so much. But let us examine the facts. Can it be said in the first place that it was skepticism which caused any of the great scientific discoveries and inventions by which the world has been so largely benefited? Was it by means of skepticism Newton discovered the power of gravity? or that Franklin proved that electricity and lightning are identical? Was it skepticism that taught Kepler to measure the orbits of the planets, together with their

distances from each other, and from the sun as their centre? Was it skepticism that induced the first astronomical calculation, by means of which the world was informed with unerring precision years in advance that a particular planet would be eclipsed on a certain day, hour, and minute? Nay, was it not the reverse in each case?—the same *faith* in the principles of science which enabled Fulton to disregard the scoffs and jeers of the thoughtless crowd, while, after repeated failures and disappointments he still persevered with his great undertaking until it was crowned with complete success; and which in a similar manner prompted Copernicus to pursue his solitary studies and observations on the solar system, night and day, while laughed at by learned and ignorant, by universities as well as by mobs, openly caricatured—until the world had to acknowledge that he was right, until he fully established the system which has since borne his name. Skepticism had indeed a good deal to do with the first French Revolution, but faith had much more. It was skepticism that caused the abolition of the Christian religion; but it was faith in the rights of man that caused the downfall of despotism, and the destruction of the feudal system. But our own Revolution would illustrate our position, and prove the fallacy of Mr. Buckle's argument by itself. What, for example, caused the tea to be thrown overboard in Boston harbor? What induced our ancestors to take up arms against the mother-country, and to declare the colonies free and independent? Was it not because they believed that taxation without representation was a wrong—that, as freemen, they possessed natural rights which it was their duty to protect? and the event showed that they were right.

But although Mr. Buckle fails to show that modern civilization is advancing, while he lays down not a few propositions, which, as already intimated, are the reverse of logical, those who are offended most with his peculiar views on religion and morality cannot deny that he is a powerful writer; that his book exhibits profound and extensive research, and is written n a style at once vigorous and elegant, forcible and graphic;

that, in short, it is the production of a vigorous and original mind. At the same time it is not the less true that the transition from his pages to those of Guizot's *Mémoires* is very agreeable. The author of *Civilization in Europe* writes with more system, is much more happy in his illustrations, and more successful in securing both the reader's confidence and attention than the author of *Civilization in England.* But that the latter as well as the former is a citizen of the world, a true philosopher, one whose censure or praise is influenced by no prejudices, will readily be acknowledged by all who observe the strict impartiality of his views, whether as applied to his own countrymen, to the French, or to any other people; which, however, is only to say in other words, that he is qualified for the great task he has assumed, and which he has so ably commenced in this volume.

There is probably no one now living who understands European politics better than M. Guizot, who has studied the science of government in theory and practice for upward of half a century; having commenced his political career under the first Napoleon, and continued to act the part of a statesman until the fall of Louis Philippe, under whose government he was prime minister. He saw Napoleon abdicate after so many brilliant victories, after having conquered more than half of Europe. He saw him return from Elba—fighting new battles, and finally going to end his days an exile and a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena. With the government of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. he was equally familiar; and there has scarcely been a distinguished man or woman in Europe, from 1805 to the present, with whom he has not had more or less intercourse. In short we are to regard M. Guizot's *Mémoires* as the work, not only of an experienced and profound statesman, but also as that of a great author, an eminent historian, a *savant*, and a philosopher. No one can pretend that the opinions of such a man are not of great value, especially when they are frankly and impartially given, as in the present instance, at least as impartially as any similar opinions have been given to the public in modern times. But still we search in vain in

the *Mémoires* for any evidence of the pretended vast superiority of the present European civilization. The work is chiefly, almost exclusively political; but it nowhere shows that any real progress has been made in the art of government in the nineteenth century, either in France or in any other European nation; and indeed were it otherwise alleged we might well question the veracity of the author. If it can be said with any reason at all that, as Mr. Buckle tells us, "nearly everything which has been done" in England by government "has been done amiss," who can pretend that much has been done well in France by any government of the present century, not to mention the existing despotism? Surely if the parliament of England has not advanced civilization, the so-called senates of France, Austria, and Russia, have not done so. Still less have they made progress in the science of government. But let us here ask, in passing, have we done so ourselves? Have we abler statesmen now than we had twenty, thirty, or fifty years ago? Is the administration of government more skilfully carried on? Is it carried on more in accordance with the interests of the people at large than it was at any of those periods? Is there more patriotism and less corruption? Have we better laws, or are the laws, such as they are, more judiciously and more impartially executed? Not one of these questions can, we fear, be answered in the affirmative. Nor will a comparison with the ancient governments of Greece and Rome present any more satisfactory result. Take for example the Republic of Athens. Is our Republic better under Mr. Buchanan than the Athenian Republic was in the time of Aristides and Phocion? Have we better laws, surer protection for life and property, more genius, a more cultivated taste, in a word, do we enjoy more real happiness than the ancient Athenians did? Most certainly not. No doubt the people of Athens committed grave errors as a democracy. They will always be justly blamed for having condemned Socrates and Phocion to death, and for having banished Themistocles, Aristides, and Alcibiades. Two or three other instances of tyrannical judgments and barbarous executions may be attributed to the Re-

public of Athens, but they were the results of sudden ebullitions—exceptions which rarely occurred. What is more, they were heartily deplored afterward, sincerely repented. The state solemnly asked pardon of Socrates after his death; it was then indeed too late, but all possible expiation was made. A magnificent temple was erected to his memory, and his principal accuser was confined for life in chains. Similar honors were paid to the memory of Phocion. Where is the modern state that has existed as long as the Republic of Athens that has not committed more crimes without making any attempt at expiation? France or England has committed more during one reign; so that it has been well observed of the latter that her history ought to have been written by the executioner—the functionary who has beheaded so many of her best citizens, innocent women as well as innocent men.

Those who did this, too, boasted of the progress they were making. While Cromwell, after having caused the judicial murder of the unfortunate Charles I., was butchering his countrymen in thousands for his own aggrandizement, all political writers, who did not wish to be exiled or hanged as "traitors," took good care to proclaim that the nation was making rapid progress, not only in civilization but in piety and faith. "How can you possibly expect," said the glorious protector to General Fairfax, "a rabble of London porters and apprentices to resist a nobility urged on by the principle, or rather the phantom of honor? Let us actuate them by a more powerful phantom—fanaticism! Our enemies are fighting only for their king; let us persuade our troops they are fighting for their God."

It was the same in France during the successful career of Napoleon. Even a woman was not safe if she ventured to deny that bloodshed, rapine, and usurpation, were the most efficient and admirable instruments of civilization. Instance the case of Madame de Stael, who was forced to spend most of her life in exile for no other crime. Hence it is that we read so much even at the present day of the extraordinary manner in which France flourished during the wars of the first empire.

Many foreign writers, including Americans and Englishmen, have allowed themselves to be imposed upon, and have in turn imposed on their readers, by accepting interested statements of this kind as facts. M. Theirs was the first Frenchman of any eminence who exposed the cheat; but probably the truth has never been placed in so clear a light as it is in M. Guizot's *Mémoires*. The following brief extract gives a graphic picture of the sort of progress France had to boast of in 1814:

"I have even now before my eyes the aspect of the Rue de Rivoli" (then in progress of construction) "the morning of my departure for Nimes. All was still and deserted; materials, scaffoldings, and half-finished walling—newly erected ruins—were on all sides of us; abandoned for want of money, hands, or confidence. Throughout my journey to the south, the same appearances of inactivity, joined to an uneasy restlessness, *the same visible impoverishment of the country; more women and children than men; young conscripts marching mournfully to join their corps; invalids and wounded men pouring back toward their homes; in fact, a mutilated and exhausted nation.*" (p. 29.) Nor is it any wonder that such were the fruits of habitual bloodshed. The real wonder would have been if the country had improved while its very vitals were being consumed, so to speak, by its despot ruler. To be consistent, those who maintain that France continued to improve under the first empire, notwithstanding the constant immense drain on her resources, maintain also that she deplored his abdication, and never ceased to devise means for his return from Elba; although every noteworthy occurrence which took place from the time of his escape until he had to leave France for ever, not excepting his defeat at Waterloo by Wellington, affords the strongest evidence to the contrary. Napoleon would never have abdicated had he not seen but too plainly that France was wearied of his incessant wars. Even when he did so, he had little doubt that her former love for him would soon return when she saw him in exile, and then that all Europe could not prevent her from taking him back; but his self-love deceived him for once. Week after week, and

month after month he expected a revolution in his favor, but in vain. The nation tired of war—no longer having any faith in the phantom glory—had immediately begun to reconcile itself to the new order of things. In short, all but the army and those of the people who had nothing to lose, longed for peace, which they knew they could never have enjoyed under Bonaparte. To this M. Guizot bears testimony, in the following emphatic language: "It was Napoleon alone who dethroned the Bourbons in 1815, by calling up in his own person the fanatical devotion of the army, and the revolutionary instincts of the popular masses. However tottering might be the monarchy lately restored, it required that great man, and a combination of these great social powers to subvert it. Stupified and *intimidated, France left events to take their course*, without opposition or confidence. Napoleon adopted this opinion with his admirable penetration. 'They allowed me to arrive,' he said to Count Mollien, 'as they permitted the others to depart.'"

It was a gain and not a loss to France that Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. Otherwise it must be maintained that the cannon and the bayonet are superior, as agencies of civilization, to the press and the tribune. As for liberty in its legitimate sense, nothing of the kind existed in France under the Empire. Not only was no one allowed to publish any opinions which were not favorable to the existing despotism, whether in a book, pamphlet, or newspaper, but it was a dangerous crime for one to make a casual remark at his own fireside, which was capable of a "seditious" construction, lest some member, male or female, of the numerous army of imperial spies, even if not present in the character of a friend, might be lurking so near as to overhear it. It is well known that thousands of peaceable and useful citizens lived and died in exile, rather than submit like slaves to so degrading a system of censorship and espionage. Yet it was always a favorite rallying cry with Napoleon, that he was no Frenchman who would not die for his country, as if any one could be said to have a country except in mockery, who was afraid to speak to his neighbor about

the taxes he had to pay, the hardship of having his son forced into the army, to be killed as his brother had been before him, &c., lest he might be dragged to a dungeon at midnight. No wonder that many a patriotic Frenchman learned, from 1804 to 1815, that after all France was not his conntry—that if he could be said to have a country, it was as Euripides has it in his Phæton—that land in which he was best able to live in peace and comfort, no matter how distant from the place of his nativity:

Ως πανταχῶς γε πατρις βοσχουσα γη.

Whatever may have been the faults of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, no one who is acquainted with the history of France, social and political, under their administrations, can deny that generally speaking they allowed a large amount of rational liberty. From 1815 to 1849, the liberty of the press was as fully recognized in France as in any country in Europe, not excepting England. During this period the city of Paris had more than twice as many morning and evening papers as London; and those of the former were much more ably conducted than those of the latter—each numbering among its regular contributors first-class authors—writers like Guizot, Chateaubriand, Thiers, Mignet, Salvandy, Cousin, Villemain, Lamartine, &c. Every other field of thought was equally free. Every one who wished and had the ability, wrote and published on every subject. Ample provisions were made for the education of the masses. Journals and periodicals were established in the provinces as well as in Paris, devoted exclusively to the cause of education: none were so poor but that they could have their children taught at least the rudiments of education. In short, every grade of instruction, from the primary parochial school up to that given at the Institute itself, was afforded at the expense of the state, to all who wished it, and who were not able to pay. Still the people were not satisfied; the more liberty they had, the more discontented they became. When Louis XVIII. exerted himself most to please and serve them, they were the most anxious to get rid of him. Their conduct toward Charles X. was pretty much the same.

For a while he was quite a favorite, but in the course of six months he lost all his popularity, and in a short time after his crown. Then Louis Philippe was the only man to satisfy them. They called him to be their king. He declined; they pressed the crown upon him; he had to accept. Now they had their own choice; they prized him accordingly. Whenever he appeared he was enthusiastically cheered as the "citizen king." But it was soon discovered that he, too, had faults. The latter increased weekly, until in time they became crimes—until almost everything he did was denounced as an attempt more or less wicked on the liberties of France. If he invested money like a private individual in property, for the benefit of his family, he was straightway accused with robbing the treasury; if he received the British ambassador at the Tuileries with more than usual cordiality, and especially if he made any concession to the British government, it was an infallible proof that he intended to betray *la Belle France* to *la perfide Angleterre*. The result of all this was easily foreseen; no thinking foreigner, acquainted with the circumstances, was in the least surprised, in 1848, when it was announced that the monarchy had once more fallen, and another republic had been declared. We all know what has occurred since. The same people who had no patience with the mild rule of Louis Philippe—that had scarcely set any restraint on their liberties—have now to yield obedience in gloomy silence to Napoleon III., who has trampled on the Constitution, shot down thousands in the streets of Paris in cold blood, imprisoned and banished to Cayenne and Algeria thousands more, shackled the press, silenced the tribune, and re-established the odious spy system of the First Empire.

Is all this evidence of progress? Does it show that European civilization is advancing, seeing that France is still acknowledged to be the most civilized nation in Europe? By no means. It goes far to prove the reverse; it is a bitter satire on the pretensions of those who are so much infatuated with the pretended superiority of the nineteenth century. Nor will it remove the difficulty to say that the French are an inferior

race. They have exhibited far too much genius, intelligence, and enterprise, for this. The true cause of all their troubles is to be found in their restless disposition—their insatiable love of novelty. "We resemble monkeys more than any other animals," says Voltaire, "in the talent of imitation, in the levity of our ideas, and in that *inconstancy which has always prevented our having uniform and durable laws.*" A more truthful picture could not be drawn of any people in an equal number of words. Nor is M. Guizot a more partial or less just in his *History of Civilization in France*, when he uses the following words: "I cannot but regard France as the centre, the focus of civilization of Europe. It would be going too far to say that she has always been, upon every occasion, in advance of other nations. Italy at various epochs has outstripped her in the arts; England, as regards political institutions, is by far before her; and, perhaps, at certain moments we may find other nations of Europe superior to her in various particulars; but it must still be allowed that whenever France has set forward in the career of civilization, she has sprung forth with new vigor, and soon come up with, or passed by, all her rivals." It is universally admitted that this is true of France; but no respectable writer, much less a philosopher like M. Guizot, would venture to maintain that it is because the French are a superior race, or because this is the age of progress. The nation is still sturdy and vigorous. As long as it continues so, it will make strides in advance; now and then make pauses; sometimes retrograde, the same as other nations ancient and modern have done, before falling into decrepitude. No one can infer anything else from Guizot's *Memoires*, or from all the books worth reading of which France has been the subject.

Before turning to England again to give a brief glance at the views of M. Etienne, in recent numbers of the *Revue Contemporaire*, on the present social and political aspect of that country, we may remark in general terms, that although M. Guizot's last book has disappointed many, who, from its title had expected it to be autobiographical—to contain personal reminiscences of his youth, &c., which character it does not

possess to any extent, it is everywhere full of interest for the thoughtful reader, replete with instruction not only for the student of history and politics, but for the statesman and the philosopher.

It is evident that M. Etienne has studied his subject. Few French writers who have undertaken to enlighten their countrymen on the political and social condition of England, had so well prepared themselves for the task; still fewer, perhaps, whose comments on what they have seen, heard, and examined, display less prejudice, or a more honest disposition to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. If he is not always correct in his conclusions, but on the contrary is sometimes grossly erroneous, it is not the less true that he places before the reader an amount of truth which is not often found within equal limits, and it is so presented, placed in relief, that many will wonder that the same ideas, novel though they appear at first sight, had not occurred to them before. M. Etienne divides the English into two distinct classes—one the thinking, enlightened class, which directs and governs; the other that which gets up meetings, breaks windows, &c., which never governs, but which sometimes reigns. "*Nous admettons*," he says, "*la distinction de l'Angleterre des sages, et de celle des fous.*" This, indeed, does not do justice to the masses of the people, who, whatever excesses they sometimes may commit, and however easy it is for the demagogue to impose on their credulity, are by no means a foolish race. They submit to the yoke, it is true, quietly enough; but this is only because they imagine it is of their own making; or, rather, because they think it is no yoke at all. In other words, there are no people in the world who will bear more oppression when it is exercised *selon les règles*. Their general rule is, "The parliament has sanctioned such and such, therefore it is our duty to submit to it." Thank goodness we are under no despot," &c. At the same time they are the most heavily taxed people in the world. They are taxed twice as heavily as the French, more than three times as heavily as the Austrians or the Prussians, and *four times as heavily as the Russians or the people of the United States*. To some of our readers this may appear incredible;

but it is not the less true. Nay more, in France, Prussia, and Austria, half of the entire revenues of the governments is derived from the land—that is, from the wealthy proprietors; whereas in England not more than the one thirtieth part comes from that source—the remaining twenty-nine parts being levied mainly on the articles in daily consumption among the working classes. But it is not because they submit to all this, and thank Heaven that they are not French and Russians, to be ruled by an imperial despot, that M. Etienne places them in the category of fools, but because socialism in its worst form, as well as chartism, is making, in his opinion, rapid progress among them. Nor does he make this allegation without good reason. He gives extracts from the principal chartist and socialist organs, also extracts from speeches of chartist and socialist orators, which, taken in connection with what is admitted on the same subject by the English press generally, fully sustain his views. A specimen or two of these extracts will give our readers a sufficient idea of their character. William Maccall, a leading socialist and a man of considerable ability and influence, commences an able article in a number of *The Reasoner* for March last, in which he calls upon the people in plain terms to possess themselves of the land. England, he tells them, has been conquered four times; by the Romans, by the Saxons, by the Danes, and by the Normans; she should now be conquered by the people. "A single man," he says, "has a whole beef roasted for his dinner, and ninety-nine look on with sunken cheeks and hungry eye. Certain noisy adventurers, who call themselves liberals, come forward and say that a gewgaw called the ballot is better than a slice of this beef, and the ninety-nine are foolish enough to believe them. Another thing which is not less ridiculous or less revolting is: this man who has robbed ninety-nine others of their land makes his crime an excuse for other larcenies. Having stolen the land for his eldest son, he asks with the air of an innocent victim, what will become of his other sons if the State does not take charge of them? Then the state, like a generous father, puts his second son, an idiot, into the Church, and his third

son, a vagabond, into the army or navy. * * What is the most ardent ambition of our aristocracy? To procure positions with enormous salaries and nothing to do. Well, suppose that one of us seeks a place with an immense salary and nothing to do, what name would he be called? He would be treated as a lazy and infamous scoundrel." In the *Reasoner* of March 31, 1858, the same writer says: "There are dukes whom I could name who make a near approach to complete insanity; and who would be very insignificant beings if they were not the proprietors of a county or two. It is the supreme luxury for those idiots to expel a valiant race of peasants to make room for their sheep, and afterward their sheep to make room for their deer." This article concludes like most of its class with a solemn warning to the people to be prepared for civil war. He does not, indeed, like that alternative for its own sake; but he adds that, "*a violent and short struggle is better than the long agony of generations.*"

Still more exciting and menacing, if possible, is the language of Ernest Jones. The latter mocks the pretensions of parliament—denounces them as false and hypocritical. A tone of the great Smithfield chartist meetings of the last year he asked the excited thousands who surrounded him to say, by holding up their hands, or not, what amount of confidence they had in parliament. "Let those who believe that it will never do anything for the people, raise their hands." All hands in the immense crowd were raised at once. Then he told all who refused to have confidence in himself, who did not esteem and respect him, or who did not regard him as a representative of the people, to hold up their hands; but not a single hand was raised. His meetings, held in November, 1859, at St. Martin's Hall, entitled "Evenings with the People," attracted attention throughout Europe. All the government thought it judicious and safe to do, was to request the leading journals not to publish Jones' speeches. The duke of Argyle, one of the class whom the chartists and socialists call "the thirty thousand criminals" (the landed proprietors), was just then engaged in evicting his tenants in scores to make room for his sheep

and deer. "Gentlemen," says the orator, "the men who act thus are criminals. All the acres of land that are not cultivated are so many crimes against the nation. No one has a right to more land than he can cultivate. Whoever withholds an acre from cultivation withholds a loaf from the cupboard of the poor man, a slice from his loaf, a year from his life, &c. * * * *Join with me to reconquer the land. It is the task of this generation*; *it is the mission of this century.* You speak of breaking your chains; *break those of the land* and your chains will fall of themselves," &c. It cannot be denied that ideas of this character have made rapid progress in England within the last three years, at least among the working classes; and it is equally incontestable that the governing class are becoming alarmed. Whether there is any real danger of a revolution, however, under such circumstances, or whether the chartists and socialists will attempt in our time to carry out their threats, is another question. We do not notice M. Etienne's views for the purpose of finding an argument in them in favor of the alleged decadence of England, for we are not of those who believe that any such process has yet commenced. All we desire to show is, that the English as well as the French, and the French as well as the Austrians, &c., have defects enough in their social system to prevent them from attaining perfection in their civilization. That we are in the same predicament ourselves as a nation, it were credulous to doubt; there are abundant evidences of the fact, which no one who has eyes can fail to see. The French have indeed faults from which we and the English are free; but they can with equal truth say the same of us. They labor at present under a despotism, while we enjoy liberty to its fullest extent. But the Greeks and Romans have borne the yoke of the tyrant in their best days, while the most insignificant tribes among their contemporaries have maintained the democratic form of government for centuries. Besides, it is necessary to remember that the laws which suit one people may not suit another. A speech that would cause an *emeute*, perhaps a revolution, in Paris, might not produce the slightest effect in London or New-York,

because a French audience is different from an English or an American audience. And would he not be an unskilful doctor who would treat all patients alike? And what guarantee have we that our own institutions may not one day be changed? What guarantee for their perpetuity? Should we not rather anticipate vicissitudes from history, the great political instructor of mankind—even from modern history? Let us bear in mind, for example, what Florence was in the time of the Medici; before and after. How full of instruction is the history of that once glorious state! What a brilliant, yet what a melancholy destiny! What other city in the world, save ancient Athens itself, has been so fertile in genius? Let us only mention four of her sons—Dante, Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, and Galileo—and this is proved. Yet what is it in our day? What is Venice? What has become of the great republic of the middle ages, with its doges and its Council of Ten? What of Genoa, its rival? And what is Naples, the *Magna Græcia* of ancient history? Who can pretend that the people who built Pompeii and Herculaneum were an inferior race? Nay, who can deny that they were a great race? Although at the present day there are scarcely a people in Europe who possess less spirit or energy than their posterity. How few modern nations can boast of a more brilliant career than that of the republic of the Seven United Provinces? Yet how sudden and unexpected was its fall! Nor should we forget Spain, in thus taking warning from the destinies of other nations. Had not Spain her age of progress? her era of glory? Was she not once the greatest nation in Europe, independently of being the nation to whose enlightened spirit and enterprise the world is indebted for the discovery of America? We have already observed that of all modern European nations the Spaniards were the first that had a parliament; they were also the first that had a literature. The Poem of the Cid was written as early as A. D., 1198. From this until the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Spanish literature was without a rival. Spain could boast of such authors in the sixteenth century as Cervantes, Lopa de Vega, Calderon, Ercilla, Queveda, &c.; but

scarcely one writer of eminence since! Both politically and intellectually, the nation has since been in a state of decay. This fact is obvious to the world; Spain herself knows, admits it. But it should be borne in mind as a useful lesson, that had she not been influenced by religious fanaticism and national prejudice, she might have flourished for centuries longer; since it is well known that she has never recovered the loss sustained by the expulsion of the Moors from the kingdom on pretence of their not being Christians. The majority of the 900,000 persons thus expelled, on account of their supposed opinions and origin, were among the best of her citizens—chiefly artisans; all men of intelligence, industry, and enterprise—the descendants of those who had built the Alhambra, and who had cultivated literature, and the useful and elegant arts in the Peninsula, while the rest of Europe was still sunk in barbarism. But, forsooth, they were an inferior and heretical race; and, therefore, the best way was to rob them of their property by a decree of confiscation, and send them adrift on the world. Had Spain not acted in this insane and suicidal manner, it would be as foolish to reproach her with being effete, &c., as to reproach the old man of a hundred winters with being deaf and lame, or blind, which no one but a Vandal would do. It may be replied that the circumstances in which these various peoples were placed, were different from ours, and consequently that their fate need be no warning to us. But such a reply would not, to say the least, be either philosophical or logical. Assuming it to be otherwise, however, the same objection would not hold in the case of Carthage, or the Byzantine Empire. More than one foreign writer of distinction have compared us to the Carthagenians and Byzantines. M. De Gobineau, one of the most eminent ethnologists now living, has done so, as follows, in his last great work:*

"Carthage has presented an eclat, which it will be difficult for

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* *Essai sur l'Inegalité des Races Humaines*, tome iv., p. 310, *et. seq.*

New-York to equal. Carthage was rich and great in every manner. The northern shore of Africa in its entire development, and a vast tract of the interior region, were under her control. She had been more favored in her origin, than the colony of English Puritans, for those who founded her were the offshoots of the purest families of Canaan. All that Tyre and Sidon had lost, Carthage inherited; yet Carthage has not added the value of a grain to the Semetic civilization, *nor retarded its decay for a single day.*

"Constantinople was in her turn a creation which seemed destined to surpass in splendor the present and the past, and to transform the future. Enjoying the most beautiful situation on earth—surrounded by the most fertile and populous provinces of the empire of Constantine, it appeared enfranchised, as the United States are supposed to be now, from all the obstacles which a country arrived at mature growth complains of having received from its infancy. Abounding in literature, gorged with *chefs d'œuvres* of all kinds, familiar with all the processes of industry, possessing immense and absorbing manufactories, an unlimited commerce with Europe, Asia, and Africa, what rival has Constantinople ever had? For what corner of the earth could Heaven and man have done more than was done for that majestic metropolis? And with what price has she repaid so much care? She has done nothing. She has not removed one of the evils which centuries had accumulated on the Roman universe; not a renovating idea has been evolved by her population. And there is nothing to indicate that the United States of America, more vulgarly peopled than that noble city—than Carthage especially—is destined to better success."

It is not necessary that the opinion of M. De Gobineau, in reference to the destiny of the United States and the relative character of their inhabitants, should be true, in order that we should learn a lesson from the fate of the Carthagenians and the Byzantines, if not from any other nations referred to above. It is sufficient for us to know that each were once a great nation, a nation of the most brilliant prospects, and that to-day there is not a vestige of either left. Here the excuse of inferiority of race is out of the question. No intelligent person would venture to maintain that the Carthagenians, the descendants of the Phœnicians, and for centuries the rivals of the

Romans, were an inferior people; still less could it be pretended that the Byzantines, who were a mixture of Greeks and Romans, were inferior. But those who have faith in their own superiority—whose self-love gets the better of their judgment, are never at a loss for what they consider good and sufficient reason for any misfortune that has befallen others. Hence it is that we sometimes hear, oh! the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Romans, &c., were probably very good races—some of them races of the first class, but they all lacked something that we possess. They had not the good common sense that we have. Their vices were innumerable—many of them revolting. In short they were not Christians as we are, but Pagans. They had neither railroads nor telegraphs, newspapers nor free schools. And see what such and such of their great men did! No such barbarities could be perpetrated in the nineteenth century, &c. This is bad logic—the logic of vainglory and narrow-mindedness—the logic of the village orator who undertakes to prove, at a holiday meeting, that of all communities in the world, of equal extent, that which is so fortunate as to number him among its members has most virtue, spirit, and genius; it is the logic of the bigoted Chinaman who complacently sets down all but Chinese as "outside barbarians." But it is not the logic of any historian, ancient or modern, worthy of the name. If history were made of such materials it were an abuse of language to call it an instructor—it were vain to quote our Humes, our Gibbons, our Prescotts, our Macaulays, our Bancrofts, because they would deceive rather than enlighten us; whereas we can refer to each with confidence, satisfied that he has studied and written not to flatter, but to instruct us. The same is true of Mr. Buckle; let the defects of his history be what they may in other respects, far from being open to the charge of pandering to popular prejudices, he everywhere opposes them with manliness and vigor. Nor is Mr. Froude less honest and liberal in his *History of England*, less willing to tell the truth about his own countrymen, or to do justice to other nations, ancient and modern. In exposing in his fourth volume the absurdity of pretending

to pass judgment on the motives and conduct of those who existed hundreds, perhaps thousands of years ago, in a manner to show the superiority of the present generation, he makes the following pertinent observations:

"If from those whom we daily meet, whose features are before our eyes, and whose minds we can probe with questions, we are divided by impalpable and mysterious barriers, how are the difficulties of the understanding increased when we are looking back from another age, with no better assistance than books, upon men who played their parts on the earth under other outward circumstances, with other beliefs, other habits, other modes of thought, other principles of judgment! We see beings like ourselves, and yet different from ourselves. Here they are acting upon motives which we comprehend; there, though we try as we will, no feeling will answer in union. The same actions which at one time are an evidence of inhumanity, may arise in another out of mercy and benevolence. Laws which in the simplest stages of society are rational and useful, become mischievous when the problem which they were meant to solve has been complicated by new elements. As the old man forgets his childhood; as the grown man and the youth rarely comprehend each other; as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties, do not reason to the same conclusions, so is the past a perplexity to the present; it lies behind us as an enigma, *easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy, alike in those who read and those who write.*" Vol. iv., p. 2.

Would it not be more profitable as well as more creditable for the present generation to try to discover their defects with the view of correcting them, than to be constantly exaggerating their merits. Those who fancy themselves wiser than their neighbors and fathers are not likely to study much. Why should they? Since they know more than all others, why waste their valuable time in search of superfluous knowledge? It is very well for an inferior people to make drudges of themselves in this way, or allow their children to do so; but Titans must be more dignified—more precious about their health, comfort, &c. Let the former toil on—learn what they may, they will still be inferior; while at worst, the latter have their

ancestors to boast of; though their ancestral pretensions may sometimes have no better foundation to rest upon than those of the mule in the fable. Schools have indeed multiplied in our time. The poorest have opportunities of securing at least the rudiments of education. But it is not the less true that there is a general, increasing aversion to study—a general unwillingness to take the trouble of penetrating beyond the surface, and this is one of the most fatal symptoms that any civilization can exhibit.

ART. VI.—1. *The Two Paths. Being Lectures on Art, and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. Delivered in* 1858, *by* JOHN RUSKIN. London: 1859.

2. *Sacred and Legendary Art.* By MRS. JAMESON. Third Edition. London: 1857.

3. *Memoirs of Early Italian Painters.* By MRS. JAMESON. London: 1859.

4. *The Epochs of Painting Characterized.* By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM. London: 1859.

THE love of Art, and taste for its manifestations, are increasing among us with the growing wealth of our country, and greater intercourse with foreign nations. Our empire is young—brought into existence under peculiar circumstances of poverty and privation. We have grown up rapidly, and are now somewhat in the condition of the individual, *nouveau riche*, with tastes uncultivated, and scarcely knowing what to do with his accumulations.

But while we admit this, let no supercilious foreigner imagine that this sense of certain deficiencies renders us in any degree abject or servilely dependent upon other nations for our Literature or Art. As a branch of a great race, we claim our inheritance in common with our European brethren to the wealth of ancient Art—and we believe that the transplanting

of this scion of a noble and vigorous stock to the soil, climate, and grand scenery of a new world, has given to it a greater tendency to elevation and expansion, both physical and intellectual. The more respect and justice we receive from other countries, the less shall we feel ourselves compelled to assert our own claims. We may with some complacency read the following tribute to our national character, in a late treatise on the "advance of Science," by a popular English writer.* "The collective wisdom and experience of Europe and the United States of America is now brought to bear on subjects of the highest importance, in annual meetings, where the common pursuit of truth is as beneficial to the moral as to the intellectual character." Again, the same writer, in remarking upon the liberal and benevolent spirit which prevails in respect to public charities and improvements, says: "Happily this spirit is not confined to Britain, it is universal in the States of the American Union, and it is spreading widely through the most civilized countries of Europe."

Having soothed our national pride by the consideration of being placed by the English next to themselves in the march of civilization and refinement, and moreover fortified our self-respect by asserting that we think ourselves as good as any other people, we will dare to descend to the reality of our condition in respect to the Fine Arts. This is indeed our weakest point, considered as to the past; but encouraging in the present, and full of hope for the future.

We must acknowlege that we have hitherto in a degree neglected the higher works of Art in attention to the business of life. The "main chance," an expressive Americanism, has occupied the intellect and absorbed the thoughts of our men, and often of our women too. This was the natural result of the peculiar circumstances attending the settlement and growth of our nation. When the Puritans landed on the rocky shores of New-England, they were filled with lofty ideas of their high mission as the founders of a purer worship, divested of what they considered as useless formalities and fatal corruptions of the "faith once delivered to the saints." They

* Mrs. Somerville.

had renounced, in reality "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. They only sought. at first, to construct rude shelters for their families, and to gain subsistence from a hard soil. When they left their homes of luxury in the "Old World," they burdened themselves with no pictures or statues to decorate their forest homes. Their Bibles and some few religious books, their wives and children, implements of husbandry, seeds for the culture of useful plants, with articles of necessary household furniture, constituted the freight of the "May-Flower," and the earliest New-England bound vessels.

There are of the present generation those who, in descent, are not far removed from the Pilgrim Fathers, who can say of Winthrop, and Salstonstall, and Hooker, they were the immediate ancestors of my grandparents. Such can recall the simplicity of their own early homes, where no pictures decorated the rude walls, no statues stood in classic niches, nor Sevres china adorned *étégeres* of *buhl*.

Their unpainted pine or oaken *buffets* or cupboards, as they were called, offered to the view cups and saucers of common delf-ware, and pewter plates and porringers, somewhat ostentatiously arranged. Sometimes a few China pieces, a silver teapot or tankard brought from England by our grandmother, commanded our childish admiration, and seemed to give a kind of aristocratic distinction above our neighbors' children. And a stiff brocade silk, with bright flowers looking fresh as if just blooming in nature's garden (and which modern art has never surpassed), would sometimes be brought out from an old iron-bound chest, to our wondering gaze—and we would think what a grand lady that great great-aunt or grandmother must have been, who wore such a magnificent dress. Such relics, with the regimentals worn by our grandfather in the "Old French War," and the revolutionary uniform of our father, were almost the only works of Art which, in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, met the notice of the descendants of the Puritans. The pictures in our primers were pondered over with a degree of awe; and the "Great Bible brought from England" was, on special occasions, opened to our astonished vision.

The churches of New-England! how would those who fled, as Cotton Mather says, "from the deprivations of Europe to the American strand," have recoiled at the very name of church!—they wished to show their abhorrence to prelacy in all its forms. What to them were organs, and surplices, and naves, and chancels, and fonts, but so many accompaniments of popery, or of a prelatical English Church, in no way better than that of Rome!—and did not our New-England divines, in their box-pulpits on Sundays, and our grandfathers daily, standing by the backs of their chairs at the home fireside, pray for the downfall of the Pope and the devil?

America was indeed a barren school of Art from the period of its settlement to the beginning of the present century. True it is that Copley and Trumbull, and a few others, had begun to produce paintings of some merit; but Lord Lyndhurst, the son of the former, says his father never saw a good picture until he was thirty years of age. Trumbull first appears in public life as a schoolmaster. Reading of Zeuxis and Apelles, he became ambitious to be a painter. His first efforts in drawing are said to have been in making figures upon the sanded floor of his mother's parlor, the luxury of carpets in those days being mostly unknown. His father attempted to dissuade him from the profitless career of a painter's life. "What," said he, "attempt to be an artist in Connecticut—do you think this is Athens?" And yet in his native State did Trumbull do something toward awakening the dormant love of Art, and Yale College is still proud of his historical paintings. West, and Stuart, and Allston, were but the forerunners of a race of artists who have been celebrated at home and abroad, and have rescued America from the reproach of having produced no distinguished painters.

Like the lone flowers that lift their heads amidst Alpine snows, appear the few poets and painters of New-England, before religious toleration and a more extended intercourse with foreign nations had softened the rigidity of the Puritan character. But, that grand and noble, in some of its aspects, was that character, none can deny. Its sternness, its opposi-

tion to the refining influences and innocent enjoyments of life, were deeply laid in historical associations, and the circumstances of their own lives. The licentiousness of the Court of Charles II. caused the good men of his day to retire in disgust from the scenes of vice and folly. Evelyn, a Christian gentleman, who might have held a high position by pandering to the profligacy of the gay monarch, preferred rather to live in obscurity. But Pepys, of inferior origin and less fastidious principles, became rich and influential; the former sank as the latter rose, but in a moral point of view the high and the low appear reversed. Let the interesting memoirs of these two men give their testimony. They are well worth reading, as throwing different, but important lights upon the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

Puritanism did not expire with the Cromwells. The New-England settlers bore in their hearts, with hatred of the prelacy, which they regarded as the source of their persecution, a contempt for pleasure and refinement, connecting them with the misfortunes and disgraces of their country, following upon the voluptuous reign of Charles II., and that of his brother, the jesuitical and double-dealing James.

The settlers of New-York brought with them some few pictures of the Dutch school of art. The pen-pictures of Washington Irving delineate the early history of the Knickerbockers. At this day we are all one people. Men and women dress, talk, and act, much the same in Boston and New-York, and our Art has a national character.

Very different from the self-renouncing, self-sacrificing Puritan, and the jolly, pipe-loving Dutchman, was the dashing Cavalier who came to Southern Virginia, as was once termed the country now constituting Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas; while all the territory in America north of this was then indefinitely termed Northern Virginia. From the beginning, life was different in Southern Virginia. The Cavalier was not scrupulous in respect to the enjoyments of life; he loved music and dancing, and good dinners. And yet there were of this class men of elevated minds, who, without Puritan

stiffness of manners, or sternness of character, were such as we may suppose Evelyn to have been. He loved pictures and other works of art; he did not condemn elegant literature; he was a churchman in days when persecution rendered it dangerous to be so.

The settlers of Southern Virginia brought with them wealth, and as many of the elegancies of life as they could transport. They built churches, and modelled their houses, as far as they could, after the halls, villas, and country-seats they had left in England. Spinnets and harpsichords were used by dainty-fingered ladies, to whom the use of the loom and spinning-wheel was unknown. While the women of Northern Virginia (or New-England) and New-York were frugal and industrious, taking their share in the hardships of the times, the Southern women were accustomed to a chivalrous courtesy from the other sex, and treated as "the lilies of the field, who toil not, neither do they spin."

It may seem as if we had far diverged from the subject of this article, or from that which the titles of our text-books might suggest, but it seemed well that we should see how things are at home before we go abroad—that we should briefly sketch what have been our own difficulties in respect to the studies of art, before considering its progress in ancient Greece and Rome. In short, we wished to establish a kind of acquaintance and sympathy with our readers, before setting out upon a journey that must carry us into distant countries, and far back the stream of time.

In our country there has, of late, sprung up a new interest in the Fine Arts, and in architecture—considered in a higher view than as a mechanic art. This is the natural result of increasing wealth, and of intercourse with those countries in Europe where works of high art are considered the most precious treasures. At first it was thought by American travellers a duty to visit such works, though often with little appreciation of their merit. They had never, at home, visited galleries of paintings; they had read no books on the subject of art.

"Such a traveller," says Horace Binney Wallace, "reads of art, and conjectures what it may be, with something of the wondering, half-credulous curiosity with which he might hear of a new sense. The astonishment of delight with which the glorious beauties of the masterpieces of the pencil and chisel at last roll over his spirit, mingling thought and feeling together in a tumultuous reaction of enjoyment, when at some late day, in the fullness, perhaps, of reflective sensibility, and the maturity of a taste cultivated by literature and society, he comes, for the first time, into the presence of a new order of illustrations of divine characteristics, can be dimly appreciated by him to whom acquaintance with such things has been gradually prolonged."

Yet, it is true, that in America we have had little opportunity for cultivating a love of the Fine Arts. We are such a working, hurrying people, so utilitarian in our notions, that it is difficult for us to arrive at the conclusion that there is anything in this world more desirable than "bank-stock investments," or "good mortgages, well secured." But as we have said, there is a change in our national character, and that the philosophy of the Fine Arts is now commanding, if not general attention among us, at least the consideration of many of the cultivated and refined.

There are two lights in which this subject might be pursued: the one philosophical, the other historical; but our limits will compel us to blend these in our remarks on the origin of the arts, and their influence on individual and national character, and the happiness and refinement of social life.

To no two writers of the day is society more indebted for works on the subject of art than to John Ruskin and Mrs. Jameson. It is so common for those who know little upon the subject of which he treats, to quote Ruskin, that his name has become somewhat repulsive to many, who, if they would take the trouble to study his works for themselves, would find in them much that is useful and worthy of admiration, with a sprinkling of moral and religious sentiment beautifully harmonizing with his great theme of art.

In the preface to the small volume called the *Two Paths*, one of the latest works of Ruskin, he makes the following remarks:

"The aim of these addresses is to set one or two main principles of art before the general student, and to introduce their practical bearing on modern design. The law which it has been my effort chiefly to illustrate, is the dependence of all noble design, in any kind, on the sculpture or painting of *organic form*. This is the vital law lying at the foot of art that I have ever tried to teach, respecting architectural or any other art.

This, then, is the right one of the *Two Paths*, the sculpture or painting of organic form, as seen in nature—the other, or the *wrong path*, is the opposite—a departure from natural organic form. "Let the artist pause," says Ruskin, at the parting of the two paths." Throughout the lecture there is a constant recurrence to the source and fountain of the true and beautiful in art, as developed in painting, sculpture, and architecture.

The *wrong path* is that which starts from a disregard to nature. The *right path* begins with the observation of nature, the interpretation though not servile imitation of her organic forms; and this path leads to the true and the beautiful, which constitute what is noble and excellent in nature or art. By organic forms is intended such as we find in the animal or vegetable creations, where flowing, graceful lines appear; while inorganic forms exhibit straight lines or angles, as in crystals. Such are the lines which are seen on Indian fabrics and carvings. From this stand-point, nature, we may, according to Ruskin, argue that the cultivation of art must tend to the improvement of society, not only in respect to decency and refinement, but in the higher humanities: the moral character and elevation of the soul; thus may Art become the handmaid of the social virtues and of a pure religion.

But what shall we say of Grecian sculpture, the offspring of fables connected with the mythology of ancient Greece, and perpetuated by her great masters? Shall we, like the Goths and Vandals, trample under foot the sublime works of Phidias, Scopas, and Praxiteles, because they represent heathen deities? Let us venerate the art, while we pity the delusions which led the heathen "to seek out many inven-

tions" concerning the God whom they knew not, until St. Paul *declared Him unto them.* The Athenians becoming disgusted with their idols of stone, at length erected an altar to the "Unknown God," blindly attempting to "feel after him."

But to return to Grecian sculpture. While as an art it attained to the highest degree of perfection, it was profaned to base purposes as the handmaid of a false and sensuous religion. Nature was indeed studied in her grandest and most beautiful organic forms, to produce the sublime Jupiter of Phidias and the voluptuous Venus of Praxiteles. As man and woman they were noble works of art; but as deities, what were they? St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "We know that an idol is nothing in the world; and that there is none other God but one. For though there be that are called gods, there is but one God the Father, of whom are all things; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things." The demoralizing tendency of idolatry, both sacred and profane history affirm; and so far as ancient sculpture ministered to the depraved taste of idol-worshippers, whether in chiselling Grecian or Roman temples or statues, or the wonderful Hindoo temples, with their many-headed gods, we must regard it as a minister of evil. And yet it sometimes speaks to us of glimpses of a better faith, as in the celebrated Temple at the island of Elephanta, the colossal figure with its three heads representing one god. It is a bust eighteen feet in height; the middle face, according to Hindoo tradition, represents Brahma, the creator; on the left is Vishnu, the preserver (savior); and on the right, Sivar the god of fire. What legend in ages far back of the Christian era suggested such a work to the heathen sculptor—this Hindoo Trinity, or *Trimourti*, as it is expressly called? In this eagerness of mankind to invent objects of religious worship, we see man's necessity for some religious faith.

The One God manifested himself to his chosen people. Idolatry was forbidden to the Jews—not the making of images, but the worshipping of them. "The Lord called Bezaleel, of the tribe of Judah, and he was filled with the Spirit of

God, wisdom, and understanding; and in all knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship." We have here the germ of ancient architecture, as developed in the magnificent temple of Solomon and its decorations. Even before this period, the Scriptures inform us that Cain builded a city; and of an attempt to build the tower of Babel. The pyramids and obelisks of Egypt are of an antiquity greater that than of the Temple of Solomon.

Genius is indeed the "Spirit of God;" it must exist in the soul; no labor or cultivation can supply it when wanting; but when there it will manifest itself, breaking through interposing obstacles. All that is great, noble, and beautiful, in the Fine Arts, has proceeded from original genius. Cultivation may produce imitations, but never originals. A taste for art is very different from the power to create, or execute—the taste to enjoy, to appreciate, to distinguish the true from the false—this may be acquired by study, by travel, and the attentive observation of great works of art. The refinements in such cannot be understood, nor the harmonies felt, except by those who have enjoyed such advantages, and entered deeply into the subject as a study, a science. True, there are degrees in connoisseurship; and one should never despair, though sensible how much he has to learn before he can be fitted to decide upon the merits of art. The power of feeling and enjoying is another thing, and this may be possessed in a high degree, without the ability to philosophize upon the causes which tend to produce certain impressions.

We have, then, the *artist*, who can execute; the *critic* or *connoisseur*, who can judge of the real merit of works of art; and the *amateur*, who knows nothing of rules, but only feels. There are many—perhaps this class includes the greater part of mankind—who feel no interest in the matter; the eyes of whose soul seem never to have been opened to behold the grand, beautiful, or picturesque. To him who can only think

of the value of coal mines, when he visits a picturesque, undulating valley, among the Alleghanies, the beauty of the scenery is nothing. The "Heart of the Andes" to the gold-digger might be visited without other emotion than that connected with the excitement of his eager search; but our own Church, of whom America may well be proud, could there find what is more precious than gold, the manifestation of God's power in His mighty works speaking to the soul of man —and many others, too, might have seen and felt this; but to him alone was given the power to idealize the scene, and represent it in its native grandeur and beauty—a picture, and yet a living reflection.

According to Pliny, Lysippus left fifteen hundred statues of bronze. Among them is the celebrated Warwick vase, which the traveller to Warwick castle does not fail to observe standing in a garden at a little distance from the castle. It is of marble, exquisitely carved, and might contain a small group of persons within its capacious bowl. It was discovered in 1770, among the ruins of Adrian's villa. To Lysippus has been ascribed the execution of the four bronze horses which now stand above the front entrance of old St. Mark's church at Venice. Who that has seen those perfect ideals of one of the finest of animals would ever forget the impression made by them upon his mind, standing as they do in a place around which history, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture, all combine to diffuse a hallowed radiance? According to history, the horses were carried from Corinth to Rome in the days of Nero, transferred from thence to Constantinople on the decline of the Roman empire; and finally, the Venetians, becoming conquerors of the Eastern empire, conveyed the horses to Venice, placing them in their present position. But their race was not yet ended, for Napoleon, in the flush of his victories, and desiring to be the possessor as well as conqueror of the world, ordered these ancient bronze horses to Paris, to decorate the *Place de Carousel.* After the fall of Napoleon they were restored to Venice. What a theme for meditation upon the fall of nations!

To Agesander of Rhodes belongs the renown of the celebrated group of the Laocoon. The artist is said to have been assisted in his work by his two sons, which renders the introduction into the group of the two children of Laocoon the more interesting.

The scholar will recall the description given by Virgil, on which the sculptor founded his work. Laocoon, a priest of Apollo, has attempted to dissuade the Trojans from admitting the wooden horse into the city. While standing by the altar on which he is about to offer sacrifice to propitiate Neptune toward the Trojans, the latter, influenced by Minerva, who favors the Greeks, sends from the sea two huge serpents, who attack the children of Laocoon. Attempting to defend them, the three become enveloped in the horrible embrace of the serpents. Though the subject of this great work of art is disagreeable and repulsive, its execution is grand. The peculiar excellence consists in the grouping of the figures, the contrast of attitudes, and the perfection of the outlines, together with the variety of the expression of emotions given to the father and the children, indicative of their individual character and ages. The sea-monsters bind together and make up the group. This work originally decorated the baths of Titus, where it was found amid its ruins, near the close of the fifteenth century, and is now in the Vatican at Rome. Ruskin, with his bold disregard for ancient and popular opinion, speaks of the "meagre lines and contemptible tortures" in the group of the Laocoon. But it will probably survive his criticism, and that of some other critics, who are no less severe upon Virgil than upon the sculptor who immortalized his story in marble.

But we may not linger among the monuments of ancient sculpture, which are even now numerous in most of the galleries of art in Europe, and of which a *very* few may be found in our country—or, rather, we might say, some mutilated parts of ancient statues—a hand or foot, or some part of a figure. Their antiquity alone inspires a feeling of awe and veneration.

A long night of darkness brooded over the Fine Arts after the decay of Grecian and Roman power. Sculpture was almost

lost to the world; and at the beginning of the fifteenth century few vestiges of ancient art remained. What are now existing have been, in most cases, disintered from ruins of temples, and gardens, and palaces, or had been otherwise almost miraculously preserved.

The art of painting is of great antiquity. Egyptian and Hindoo pictures are the oldest of which we have any records, and they were rather a *symbolic writing*, or colored hieroglyph, than a liberal art. The Greeks considered Egypt as the parent of civilization and the arts. The people of this country, according to Herodotus, invented the names of the twelve gods, and from them the Greeks derived their mythology. Paintings are still extant in Egypt upon the walls of tombs and temples, and exist on the cases and wrappings of mummies. In none of the paintings are there any of the evidences of the least knowledge of perspective. The British Museum contains many interesting relics of Egyptian painting and sculpture, as it does the wonderful Nineveh sculptures excavated by Layard. The Pelasgi, a migratory race, who were the most ancient known inhabitants of Greece, having communication with Egypt and the countries in Asia Minor, became acquainted with their arts. About the time of Solon, the Greeks appeared to have established something like a school of art. According to Pliny, painting was established in Italy as early as Tarquinius Priscus. In the year 463, B. C., Polygnotus, at Athens, is said to have first raised painting to the dignity of an independent art. "From him," says Wornum, "may be dated the commencement of *subjective* style in painting; that is, its subjective treatment. *Subjective* is here used in opposition to *objective*. A work of art may be said to be subjectively treated when it is characterized more by the peculiar æsthetic or idiosyncratic development of the artist himself, than by the ordinary condition of the object or objects treated of."

Painting is not the mere representation of visible objects upon a plain surface, by means of form and color; in the higher and æsthetical sense it expresses their invisible powers

and spiritual nature. In other words, a painter does not confine himself to the exact copying of nature, but gives his own mental conception or *idea* of the object or scene he delineates. Where the faculty of imagination is dull and inactive, genius is wanting, and from such source no high work of art can emanate. But the idea may exist in the mind without the power to embody it in painting—as music may be in the soul of one who can neither sing nor perform upon any musical instrument. "Nature and idea," says Goethe, "cannot be separated without destroying art as well as life. When artists speak of nature, idea is always understood without their being conscious of it."

As we advance in the history of Art, we find, with the *renaissance* or revival of letters, that painting acquires a new importance. In some instances the same great masters appear with equal power in the two departments of sculpture and painting.

Michael Angelo was a poet, painter, sculptor, and architect. His was truly a gigantic intellect, a phenomenon such as the world has seldom known; his very name, after the lapse of three hundred years, awakens in the mind a sentiment of awe, as if we had invoked the presence of a being of a higher order than the race of men who now walk the earth; and yet we must make some allowance for the prestige thrown around his name by the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, just in that period of reviving art, with few competitors; a light shining amid surrounding darkness!

Lorenzo de Medici, the patron of the arts at Florence, encouraged Michael Angelo, who began as a painter, to pursue the study of sculpture in the school of the Medici garden. Discoveries of ancient works of art, about this period, stimulated artists to make new efforts. Comparisons in favor of the ancients were made derogatory to the (then) modern works. Michael Angelo having chiselled his celebrated Cupid, was persuaded to stain it in such a manner as to give it the appearance of antique sculpture. It was then carried to Rome and buried in a vineyard, whence, as by accident, it was found

and exhibited to the public. A great price was paid for this antique Cupid. When the real artist became known he was no longer obscure—his reputation was established. To Angelo, under the direction of Pope Julian II., belongs the honor of the design of St. Peter's church at Rome, which was one hundred and fifty years in building.

We find in the fifth century Byzantium rich in works of the ancient masters, which had been transferred from Athens, Corinth, and Rome, by barbarian conquerors, who had ravaged the latter city of her own spoils of vanquished Greece. These treasures of art were ruthlessly destroyed by fanatics, who, in their fury against Paganism, demolished statues and temples of marble, and melted pillars and statuary of bronze. The finest paintings which then existed shared the fate of other works of art. On the one hand were the Christians, bent on destroying every vestige of Pagan idolatry; and on the other, were the *Iconoclasts* (image breakers), who sought to divest Christianity of the sensuous worship which had gradually incorporated itself with the religion of Jesus Christ. But barbarous and malignant as was their crusade against idol-worship, we can see some excuse at that period in the fear that Christianity might relapse into degrading idolatry.

It is with some hesitation that we approach this subject, which involves principles of no easy solution in respect to religious faith. We have before us Mrs. Jameson's various works on art; and as we proceed in our remarks upon them, in relation to æsthetics, we shall freely express our own views concerning what may be termed *religious art.**

There are beings of a high order of soul who seem better fitted for Heaven than for this grovelling world. It may not be for the happiness of common life to possess ideality in a high degree; to imagine how the scenes in which we must be daily actors would appear delineated on canvas, or described in a

* The Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have, as most of our readers are aware, published a beautiful edition of her miscellaneous works, in six volumes, "blue and gold," uniform with the works of Tennyson, Longfellow, Leigh Hunt, &c.—an edition which afforded both pleasure and profit to the gifted authoress, and which would form a valuable addition to any lady's library.

poem—like a high-keyed instrument which is likely to jar, or produce discords with other instruments of lower tone, there are minds too sensitive to a rude touch; yet such minds we love and revere, though we must sometimes pity. Who that has a human soul would wound or crush such a spirit! Who that possesses sensibility does not desire it in a friend, even though this may demand greater delicacy and tenderness!

The reader may find in the *Diary of an Ennuyée* some stanzas which tell the story of the wounded affections of the author, and the sorrows of her lot:

> "But a spirit is burning within me,
> Unquenched and unquenchable; yet
> It shall teach me to bear, uncomplaining,
> The grief I can never forget."

And thus did she bear her sorrows—searching into the grand, and beautiful, and imaginative in art, and leading other minds to a better understanding of their import; ministering with scanty means to the wants of others, seeking to improve the social condition of the poor, and to aid in the reformation of the fallen, especially those of her own sex.

Time has been called the comforter of sorrow. Nature can often do the work of time, where old associations are made to give place to new scenes. But in the case of Mrs. Jameson, her griefs were incurable, for they were inwrought with life's whole scope; they were, therefore, to be endured as best they might. May her example induce others to seek for consolation in study, mental activity and benevolence. "We cannot," says the author of *Legendary Art*, "look round a picture gallery, we cannot turn over a portfolio of prints, without perceiving how many of the most celebrated productions of art represent incidents and characters taken from the once popular legends of the Catholic Church." The object of this work of Mrs. Jameson is to investigate these legends, which become more interesting with an increasing passion for the works of the middle ages.

The only literature of those days was the collecting and relating to the people whatever was connected with the suffer-

ings of saints and martyrs. "In these universally diffused legends," says Mrs. Jameson, "we may recognize the means, at least one of the means, by which a merciful Providence, working through its own immutable laws, had prevailed against the utter depravation, almost extinction of society. Of the *dark ages*, emphatically so called, the period to which I allude was perhaps the darkest; it was, of night's black arch, the key-stone."

The *Legendary Art* of the three centuries preceding the revival of learning, was the reflection of that teaching which had kept alive in the hearts of men the *principles of Christianity*—"a literature in which peace was represented as better than war, and sufferance more dignified than resistance—which exhibited poverty and toil as honorable, and charity as the first of virtues; which held up to imitation and emulation self-sacrifice in the cause of good, and contempt of death for conscience' sake; a literature in which the tenderness, the charity, and the heroism of woman played a conspicuous part—which refreshed the fevered and darkened spirit with images of moral beauty and truth; revealed bright glimpses of a better land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and brought down the angels of God with shining wings and beaming glory, to do battle with the demons of darkness, to catch the fleeting soul of the triumphant martyr, and carry it at once into the paradise of eternal blessedness and peace."

The subject of the origin and the value of *Legendary Art* is thus beautifully and forcibly set before us by the author of the work whose suggestions we are now considering. When the intellect and soul were famishing, it was something to possess even such a literature. With the revival of the fine arts, the religious spirit of the time made its impress upon them: painting, sculpture, and architecture, as they gradually emerged from this dark and dormant state, were pressed into the service of religion. The first great object of reviving art was to render Christian temples attractive and enlivening to devotion, by the representation of scenes connected with the Christian faith. This medieval art should be respected, though we do

not give credence to the legends with which it was connected. The monuments of a real, and earnest, though misguided faith, should be viewed with reverence. "All that God has permitted once to exist in the past, should be considered as the possession of the present, sacred for example and warning, and held as the foundation on which to build up what is better and purer." "Our puritanical ancestors," says Mrs. Jameson, "chopped off the heads of Madonnas and saints, and paid vagabonds to smash the storied windows of our cathedrals; now, are these outraged shapes of beauty coming back to us, or are we not rather going back to them?"

To profess an exclusive preference to modern art, depreciating the great works of the ancients should be deemed unworthy of the favored few to whom God, as to Bezaleel of old, has given His spirit, or endowed with genius to execute great and noble works; and as to those to whom it is allowed to look in and see what genius has done, far be the profanity of saying, of any work of art deserving the name, "It is naught, it is naught!"

Neither should modern art abjectly follow in the footsteps of the ancient, but seek for excellence in the study of nature, and in the free exercise of such original genius as God has given, unfettered by rules of any school of art. Says Mrs. Jameson:

"It is about a hundred years" (she might have dated back to the days of Evelyn, and Pepys, and Thorsby) "since the passion or fashion for collecting works of art began to be generally diffused among the rich and the noble of the land; and it is amusing to look back and consider the perversions and affectations of the would-be-connoisseurship during that period — the very small stock of ideas on which people set up a pretension to taste, the false notions, the mixture of pedantry and ignorance which everywhere prevailed. The publication of Richardson's book (*History of Painting*), and Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses, had this advantage: that they, to a certain degree, diffused a more elevated idea of art as *art*; and that thi placed connoisseurship on a better and truer basis. In those days we had *Inquiries into the Principles of Taste, Treatises on the Sublime and Beautiful, Anecdotes of Painters;* and they abounded in antiqua-

rian essays on disputed pictures and mutilated statues; but then, and up to a late period, any inquiries into the *true* spirit and significance of art, as connected with the history of religion and civilization, would have appeared ridiculous, or perhaps dangerous; we should have had another cry of 'No Popery,' and acts of Parliament forbidding the importation of saints and Madonnas. Happily there is a growing appreciation of the principles of criticism, as applied to the studies of Art."

The practical use of the studies of legendary art, besides gratifying the desire to trace to some cause whatever we find existing, is in learning the character and import of ancient pictures and copies of them. For example, suppose we have hanging before us in our library a fine old picture representing a hermit or saint, as we imagine. He has a bald head and long beard, with emaciated features; he is poring over a huge book, and in his left hand holds a bell. Suppose we had bought this (as was the case) for a St. Jerome, and that we had ignorantly so called it when questioned as to the subject; but in our search into legendary art we find St. Jerome is represented as a portly man, usually accompanied by a lion; while St. Anthony, thin and emaciated, is represented with a bell, which, as the legends say, he used in exorcising the devil.

There are two ways of regarding the representation in sculpture or painting of the mother of our Saviour. The one which considers her as an object of worship, and the other which regards the statue or picture as a mere work of art; with the latter we would associate a feeling of a seriousness and veneration, as of any human being who had claims to such distinction. Mrs. Jameson makes some concessions which notwithstanding her *Protestantism* in profession, savor of a leaning toward *Catholicism*, from which she seems to recoil when considering the subject in the abstract. That the study of her works on Art have produced this effect on some other minds, we have had opportunities of knowing; but then such minds must have had a *leaning* that way, and may as well have *gone* over.

With the Christian religion new ideas were introduced into the world of the peculiar religious character of women; a new type, differing entirely from the conceptions of the lofty Juno, the stern Minerva, or the voluptuous Venus. To the fifth century is referred the most ancient representation in art of the Mother of Christ. In 431 the Nestorians maintained that Mary was mother of the man, but not of God, and that, consequently, the title which had been applied to her, "Mother of God," was improper and profane. The Nestorians were condemned by the Council of Ephesus as heretics, and after this it became common to represent the "Madonna and Child;" so that this group was not at first considered as a mere work of art, but a *theological symbol.* The Empress Eudosia, about the middle of the fifth century, when travelling in the Holy Land, sent to a church in Constantinople a picture of the Virgin with the Child in her arms. The relic is said to have been taken by the Turks in 1453.

For three hundred years, or until the eighth century, the images of the Virgin and Child by sculpture and painting were multiplied. But the iconoclasts, whose ravages we have before mentioned, spared none of them which they could lay hands upon. In the Western Empire, Gregory II. opposing this work of destruction, aided in the preservation of art in Italy. From the period of Charlemague to the first Crusade, the multiplication of pictures on sacred subjects continued to increase. The Annunciation, the Nativity, and the Worship of the Magi and Shepherds, were favorite subjects. Scenes from the gospel history were introduced. Religious paintings were employed as a means of instruction in schools. The Crusades in the eleventh and twelfth centuries produced an important effect on art as connected with religion. In the thirteenth century a new sentiment developed itself, more tender and pensive, as seen in the mild and benignant Madonnas which took the place of the frigid Byzantine pictures of the preceding period.

The Latin Conquest of Constantinople, in 1204, and the greater intercourse which consequently ensued between the

Byzantines or Greeks and the Italians, was productive of a great change in the Fine Arts. Greek artists established themselves in Italy, and a few individual masters, shaking off the fetters of ancient rules and precedents, looked to nature as their model; in other words, they turned into the *right path.* Painting had hitherto been divided into two schools, the western or Romish, which was distinguished by dignity and sentiment, but was deficient in execution, and the Byzantine or school of Constantinople, distinguished by greater refinement in mechanical skill, but wanting in the ideal, or the spiritual expression. Previous to this period the most interesting romances of historical art are the mosaics in the churches, as at St. Mark's in Venice, and the paintings in miniature which were used for the decorations of the Holy Scriptures and other ancient MSS. These illuminations, the connecting link between ancient and modern painting are nearly all that is left of the art of the middle ages. The monasteries were the chief depositories of these MSS.; the monks were the scribes, but the illuminations were generally executed by painters. The revival of the fine arts was coeval with the invention of gunpowder and the art of printing. The baronial strongholds, which during the reign of the feudal system had held society in a semi-barbarous state, were rendered untenable by the use of gunpowder, and this resulted in a more general security from violence; while a taste for knowledge and refinement was diffused by the dissemination of printed works upon literature, arts, and sciences. Thus the fifteenth century is marked by a new and remarkable impulse given to letters and the Fine Arts, and the consequent decline of the influence of superstition.

The Florentine or Tuscan school of Art now became distinguished in Italy. Among the artists of this period was Guido of Sienna, whose formal and ungraceful Byzantine figures distinguish him essentially from Guido Reni, who was born in Bologna in the following century, or in 1575. To Cimabue, a Florentine painter of the thirteenth century, has been awarded the title of "Father of Modern Painting."

We have spoken of Michael Angelo as the last of the great sculptors of the *renaissance*, but as we contemplate a collection of the portraits of great artists, we must pause before his likeness. We see a head and features which tell the story of his genius and his trials; an expression of great seriousness and thought, the eye deep and penetrating, with the outer corners of the eyelids depressed—the high forehead shows its deep furrows elevated as if thought were soaring upward; the Roman nose indicates decision and firmness—the somewhat compressed mouth tells of mental suffering, hope deferred, patrons whose caprices and exactions, year after year continued, clipped the soaring wing of genius. The look here seems subjective, introverted as if in bitter reflection upon the disappointments to which he had been doomed. But this is the head of an old man, and Michael Angelo had then executed the most of his grand designs, and had become prosperous. But sorrow and grief had been at work chiselling their lines upon his face, and rendering the sculptor himself a model of their Art.

Raphael Sanzio—in contrast with the head of his great contemporary, we see a youthful face, a full-orbed eye and a mouth which might have been drawn for a Cupid—a brow not high but expanded in width, the posé of the head betokens hope—the look is objective, as if nature were full of grace and beauty to the young artist:

> "The heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
> The mind a temple for all lovely things
> To flock to and inhabit."

Raphael was a few years younger than Michael Angelo, "If," says Wornum, "intellect may be said to characterize the works of Michael Angelo, passion or affection may be said to characterize those of Raphael. They were both eminently Christian Painters; and the lofty quality of their works is due to high development of Christian character. The religion of the Greeks could probably never have produced such painters." Wornum gives a chapter on the *Frescoes of the Vatican*, by Michael Angelo and Raphael, from 1508 to 1541, which, with that on the *Cartoons of Raphael*, is worthy of attention.

In 18—, visiting the Dresden gallery with a party of friends, all were anxious to see the Madonna *di San Sisto*, which is conceded to be Raphael's grandest picture, painted entirely by his own hand. As no sketch or study of this has ever been found, it is supposed to have been thrown at once on the canvas, "a creation rather than a picture." Raphael's Madonna was soon found, and an admiring group stood before it. The Madonna was radiant in physical beauty, the child lovely in form and coloring—we said, "It is a beautiful picture." One of the party, not quite satisfied, passed farther on, and there was the Raphael Sanzio *Madonna*—the other was the work of Raphael Mengs, one of the last of the Roman school. Standing before the great work of Art, all were silent. The error into which we had been led heightened the effect. The true Raphael spoke to the soul, the copy to the senses; the former had less of physical beauty, the latter was perfect in form and coloring, but *the expression* was wanting, and this we find in all copies of Raphael's Madonnas—not that in many by good copyists there is not expression; but not *the expression*. "Inspired he was if ever painter was inspired," says Mrs. Jameson, "when Raphael projected on the space before him that wonderful creation which we style the *Madonna di San Sisto*." As second to this great work is considered the *Madonna della Seggiola*, which is subdued in coloring as are all the paintings of this great master, to whom *color* was a *means*, and never an *end*, as with many modern artists. We do not, in viewing Raphael's pictures, think of coloring, the ideal beauty of expression is the type of his genius.

We must be satisfied with copies of world-renowned paintings, unless we can go abroad to see them, and this but increases our desire to go again. Mrs. Jameson says she had visited Dresden six times to see, again and again, the Madonna of Raphael; every time she became more and more impressed with the grandeur of its conception. We have some good copies of old paintings in this country; as to originals, they are much fewer than might be supposed from the complacency with which we see exhibited, Raphaels, Guidos, Titians,

Carlo Dolois, &c., in the full belief of the possessors that they are the happy owners of pictures which the sovereigns of Europe could not buy.

But why should modern painters servilely bow down to ancient Art, neglecting the advantages which may be derived from the works of those who have preceded them, and those improvements in the Arts and Sciences generally, which give to painters of the present day mechanical means unknown to the ancients?

While Michael Angelo and Raphael displayed in their works the inspiration of genius, they were followed by imitators and pupils, who inundated all Italy with mediocrity—

> "Art with hollow forms was fed,
> But the soul of Art lay dead."

But it revived in Correggio, who was born in 1493, when Raphael was ten, and Michael Angelo twenty years of age.

We see before us a head of massive proportions, indicative of large development of brain, a deeply penetrating downcast-eye, a nose, mouth, and chin, which mark intellectual power and firmness. This is Correggio, who, after viewing in long and intent study Raphael's *St. Cecilia*, proudly exclaimed, "And I, too, am a painter!"

In the Dresden gallery there are many pictures of this artist. Among the most celebrated is the Nativity, called the *Notte*, or *Night of Correggio*, because the only light upon it is that which beams from the head of the infant Saviour. Those who would understand what is meant by the *chiaro-scuro* in painting, should study his pictures, in which substance is seen through shadows. The real name of this artist was Antonio Allegre, but he was generally known from his birthplace, now called Reggio, a small town near Modena. The trials and discouragements of his life sculptured deep lines upon his face, as upon the brow of the distinguished sculptor whose history we have briefly given.

Titian—we study his portrait; it is that of a prosperous self-satisfied man, who could have commanded an army or

wielded a sceptre, as successfully as he used the pencil. This likeness might have been taken from a portrait painted soon after his memorable visit to Charles V., of Germany. The Emperor, then an old man, was sitting for his portrait. The artist dropping his brush, the emperor picked it up, remarking as he handed it to him, that Titian was "worthy of being served by Cæsar," and he seems to say, "Yes, I am so." The whole life of Titian was one of prosperity, and favor with popes, emperors, and the people.

In 1794, the citizens of Venice employed Canova to execute a monument worthy of their great artist. The downfall of the republic defeated this undertaking. Canova's great design was, however, carried out for another purpose, and the traveller will find at Vienna, in the Augustine Church, this magnificent work, where it forms the cenotaph of the archduchess Christina, finished for this purpose under the direction of Canova. Titian may be considered the last *great* painter which Italy produced—compared to the poet-painters who had gone before them, the succeeding artists were mere mechanics. In the middle of the sixteenth century Italy swarmed with painters—*mannerists*—each of whom imitated some one of the great masters. In the Venetian school were Tintoretto, whose real name was Jacopi Robuste, and Paul Cagliori, of Veronese, known as Paul Veronese; the former was a favorite of Charles I., who obtained from Venice many of his works, which may now be seen in the royal galleries and at Hampton Court. Paul Veronese painted in a gorgeous style. His *Marriage of Cana*, now at the Louvre, is thirty feet long and twenty feet high. Among our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and twelve apostles, are mingled Venetian senators and ladies, clothed in the rich costume of the sixteenth century—monks, friars, poets and artists, all portraits of personages then existing; while in a group of musicians, the painter has introduced himself and Tintoretto playing the violoncello, while Titian plays the bass.

We have passed over the names of the artists of the Florentine school, the founder of which was Leonardo da Vinci.

His grand old picture of the *Last Supper*, so multiplied in copies, by both painting and engraving, is still to be seen on the decayed wall of what was once the refectory of a Dominican convent, at Milan, but has been used as a barrack, and we should think for a stable, as it appeared a few years ago, when we visited the place. We stood before the old decayed, defaced, and bedaubed picture with mingled emotions of veneration and sorrow. We possessed at home a copy of it which was far superior in coloring and in *neatness*, but the original was grand even in decay. We turned away as we would from the corpse of a great man. The soul was gone, and yet there was a something left which inspired awe—a something which told what it had been. The head of Leonardo da Vinci is that of a great man—such as we should turn to look at again if seen in a crowd, and such a one as we seldom do meet, either in pictures or in real life. It expresses the coolness, the energy, and the decision of one who was a civil and military engineer; a mechanic, both theoretical and practical; while a lofty and pure genius, irradiating the whole countenance, bespeaks the poet and the painter. Such a head, and such features, whether regarded in the light of phrenology or physiognomy, would at once inspire profound confidence and respect.

"Every man," says Ruskin, "has, at some time in his life, personal interest in architecture. He has influence on the design of some public building, or he has to buy, or build, or alter his own house. It signifies less whether the knowledge of other arts be general or not; men may live without buying pictures or statues. They must do mischief, and waste their money if they do not know how to turn it to account."

The subject of æsthetics is fraught with deep interest to the happiness, refinement, and morality of mankind, and eventually connected with religious feeling. In works of the fine arts there may be a high moral tone and signification, or a low and sensuous spirit both exhibited and promoted. Here is a great instrument to be wielded for good or for evil. It were better to go back to days of Puritan or Quaker simplicity

than to revel amidst the refinements of music, poetry, and the fine arts, if these are not chastened and elevated by the spirit of moral beauty.

The true end of social life is mutual happiness and improvement. All that tends to this in connection with the Fine Arts, music, and architecture, should be valued. Mere pleasure is transient, often at variance with man's best interests. All that is noble, refining, gentle, and tender in its effects, is worthy our love and admiration We are all painters to our own minds. We can make pictures of faces where evil passions have set their impress, and we can imagine such as are radiant with benignity and love. We can imagine pictures of domestic scenes, where lowering brows and severe or scornful looks betoken the reign of selfishness or suspicion. We can make pictures of a very different kind ; a loving, sympathizing family group at the home fireside, at the family board, or the domestic altar. The pure light of virtue and religion beams upon the picture. How beautiful it is! How far beyond what art has ever executed!

To a refined and cultivated mind such images of life, and in a thousand other forms of moral beauty and perfection, must be familiar—unless, indeed, the better powers of the soul have become perverted, and the higher faculties of moral perception blunted or destroyed. Let art be directed to what is pure, noble and elevating, and its great mission is accomplished. Thus may the study of æsthetics contribute not only to the enjoyment and refinement of life, but to the moral and religious improvement of mankind.

ART. VII.—1. *Poems of* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, 2 volumes, New Edition. 1860.

2. *Aurora Leigh.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 1859.

3. *Napoleon III. in Italy, and other Poems.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1860.

THOSE who have read the works of Mrs. Browning, and have come to the conclusion that she is not a poet, would do well for their own sakes to keep their opinions to themselves. But it may well be doubted whether any such there really are. There are several of her poems which are not of a character to attract the general reader. At a first glance they are likely rather to repel. The language is not familiar; it is sometimes harsh, the rhythm is occasionally defective, the rhyme forced. In short, the external form is not what one is apt to associate beauty with. Many throw the book aside accordingly. But diamonds have been thrown away in a similar manner by the unskilful—those who cannot see beyond the surface. A poem more than a woman should not be judged according to its dress. The drapery of one as well as the other should, indeed, be graceful; much depends on it. With the casual observer it is everything. Mrs. Browning is often in the other extreme; she seems to take a pleasure in clothing the noblest thoughts in the most fantastic language.

That this is a defect, and a serious one, cannot be denied. But there are ample beauties to atone for it—beauties which no cultivated mind can fail to recognize and admire. We are alluding now to those poems which have most blemishes; there are others that are as nearly faultless as any in our language; while in either, there is not to be found a single passage of any extent which is not imbued, more or less, with true inspiration. Even where the author is most careless and whimsical in the choice of words, she seldom fails to present

agreeable images to the mind, to awaken new thoughts, and make the old run in a new current, to enlist our sympathies in behalf of suffering humanity, or to teach us to be more contented with our own lot. If among the lessons thus inculcated, she sometimes makes a suggestion, or gives an opinion which few will approve, we do not the less feel that she has the welfare of her fellow-creatures at heart. We see at every page that not only would she do all in her power to bring solace to the unfortunate, but that she is sad and grieved because such is impossible. Thus, while few men think more vigorously or profoundly, she never ceases to be a true woman in generosity and tenderness. All this is sufficiently evident throughout her writings, in her first as well as in her last poems, in those of her mature age as well as of her girlhood.

Though, taking it for granted that there are few if any of our readers who are not more or less acquainted with Mrs. Browning, as a poet, we will now proceed to cull such extracts as we think will fully bear us out in our estimate of her genius and character; nor shall we be blind to her faults in doing so. It matters little which of Mrs. Browning's poems we turn to if we want to satisfy ourselves that she is a woman of superior culture. Her most careless efforts leave no doubt of this. As a scholar, she is at least equal to the most learned of her own sex among the moderns; and it may be safely doubted whether the countrywomen of Aristotle or Plato numbered any among them possessed of a larger amount of erudition. In this respect, perhaps, the only lady among the moderns worthy of comparison with her is the celebrated Madame Dacier. But even the learned Frenchwoman, whose criticisms on the principal classic authors, including Homer, have attracted so much attention throughout Europe, could not have attempted a translation of Æschylus's *Prometheus* at the early age at which the task was undertaken by Mrs. Browning. Her version is, indeed, not a good one; it is neither harmonious in itself, nor faithful to the original; but as the performance of a young lady, it is unique. It was commenced simply as a recreation,

Most of it had been written before the author's tutor knew anything of it; and, highly as he estimated her powers, he was astonished when first shown the manuscript. It seems that the teacher, to whose learning and abilities as an instructor she owes most, is Mr. H. S. Boyd. With him she read not only those classics usually studied in schools and colleges, but also the Greek romancists, the disquisitions of the schoolmen, and the most erudite of the Christian fathers. That she was not insensible to the aid thus afforded her, but, on the contrary, estimated it at its full value, and held it in grateful recollection, we have sufficient proof in the elegant verses by which she acknowledges the receipt of a present of wine of Cyprus, sent her from the East by the same gentleman, and which we transcribe as our first extract:

"Very copious are my praises,
Though I sip it like a fly!
Ah—but sipping—times and places
Change before me suddenly.
As Ulysses' old libation
Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprian wine, dear Grecian,
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

"And I think of those long mornings,
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bells' twinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading
Somewhat low—for *a*'s and *o*'s!"

The principal of her early poems is *The Drama of Exile*, a title not very suggestive of the subject. The design of the authoress is to indicate the immediate effects of the transgression of our first parents. The *dramatis personæ* are nominally the same as those of *Paradise Lost;* but in their thoughts, feelings, and modes of action, they are entirely different. She loudly disclaims all intention of competing

with Milton. This is no affectation on her part, and it is equally true that she borrows little if anything from the great English epic. If she has a Lucifer to correspond with Milton's Satan, a Gabriel for his Gabriel, etc., scarcely any characters are more dissimilar. Lucifer talks much, but he *does* little. As a plotter, he is anything but skilful. He lays his plans with great ostentation, and only in such a manner that they may be easily frustrated. He is far too careful about his looks for a warrior. The reverse of all this is true of Milton's Satan. In short, Mrs. Browning's Lucifer has too much of the woman in his character. He addresses Gabriel in much more gentle terms than does the Satan of *Paradise Lost* in similar circumstances. There is a corresponding difference between the two Gabriels. Mrs. Browning's Gabriel is far from being as resolute as Milton's. The former can brook disobedience much better than the latter, and is considerably less at ease in the presence of his infernal Majesty. The best thing Lucifer does is to act as sentinel. No sooner does the guardian angel descend to the gate of Eden than the archfiend is ready to address him, having just finished the soliloquy with which the *Drama* opens:

Lucifer. Hail, Gabriel, the keeper of the gate!
Now that the fruit is plucked, *Prince* Gabriel,
I hold that Eden is impregnable
Under thy keeping.
Gabriel. Angel of the sin
Such as thou standest—pale in the drear light
Which rounds the rebel's work with maker's wrath—
Thou shalt be an Idea to all souls;
A monumental melancholy gloom,
Seen down all ages; whence to mark despair
And measure out the distances from good!
Go from us straightway.
Lucifer. Wherefore?
Gabriel. Lucifer,
Thy last step in this place trod sorrow up.
Recoil before that sorrow, *if not this sword.*
Lucifer. Angels are in this world—wherefore not I?
Exiles are in the world—wherefore not I?

The cursed are in this world—wherefore not I?
Gabriel. Depart.
Lucifer. And, where's the logic of "depart?"
Our lady Eve had half been satisfied
To obey her Maker, if I had not learnt
To fix my postulate better. Dost thou dream
Of guarding some monopoly in heaven
Instead of earth? Why can I dream with thee
To the length of thy wings.
Gabriel. I do not dream.
This is not heaven, even in a dream, nor earth,
As earth was once—first breathed among the stars,
Articulate glory from the mouth divine,
To which the myriad spheres thrilled audibly,
Touched like a lute string—and the sons of God
Said AMEN, singing it. I know that this
Is earth, not new created but new cursed—
This, Eden's gate, not opened but built up
With a final cloud of sunset. Do I dream?
Alas, not so! this is the Eden lost
By Lucifer the serpent! this the sword
(This sword alive with justice and with fire!)
That smote upon the forehead Lucifer,
The angel! Wherefore, angel, go—depart—
Enough is sinned and suffered.

The evil one is not much concerned at all this. He attends as little to the commands, as he fears the sword of Gabriel. For either he does not move, but is rather inclined to make a jest of the whole affair. He says, somewhat banteringly,

"Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer on!
It holds fast still—it cracks not under curse;
It holds like mine immortal," &c.

Of a similar character is Mrs. Browning's *Seraphim*. The latter, too, is a religious, mystic drama. There is some distant analogy between it and the *Paradise Regained* of Milton. The scene of the *Drama of Exile* is laid, as we have seen, at the gate of Eden, while that of the *Seraphim* is at the closed gate of Heaven. The only actors in the latter are two seraphs, Ador the Strong, and Zerah the Bright One, except

that during their dialogue voices are heard in the distance, sometimes from the good angels, sometimes from the bad, &c. It is no discredit to Mrs. Browning that she has failed in both these poems. Neither is artistic; both lack human interest; and in each rather much liberty is taken with the most sacred names. The angels sometimes forget that they are such, and talk rather like smart young girls leaving boarding school than seraphs. Adam is rather subtle in his logic for a shepherd or a gardener. Eve, too, is much more refined and metaphysical than the opportunities she appears to have had would lead one to expect. She is so much superior to Lucifer as a logician, and so earnest and determined in maintaining her opinions, that it is difficult to see how he could have so easily induced her to eat the forbidden fruit. But in spite of these inconsistencies, there is much to admire in each poem; quite enough to amply repay the thoughtful reader, and make amends for the defects we have alluded to. No greater injustice could be done Mrs. Browning, however, than to represent the *Seraphim* and the *Drama of Exile* as fair specimens of her efforts as a poet; they are, on the contrary, those in which she has been least successful. There are at least a dozen of other poems in the volumes before us, exclusive of *Aurora Leigh*, each one of which contains more genuine poetry than either of the mystic dramas. There is a deep and earnest feeling, that often rises to the sublime, even in her sonnets. It may be doubted whether any of her sex, from Sappho to Mrs. Hemans, has produced a finer specimen of the kind than the following:

"PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

"'O dreary life!' we cry, 'O dreary life!'
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and *the flocks and herds*
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslackened the dry land; savannah-swards
Unweary sweep; hills watch unworn; and rife
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest trees,
To show above, the unwasted stars that pass

In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these—
But so much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by, contented through the heat and cold."

Had our authoress never written a poem but her *Cry of the Children*, it would show how deeply she can feel, and with what graceful ease she can wring and soften the heart. We think we almost see the little sufferers before us, imploring protection and rest, and we are struck with the mournful truthfulness of every complaint they utter. Indignation against the oppressor, sympathy for his victims, and sorrow that the young and innocent should have to bear so heavy a load of misery, are the feelings which struggle with each other, while we read stanza after stanza, and bless the noble woman who scarcely leaves us any control over our emotions:

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary;
Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak,
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek;
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without in our bewildering
And the graves are for the old;'

"'True,' say the children, 'it may happen
That we die before our time;
Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen
Like a snowball in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay;
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, "Get up, little Alice! it is day."
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing on her eyes.

* * * * * *

"'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning all the day, and we with all!
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels" (breaking out in a mad moaning),
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"'

"Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
As if fate in each were stark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark."

There is, if possible, a still more touching pathos in the ballad of *Bertha in the Lane*. In every line of this we see the anguish of a broken spirit—one, indeed, too good and pure for earth, but still human. The two sisters have loved one man. In time the younger wins him for herself, and leaves the

older desolate. The blow is too heavy for her to bear; yet not a murmur does she make—no word of reproach escapes her lips. Like a true heroine she submits to her fate. She is as confiding and affectionate as ever to the one that has wronged her, and while only waiting, as it were, for the grave to open for her, she does all in her power to quiet the scruples and contribute to the happiness of her successful rival. It is true that women, capable of sacrificing themselves in this way, are few, but that some such there are is not to be denied. Almost daily experience proves it. Only those who have no sensibility themselves, and who have not been placed in circumstances to know how disinterested women can be in the hour of trial, in friendship as well as in love, have any doubt of the fact.

> "The dream of the injured, patient mind,
> That smiles at the wrongs of men,
> Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
> Of the cinnamon, *sweetest then.*"

If the story of *Bertha in the Lane* were not founded in nature, even Mrs. Browning could not fill us with sympathy, as she does, in reading it. She fails to do so, as we have seen, in her *Drama of Exile*, her *Seraphim*, and her *Prometheus*, because, with the exception of Adam and Eve, all the characters are supernatural, and even our parents are placed in circumstances which we may indeed try to imagine, but not realize. But what woman that has ever loved, and been at the same time devotedly attached to a sister, can read these simple stanzas, a mere fragment as they are, without a moistened cheek? nor need any man be ashamed to pay the same tribute to truth and genius:

> "But the sound grew into word
> As the speakers drew more near—
> Sweet, forgive me that I heard
> What you wished me not to hear.
> Do not weep so—do not shake—
> O, I heard thee, Bertha, make
> Good, true answers for my sake.

"Yes, and HE, too! let him stand
In thy thoughts untouched by blame.
Could he help it if my hand
He had claimed with hasty claim?
That was wrong, perhaps—but then
Such things be—and will again!
Women cannot judge for men.

* * * * *

"Could we blame him with grave words,
Thou, and I, dear, if we might?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds,
Flying straightway to the light:
Mine are older—hush—look out—
Up the street! Is none without?
How the poplar swings about!

* * * * * *

"Do not weep so, dear, heart-wa m!
It was best as it befell!
If I say he did me harm,
I speak wild—I am not well.
All his words were kind and good—
He esteemed me! Only blood
Runs so faint in womanhood.

"Then I always was too grave—
Like the saddest ballad sung—
With that look, besides, we have
In our faces who die young.
I had died, dear, all the same—
Life's long, joyous, jostling game,
Is too loud for my meek shame.

"We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I; that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

"I am pale, as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root!
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus under-foot—

I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree—
Thou, like merry summer-bee!
Fit that I be plucked for *thee*.

"Colder grow my hands and feet—
When I wear the shroud I made,
the folds lie straight and neat,
And the rosemary be spread—
That if any friend should come,
(To see *thee*, sweet!) all the room
May be lifted out of gloom.

"And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at night, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave—where it will light
All the dark up, day and night.

"On that grave drop not a tear!
Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear
I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun—
Or forget me—smiling on!

"Art thou near me? nearer—so!
Kiss me close upon the eyes—
That the earthly light may go
Sweetly as it used to rise—
When I watched the morning gray
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
He was sure to come that day.

"So, no more vain words be said!
The hosannas nearer roll—
Mother, smile now on thy dead—
I am death-strong in my soul!
Mystic Dove, alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss!

"Jesus, victim, corresponding
Love's divine self-abnegation—
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire!
I aspire while I expire!"

The grief of the gentle one who thus pours out her soul, is scarcely less overwhelming than that of Dido; nor is it less affecting. In spite of the different circumstances in which the two heroines are placed there is considerable similarity in their emotions. The points in which they differ are those in which the moral sentiments are influenced by religion. Dido is not the less a woman because a goddess. Everything she does and says, from the moment she learns that Æneas is about to leave her until she determines on destroying herself, is perfectly natural. She, too, finds relief in confiding the story of her love to her sister; but she wants patience and resignation—those virtues which serve so much to deepen our sympathy for the Christian heroine. It is no disparagement of Mrs. Browning's poem that many of its tenderest allusions are similar to those of Dido and her sister Anna, in the fourth book of the *Æneid*. Dido delicately alludes to the modesty of her sex;* so does the heroine of Mrs. Browning. The Pagan woman is full of affection of her sister;† so is the Christian

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* "Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat;
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam
Ante pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo."

VIRGIL.

"Life's long, joyous, jostling game,
Is *too loud for my meek shame*," &c.

MRS. BROWNING.

† "Anna refert: O *luce magis dilecta sorori*, &c.,
* * * * * *
Anna soror *quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent*!"

VIRGIL.

"And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring," &c.

MRS. BROWNING.

woman. The Roman poet alludes to the characteristic timidity of the gentler sex ;* so does the English poetess. The Pagan woman makes use of the endearing words, *cara dulcis dilecta*, &c., in connection with sister ;† the Christian woman does exactly the same. We do not mean by this that Mrs. Browning has borrowed from Virgil ; nothing of the kind. We know of no more original ballad in the English language. We merely note, in passing, that it is not in vain she has studied the classics, and we meet with evidence of the same fact in almost every poem she has written. Sometimes, indeed, her English style is marred, rather than improved, by her classic lore ; but one good, forcible idea, that strikes the imagination and makes an impression on the memory, as something too valuable to be lost, makes amends for almost any number of harsh or inappropriate words, and such ideas are more abundant in the poems of Mrs. Browning than in those of any other modern poetess.

Poems of a different kind from *Bertha in the Lane*, are *The Lost Bower*, and the *Lay of the last Swan*. Neither lays so strong a hold on our sympathies. The aim of each is to awaken our sensibilities by means of simple incidents. Both remind us vividly of those little regrets which most of us feel more or less when we find the enthusiastic illusions of

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* "Eia rumpe moras : *varium et mutabile semper Fœmina.*"

VIRGIL.

"Only blood
Runs so faint in womanhood."

MRS. BROWNING.

† "Testor *cara* Deos et *te germana* tuumque,
Dulce caput magicas invitam accingier artes,
Tu secreta *hyram tecto interiore* sub auras,
Erige, &c."

VIRGIL.

"Sister, *help me to the bed*,
And stand near me, *dearest-sweet*,
Do not shrink nor be afraid," &c.

MRS. BROWNING.

youth have left us forever. *The Romance of the Swan's Nest* is another of those graceful effusions which can emanate only from a woman. There is a charming simplicity in the story of little Ellie, which shows how fully the kind-hearted poetess can sympathize with children in their enjoyments as well as their sorrows. Those who have not read the whole will be able to form some estimate of its unpretending worth from the opening stanzas:

"Little Ellie sits alone,
'Mid the beaches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

"She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow—
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

"Little Ellie sits alone—
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done—
And her sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future within reach!

"Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth—'I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.'"

But the *chef d'œuvre* of Mrs. Browning is *Aurora Leigh*. This is truly a great performance. It contains more original and striking thoughts, more beautiful descriptions—in a word, more true poetry than all her other poems put together. In this work she relies wholly on her own resources, and sets at defiance all conventionalities, save alone those that happen to

fall in with her own opinions. The story of *Aurora Leigh* is a sort of poetical novel, somewhat in the form of an autobiography. This affords ample scope for the exercise of the author's various powers, and she avails herself of it to the fullest extent. Not a topic of the least interest in a social, moral, or political point of view, does she fail to notice or allude to in one form or other. Thus, here we have a fine description of local scenery; there an admirable portraiture of character; now we are enabled to enjoy a lively and trenchant satire, and anon a generous tribute of praise; so that at almost every page we are sure to have something new—something that rivets our attention, and, in spite of a great many uncouth turns of expression, far-fetched metaphors, jarring words, and obscure allusions, leads us along, willing captives, from book to book, until we come to the close. But with all its multifarious beauties no one who reads it can wonder that it is not one tenth as popular in England as many works in poetry and prose of less than one tenth its merits. Mrs. Browning is too frank and outspoken, too fond of truth, too great an enemy of what is false and hollow—in short, too honest, to please the multitude, who, to be won, must be flattered, even when they most deserve to be censured. Nor is she more indulgent to the faults of the favored few than she is to those of the masses. At the former she hurls her scorn just as freely as at the latter, when they deserve it as much. Of the structure of the story, if such it may be called, it is now needless to speak, and it is equally needless to speak of the author's design. Each is sufficiently known. Let it be our task, therefore, merely to cull such extracts as seem to us best calculated to do justice to the author as a poet, a philanthropist, a true reformer, aye, and a true woman—for few authors, male or female, have been more harshly treated by the critics, for the reason already intimated. As she justly and forcibly says herself, in *Aurora Leigh:*

> "If the day's work's scant
> Why call it scant? Affect no compromise;
> And in *that we have nobly striven,*
> At least deal with us nobly, *women though we be,*
> And honor us with *truth, if not with praise.*"—p. 159.

In a different mood, she says elsewhere, in the same poem:

"By the way,
The works of women are symbolical;
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when *you're weary*—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you—'curse that stool'—
Or else at best a cushion where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake."—p. 15.

In this, as in former extracts, we have taken the liberty of italicising lines which strike us as particularly tender, forcible, or beautiful, although we have on some occasions put words and phrases in italics as instances of peculiarities of style, or what may be called Browningisms, deeming it needless to explain that such was our object.

Our poetess alludes to the severity of her own studies, as follows:

"What my father taught before
From many a volume, Love re-emphasised
Upon the self-same pages: Theophrast
Grew tender with the memory of his eyes,
And Ælian made mine wet. The trick of Greek
And Latin he had taught me, as he would
Have taught me wrestling or the game of fives,
If such he had known—most like a shipwrecked man,
Who heaps his single platter with goat's cheese
And scarlet berries."—p. 23.

That her poems in general are not without faults—that they contain mistaken ideas as well as blemishes of style, the author herself is fully aware.

"For me, I wrote
False poems, like the rest, and thought them true,
Because myself was true in writing them.
I peradventure have writ true ones since
With less complacence."—p. 33.

* * * *

"Came a sigh
Deep, hoarse with resolution—I would work
To better ends, or play in earnest. Heavens,
I think I should be almost popular

If this went on! I *ripped my verses,*
And found no blood upon the rapier's point:
The heart in them was just an embryo's heart,
Which never yet had beat, that it should die."—p. 85.

Her description of the sights that meet the eye in certain streets of London, is anything but flattering to the state of society in the great metropolis. A more dismal picture has seldom been drawn, and it is in the main as true as it is dismal:

"Faces! phew!
We'll call them vices festering to despair,
Or sorrows petrifying to vices;
Not a finger-touch of God left whole in them;
All ruined—lost—the countenance worn out
As the garments, *the will dissolute as the acts,*
The passions loose and draggling in the dirt,
To trip the foot up at the first free steep!
Those faces! 'Twas as if you had stirred up hell
To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost
In fiery swills of slime."—pp. 135, 136.

As long as Mrs. Browning persists in telling truths of this kind, without any regard to the national vanity and self-love which she wounds by it, she will never be popular, especially while she draws other cities in very different colors, as, for instance, Florence:

"No sun could die, nor yet be born unseen
By dwellers at my villa: morn and eve
Were magnified before us, in the pure
Illimitable space and pause of sky,
Intense as angels' garments blanched with God,
Less blue than radiant. From the outer wall
Of the garden dropped *the mystic floating gray*
Of olive trees (with interruptions green
From maize and vine), until 'twas caught and torn
On that abrupt black line of cypresses
Which signed the way to Florence. Beautiful
The city lay along the ample vale.
Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and street,
The river trailing like a silver cord
Through all," &c.—pp. 255, 256.

But Mrs. Browning has done what is much more annoying

than to contrast Florence with London. It is so much the fashion to praise Italy that no other country need be jealous of it. With France, however, it is otherwise. But the author of *Aurora Leigh* cares not for this. She speaks of all countries as she finds them. She can see vices at home as well as abroad, and virtues abroad as well as at home; and she gives her impressions of each accordingly. Her last poem on France is not the only instance we have in her writings of this enlightened and liberal spirit. We have thoughts and suggestions in *Aurora Leigh* on the same subject, which are quite as unpalatable to England as anything to be found in *Napoleon III. in Italy*. There is not a happier hit in all Goldsmith's writings than that in which he makes one of his characters say, "I hate the French because they are slaves and wear wooden shoes." But Mrs. Browning indicates the national prejudice in much plainer language, instituting a comparison that is anything but encouraging to it. The sixth book of *Aurora Leigh* opens thus:

"The English have a scornful *insular* way
Of calling the French light. The *levity*
Is in the judgment only, which yet stands;
For say a foolish thing but oft enough
(And here's the secret of a hundred creeds—
Men get opinions as boys learn to spell,
By reiteration chiefly), the same thing
Shall pass at last for absolutely wise,
And not with fools exclusively. And so
We say the French are light, as if we said
The cat mews, or the milch-cow gives us milk;
Say rather cats are milked, and milch-cows mew,
For what is lightness but inconsequence,
Vague fluctuation 'twixt effect and cause,
Compelled by neither? *Is a bullet light*
That dashes from the gun mouth, while the eye
Winks, and the heart beats one, to flatten itself
To a wafer on the white speck on a wall
A hundred paces off? Even so direct,
So sternly undivertible of aim
Is this French people.

* * * *

"Set your orators
To blow upon them with loud windy mouths
Through watchword phrases, jest or sentiment,
Which drive our burly, brutal English mobs
Like so much chaff whichever way they blow—
This light French people will not thus be driven.
* * * * *
And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
And wails on (while the household goes to wreck)
Forever after some ideal good—
Some equal poise of sex, some unvowed love
Inviolate, some spontaneous brotherhood,
Some wealth, that leaves none poor and finds none tired,
Some freedom of the many, that respects
The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams!
Sublime to dream so."—(pp. 198, *et seq.*)

Nor is the tribute she has lately paid Louis Napoleon the result of any change in the modern Cassandra's mind, or woman's whim. Thus, in the same page from which we have just quoted, she says:

"However she have sighed
Her great soul up into a great man's face,
To flush his temples out so gloriously
That few dare carp at Cæsar for being bold!
What then? This Cæsar represents, not reigns,
And is not despot, though twice absolute;
This head has all the people for a heart," &c.

If the poetess has since drawn a more elaborate picture—one still more complimentary to the French and their Emperor—has there not been ample reason for it? Her love of Italy alone would fully account for it. But before we turn to her new poems we will quote yet another passage or two which would be sufficient to explain by themselves why it is that Mrs. Browning is not appreciated by her countrymen in a manner commensurate with her genius. An English marriage is thus described:

"Half St. Giles in frieze
Was bidden to meet St. James in cloth of gold;
And, after contract at the altar, pass

To eat a marriage-feast on Hampstead Heath.
Of course the people came in uncompelled—
Lame, blind, and worse—sick, sorrowful, and worse,
The humors of the peccant social wound,
All pressed out, poured out upon Pimlico,
Exasperating the unaccustomed air
With hideous interfusion: you'd suppose
A finished generation, *dead of plague,*
Swept outward from their graves into the sun,
The moil of death upon them.

* * * *

They clogged the streets, they oozed into the church
In a dark slow stream, like blood. To see that sight.
The noble ladies stood up in their pews,
Some pale for fear, a few as red for hate;
Some simply curious, some just insolent,
And some in wondering scorn—'What next? what next?'"
—pp. 134, 135.

Behold a scene from life in "free, happy England," on whose dominions we are told the sun never sets! But truth-telling and boasting are very different things. The former is for the poet, the latter for the politician. Mrs. Browning speaks out accordingly:

"We boast, and do not: we put up
Hostelry signs where'er we lodge a day—
Some red colossal cow, with mighty paps,
A Cyclops' fingers could not strain to milk,
Then bring out presently our saucer full
Of curds."—p. 307.

The last "colossal cow" is the Great Eastern, and one that has yet hardly yielded even a "saucer-full of curds." But the numbers on our sheets admonish us that we must take leave for the present of *Aurora Leigh*—not however without a parting word.—What a variety of emotions does the poem excite! Almost every chord of the heart is touched in turn in its perusal, although the predominant feeling is one of sorrow, such as few tragedies are capable of awakening. There is a terrible lesson for the innocent and unwary in the story of Marian Erle. Her own account of her wanderings is too frightful for tears. We can only make room for the concluding lines:

"And there I sate one evening by the road,
I, Marian Erle, myself alone undone,
Facing a sunset low upon the flats,
As if it were a finish to all time—
The great red stone upon my sepulchre,
Which angels were too weak to roll away."

Knowing from experience what she had to expect for paying a new tribute to French heroism, generosity, and gallantry, she addresses her countrymen in her preface thus sensibly and nobly: "Yet if the verses should appear to English readers too pungently rendered to admit of a patriotic respect to the English sense of things, I will not excuse myself on such grounds, nor on the ground of my attachment to the Italian people, and my admiration of their heroic constancy and union. What I have written has simply been written because I love truth and justice *quand meme* 'more than Plato' and Plato's country, more than Dante and Dante's country, more even than Shakespeare and Shakespeare's country. And if *patriotism means the flattery of one's nation in everything, then the patriot, take it as you please, is merely a courtier, which I am not, though I have written 'Napoleon III. in Italy.'*" If she had excused herself she would hardly have been censured anything the less. Not that she has said an unfair or unjust word in the poem in question. The worst that can be said of her in this respect is that she is perhaps rather enthusiastic in her praise of Louis Napoleon; but let us bear in mind that although her estimate of his character as a ruler, a statesman, and a philanthropist, is very high, it is by no means peculiar. Some of the greatest thinkers of our age, including Englishmen, entertain pretty much the same opinion of Napoleon III. It is not the less true, however, that he has failed to impart much inspiration to the poet, highly as she admires him. There are at least a dozen of her former poems that possess much higher merit than *Napoleon III. in Italy.* We search in vain in it for those fine touches of nature with which she so often surprises and captivates us in the majority of her other poems. Not but there are beauties and noble thoughts in this, too. Without such Mrs. Browning could not have

written nineteen long stanzas; though in a metre which is by no means suitable to the subject. At all events the chief attraction of *Napoleon III. in Italy*, that which will cause it to be most read, is that it embodies the frank and honest opinions of a woman of undoubted genius—undoubtedly the best of living female poets. It is no slight honor to be the hero of such a woman. What would not Napoleon I. have given for equal admiration from Madame de Stael, and a much greater than De Stael is here. But we must let the fair and gifted Islander speak for herself. The following explains itself, and it is elevated in its tone, and forcible withal:

"The thinkers stood aside
To let the nation act.
Some hated the new-constituted fact
Of Empire, as pride treading on their pride;
Some quailed lest what was poisonous in the past
Should graft itself in that Druidic bough,
On his green now;
Some cursed, because at last
The open heavens, to which they had looked in vain
For many a golden fall of marvellous rain,
Were closed in brass; and some
Wept on because a gone thing could not come."

Every one remembers how distasteful the event was to England. The poetess had too much of the prophetic spirit to take part in the national abuse of the new Emperor:

"That day I did not hate,
Nor doubt nor quail nor curse.
I, reverencing the people, did not bate
My reverence of their deed and oracle,
Nor vainly prate
Of better and of worse
Against the great conclusion of their will."—pp. 10, 11.

Napoleon might easily do worse than take advice from Mrs. Browning. She offers it thus plainly:

"An English poet warns thee to maintain
God's word, not England's: let His truth be true

And all men liars! With His truth respond
To all men's lies. *Exalt the sword and smite,*
On that long anvil of the Appenine
Where Austria forged the Italian chain in view
Of seven consenting nations, sparks of fine
Admonitory light,
Till men's eyes wink before convictions new."

The spirit evinced by Italy is finely described in the eighth stanza:

"Each broken stone that long ago
She flung behind her as she went,
In discouragement and bewilderment
Through the cairns of Time, and missed her way,
Between to-day and yesterday,
Up springs a living man,
And each man stands with his face in the light
Of his own broad sword,
Ready to do what a hero can."—(p. 17.)

Mrs. Browning finds much more inspiration in General McMahon than in Napoleon III.:

"Take up the child, McMahon, though
Thy hand be red
From Magenta's dead,
And riding on in front of the troop,
In the dust of the whirlwind of war,
Through the gates of the city of Milan, stoop
And take up the child to the saddle-bow,
Nor fear the touch as soft as a flower
Of his smile as soft as a star!
Thou hast a right to the child, we say,
Since the women are weeping for joy as those
Who, by thy help and from this day,
Shall be happy mothers indeed.
They are raining flowers from terrace and roof,
Take up the flower in the child."

The *Tale of Villafranca* in the same slender volume, is a great deal more lively and graceful, and at the same time more poetical than *Napoleon III. in Italy.* The fears excited

among the great Powers, especially in England, are hit off with a master's hand:

"These sovereigns, statesmen, north and south,
Rose up in wrath and fear,
And cried, protesting by one mouth,
'What monster have we here?'
A great Deed at this hour of day?
A great just deed, and not for pay?
Absurd—or insincere.
And if sincere the heavier blow
In that case we shall bear,
For where's our blessed "status quo,"
Our holy treaties where—
Our race to sell a race or buy,
Protect and pillage, occupy
And civilize despair?

* * * *

A great Deed in this world of ours,
Unheard of the pretence is;
It threatens plainly the great Powers;
Is fatal in all senses.
A just deed in the world?—call out
The rifles! be not slack about
The national defences."

Much has been said of a poem in the new volume, entitled *A Curse for a Nation.* It is not very clear whether it is intended for the poet's own country or for ours. Nor is it of much importance which, although it has caused some indignation on both sides of the Atlantic. Indeed there are few, if any, of Mrs. Browning's denunciations in which there is so little bitterness. It is evident that her indignation was not at its full height when she wrote it. Assuming that the curse is meant for the United States it can do us no great harm. The stanzas meant to be most severe are the two following:

"When wise men give you their praise,
They shall pause in the heat of the phrase
As if carried too far.
When ye boast your own charters kept true,

Ye shall blush; for the thing which ye do
Derides what ye are. Write.

"When fools cast taunts at your gate
Your scorn ye shall somewhat abate
As ye look over the wall,
For your conscience, tradition and name,
Explode with a deadlier blame
Than the worst of them all.
This is the curse. Write."

Did the "Curse" really show hate, or any such feeling, which it does not, the "Prologue" would make amends for it. In the latter, the hardest knocks fall upon England. If the Curse is finally "sent," in compliance with the command of the angel, it is not because the poet thinks anything of the kind is more deserved abroad than at home.

"I heard an angel speak last night,
And he said, 'Write—
Write a nation's curse for me,
And send it over the western sea.'

"I faltered, taking up the word;
'Not so, my lord!
If curses must be, choose another,
To send thy curse *against my brother.*

"'For I am bound by gratitude,
By love and blood,
By brothers of mine across the sea,
Who stretch out kindly hands to me.

* * * *

"'For an oligarchic Parliament,
And bribes well meant,
What curse to another land assign,
When heavy-souled for the sins of mine.'

"'Wherefore,' the voice said, 'shalt thou write
My curse to-night;
Because thou hast strength to see and hate
A foul thing done within thy gate.'

"'Not so,' I answered once again,
'To curse choose men;

For I a woman have only known
How the heart melts and the tears run down.'

"'Therefore,' the voice said, 'Shalt thou write
My curse to-night;
Some women weep and curse, I say,
(And no one marvels) night and day.'"

Surely there is nothing in this that we have any reason to be offended at. On the contrary, the whole Prologue is rather pleasing, no bad specimen of the ballad style of poetry. Few like to be cursed in jest or earnest; and Mrs. Browning is rather fond of cursing. She makes most of her characters curse in one form or other, beginning with Lucifer. We might expect such things from the latter, but others ought to be allowed to settle their affairs by gentler means. Indeed, this fondness for imprecations is one of the worst of our poet's faults. One of her tenderest effusions—*The Cry of the Children*—is marred by the same habit. A part of the closing stanza will serve as an example:

"How long they say, how long, *O cruel nation*,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart—
Stifled down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart;
Our blood splashes upward, *O gold-heaper*,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

She is equally prone to introduce the name of the Deity, though in her recent poems she has not erred in this way as much as in her former efforts. It is pleasant to observe that her style in general has considerably improved. She is seldom now guilty of such bad taste, for example, as making "treading" rhyme with "Eden," "calmly" with "palm tree," "wooded" with "God-head," &c. In her earlier poems she was rather fond of forcing monosyllables to do the work of dissyllables. This defect, too, she has got over, at least to a considerable extent. In a similar manner she has avoided using

too many adjectives and participles substantively. Here and there we still meet with instances of this kind; but not more than are to be found in *Paradise Lost*, or the *Night Thoughts*. Mrs. Browning has too much good sense to correct herself, even at the eleventh hour. Most of her peculiar forms of expression have been borrowed from the Greek and Latin—chiefly from the former, which is her favorite language. The Greeks made more use of the participle than any other people. Not only did they use it where we use the infinitive mood of the verb, and many other forms, but also where we use the conjunctions, because, and, since, although, &c. They had a similar habit of using the adjective without its substantive; and Mrs. Browning thought she might do something similar in English. Hence it is that we find such expressions in her poems as "falling from our *created*," "chanting down the *golden*," "the full sense of your *mortal*," &c. But she has learned by this time that what is both graceful and harmonious as well as lucid, in Greek, may be stiff and obscure in English, and she acts accordingly. Some of her rhymes are still bad. Thus, in the poem entitled *Italy and the World*, in her last book, she makes the article "a" rhyme with "Modena," "food" with "good," "amber" with "remember," &c. But could all the defects in her various poems be put into the balances against her beauties, they would weigh little more than the chaff placed against the wheat. That she can please the eye and charm the ear, when she wishes to do so, as well as soften the heart and fill it with sympathy, no stronger proof need be adduced than the following stanzas, with which we close our extracts, and take our leave of one of the greatest enchantresses of the age:

"COWPER'S GRAVE.

"It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—

Yet let the grief and humbleness
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

"O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling.

"And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory;
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wand'ring lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

"He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

"With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God, whose heaven hath won him.
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Toward his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
Where breath and bird could find him;

"And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!

The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

"The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving!
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking in his human eyes,
With sylvan tendernesses.

"But while in darkness he remained,
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing;
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created."

ART. VIII.—1. *La Question Italienne, Eteudes du* COMTE CHARLES CATINELLI, ancien Chef d'Etat, Major de l'Armée Anglo-Sicilienne sous Lord William Bentinck. Brusselles et Leipsig, 1859.

2. *Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph.* London: 1855.

3. *Toscano e Austria.* Florence: 1859.

4. *Remarks made in several Visits, from the year* 1816 *to* 1854, by Lord Broughton, G. C. B. Two volumes, London: 1859.

5. *L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie.* Paris: 1859.

No country of modern Europe has so checkered a history as Italy. It is nothing new for her to be in trouble. From the fall of the Roman empire to the present she has seldom been otherwise for any lengthened period. It is sad to contemplate

how many cruel masters she has had to obey, from the beginning of the fifth to the middle of the nineteenth century, and how many scenes of blood her beautiful valleys have witnessed, from the time of Alaric to that of Radetzky. When we glance at the terrible ordeals through which the country has passed century after century, it seems as if Providence had ordained that the Italians should be punished for the sins of the ancient Romans. The latter allowed but few nations to escape their yoke; while there are few whose yoke the former have not been forced to bear. Yet it is the habit to speak of restoring Italian independence, as if the domination of the stranger had existed but a few brief years, and was the exception, not the rule.

The rule of Austria is sufficiently bad; but worse has been felt by Italy. This it is well to remember in considering the present condition and prospects of the country; for we can best judge of the future by the past. Supposing Austria were entirely expelled from the country to-morrow, is there no danger that another oppressor would take her place? or is there any likelihood that the Italian people would one day like to have her back again? Few would reply to this in the affirmative; yet Italy has changed her mind more than once in a similar manner. She soon grew tired of Napoleon, after she had first implored him to become her ruler. This is particularly true of Lombardy, the province recently annexed to Sardinia. The people sent petition after petition to the conqueror, begging that he would permit himself to be crowned King of Italy; nor were the Genoese backward in following their example. For nearly a year he affected to reject the proposals of all. Finally he permitted himself, as it were, to be persuaded: "I will realize your wish," he says in his reply to the representatives of the Italian Republic, "I will unite you to my great people. It will be to me a new means for rendering more effective the protection I have always loved to grant you. My people will receive you with pleasure. They know that in all circumstances you have assisted their arms with friendship, and have supported them with all your means. They find be-

sides with your ports an increase of maritime power which is necessary to them to sustain their lawful right against the oppressors of the sea."

For a time his rule was popular. The extensive public works he inaugurated rendered him a favorite with the working classes. All ranks were pleased with the renovating effects of his policy on trade and commerce; but it was soon found that what was gained in one way was lost in another. The Italian government had to enter into a treaty, by which it was bound to take part in all the wars of France. Not only were the people liable to be seized upon any day and forced into the army, but they were continually burdened with requisitions. There was thus an incessant drain on the blood and treasure of the nation. Napoleon and his generals vied with each other in their efforts to raise as much money as possible; and the former was jealous of the latter, because they seemed more successful than himself in procuring the gold. General Massena, he openly accused with having stolen six millions four hundred thousand francs, chiefly in Venice; and he was often angry with his brother Joseph, because the latter had some conscientious scruples against robbery. "Naples without Sicily ought to give you one hundred million francs ($20,000,000). Naples is richer than Vienna, and not so exhausted. Milan, when I entered it, had not a farthing."

All Italy felt grateful to the French Republic, when it undertook to expel the Austrians, although she had previously enjoyed peace for half a century. Among the thoughtful there were those who believed that sympathy with the oppressed was not the only motive of the Directory, in sending an invading army beyond the Alps. It will be remembered that Austria was a declared enemy of France at the time, and she had already begun to concentrate her forces on the Rhine. Italy was the point where she was most vulnerable; and there was no better means of saving France from invasion than to send a large French army into Lombardy—especially an army that would not remain long inactive. The campaign of 1795, convinced Austria that it was in vain for her to attempt invading France.

As well might Francis Joseph have tried to do so after the battles of Magenta and Villafranca. This the Directory understood very well; at least it was understood by Napoleon Bonaparte, who sent Marshal Marmont to Paris from the scene of strife, to proclaim the prodigies that had been performed. In a ormal harangue which the latter made in delivering his message, he stated that his countrymen had taken forty-nine stands of colors, two hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, made forty-seven thousand prisoners, besides destroying three whole armies. Nor was there much if any exaggeration in this. During one year no fewer than eighty-four engagements were fought by the French in Italy, nineteen of which were pitched battles, in every one of which they were victorious. At the close of the second campaign, they had no fewer than one hundred thousand prisoners, and they had driven the fifth Austrian army out of the country. Thus far the Italians regarded the French as true deliverers; and they were enthusiastic accordingly, in manifesting their gratitude. But when called upon to pay for the work done, in hard cash, and at no cheap rate, they soon began to see that they had merely changed masters, and it had become a question with many whether, after all, the new were much if anything better than the old. In a proclamation issued by General Bonaparte, May 19, 1796, the following passage occurs:

"To assure the march of the troops, provisions are necessary, which they cannot receive from France, from which they are separated; they ought to find, then, these in Lombardy, where they are making their conquests. The rights of war give them security for obtainining them, and friendship ought to be eager to offer them. * * * * Twenty millions of French money are imposed as a contribution for this purpose. The division will be made among the different provinces. The terms of payment, which admit of the least possible delay, will be fixed by particular instruction. *It is certainly a moderate contribution for so fertile a country, particularly when they reflect upon the advantages which must result from it.*"

Regarding this as a specimen, it was quite moderate compared to the exactions to which the Romans were subjected by the same deliverers. Thus, individuals supposed to be possessed of from

three to six thousand crowns a year, were taxed to the extent of one third the whole amount; those who had an annual income of from six to ten thousand, had to pay two thirds of it for the same purpose; and such as were so fortunate as to have a revenue of ten thousand, had to give the whole amount. Not content with levying forced loans on all classes, the liberators not only plundered the churches, but in many districts, especially in the States of the Church, they tore open the graves in the cemeteries in order to convert the leaden coffins into bullets. Although the Romans did not like the government of the Pope—at least there were many, if not the majority of them, who regarded it as a bad system—they did not like to see the head of the Church insulted, especially by a people who had declared Christianity abolished in their own country. The French generals, upon the other hand, allowed few opportunities to pass without expressing such opinions on the subject as they knew would be agreeable to the Directory. It was with this view that Marshal Marmont, in giving an account of the number of stands of colors taken from the enemies of France, said that "there were two which he held in little value, as they had only been taken from the troops of the Pope, an enemy quite unworthy of their notice."

Bonaparte himself was in the habit of speaking in similar terms, though much more cautiously than his generals. It transpired in time that his contempt was by no means confined to the papal troops, or to the modern Romans—but that he entertained a similar feeling toward the Italian people in general. Some letters of his to the Prince Eugène, and to his brother Joseph, which fell into the hands of Italians, left little doubt on this point; though the documents in questions were officially declared at the time to be forgeries. But the "Confidential Correspondence" with Joseph, published when all was over, show that, whether they were genuine or not, the opinions which they entertained were those of their alleged author. In one of his letters he addresses his brother as follows: "I cannot believe it, though I have perceived for some time a sort of coalition between the Courts of Naples and Rome, and even Florence. *It*

is the alliance of the rats against the cat." We learn yet more from this than that Napoleon did not highly esteem the Italians—it tends to show that pretty soon they began to grow tired of his rule. When Joseph speaks of establishing a national guard, Napoleon writes: "Your fifty thousand national guards would all hate the French; and if Italy were to raise the cry drive the 'barbarians beyond the Alps,' all your army would abandon you." This is as much as could have been said of the Italians in relation to the Austrians, when the latter have been most odious; yet it is strictly true. Lord Broughton, referring to the same feeling in one of the books which forms the text of our article, observes:

"It is well known, and no danger can result from the promulgation of the fact, that, for some time previous to the downfall of Napoleon, a widely extended conspiracy had been formed in his Italian provinces, having for its object the long-desired unattainable independence of the Italian peninsula. The secret, if so it may be called, was in the breasts of no less than four thousand individua'ls, calling themselves freemasons, and communicating by the masonic signs in use, not in France but in England. These persons, although for ordinary purposes they acted with all the freemasons of Italy, yet for special political objects were governed by rules and conducted by chiefs known only to themselves."*

It is beyond question that the people of Lombardy—those Italians who had longest served both masters, were but a short time under French domination, when they were not only willing but anxious to have the Austrians back. We do not, indeed, mention this as to their credit; nor do we regard it in any such light. However much the French are to blame for the spoliations alluded to above, their rule has ever been much milder, and much more favorable to liberty and civilization, than that of the Austrians. Whatever excesses the former have committed in Italy, they have not, like the latter, whipped delicate women in the open streets; but what we say of the

* Broughton's *Italy*, vol. i., p. 126, et seq.

preference of the people of Lombardy is not the less true on this account. Indeed, they seem to have always been rather partial to the Germans, especially their princes. Beranger II. did not wait for the Germans to invade Italy; nor do they seem to have had any intention of doing so in his time. He offered his kingdom to Otho the Great, who readily accepted the boon; and Hallam tells us that "Most of the Lombard princes acquiesced, without apparent repugnance, in the new German government, which was conducted by Otho with much prudence and vigor, and occasionally with severity. The citizens of Lombardy *were still better satisfied with a change that insured a more tranquil and regular administration, than they had ever experienced under preceding kings.*" The latter had just the same reason, or at least thought they had, for wishing to exchange the French for the Austrians, in the time of the first Napoleon; and that the fact was understood by Francis the First is evident from his conduct during the last two years of his enemy's rule. "The Austrians advanced," says Lord Broughton, "with the assurance that they came to liberate the Lombards from a foreign yoke, &c. Not one of the champions contending for the honor of imposing a master on this unhappy country, omitted the usual ceremony of promising better days of freedom and happiness. The Austrian general, Nugent, and his English partisans, disembarked at the mouth of the Po, and overran Romagna, and before they were repulsed by the French general Grenier, near Parma, had time to declare themselves 'disinterested liberators.'"

What is strange, is, not that the Austrians should represent themselves as liberators, but that those whom they had so long oppressed should believe them. Different reasons are assigned for this. Some will have it that it is because the people of Lombardy are of Teutonic origin; but this would not account for it. Though the Lombards, when they came into northern Italy from Germany, on the invitation of Narses, were enabled to give their name to the part of the country in which they settled, they were by no means so numerous as to effect any radical change in the Italian population. In this respect they

may be compared to the Franks, who, in a similar manner gave their name to France, but there is no trace now of either race. The people of Lombardy are as much Italian as those of France are Gallic. Indeed, there is no part of Italy where the inhabitants possess more national feeling than in Lombardy. Even the Venetians are not more patriotic than the Milanese, as the many heroic struggles of the latter, as well as the former, abundantly prove.

What seems nearest the truth, is that religion had more to do with the hatred contracted against the French than even their spoliations. It is well known that it is not those who live nearest to the Pope that are most attached to the Catholic religion. The Milanese have always been better Catholics than the modern Romans. The former felt much more shocked than the latter when the Christian religion was abolished in France, and much more offended at the insults given to the Pope. We have an interesting proof of this in a numerously signed petition, presented by the Milanese to General Bonaparte, begging that the attacks made on the Catholic religion by order or at the suggestion of the Directory, should not be obtruded on the Italian people, for it had been the habit for some time to print in Paris, in the Italian language, in the form of tracts, the worst speeches made by the popular orators against Christianity, especially against the Pope and his pretensions to a divine mission. M. La Reveiliere wrote a pamphlet on the subject, intended chiefly to influence the Italians, but it did much more harm than good to the cause sought to be sustained by it. Its style is not unlike that of *L'Empereur Napoleon III. et l'Italy;* but the tone of the two treatises is very different. The new is much less offensive than the old—much more moderate in its language, as the following brief extract from the latter will show:

"It [the papacy] was a government supported by the credulity of nations, the fanaticism of priests, and the interested support of thrones. It contradicted in practice all the maxims it professed in theory. It is a disgrace to the Christian name, and destroyed the spirit of the gospel by hypocritically pretending that its kingdom was

not of this world, and yet aspiring to universal monarchy; that when delivered from persecution and re-established in its authority, it had invariably basely returned the favors it had received; that it bestowed the grossest adulation upon princes who had been guilty of hideous murders, and massacred thousands of their people; that it absolved subjects from their allegiance, patronized treason, threw kingdoms into confusion, and deluged them with blood; that no country had suffered more than France from a tyrannical and pretended theocracy, or had been treated with viler indignity; that it was Rome that had sanctioned the Sicilian vespers—that originated the civil wars of the League, that fomented the most bitter and acrimonious disputes on the most contemptible of subjects, and that all these feuds, altercations, and disasters, arose from the influence of a foreign priest, who styled himself the common father of the faithful."

Napoleon learned a useful lesson from the effect of language like this not only on the Italians but on Catholics generally. He was in favor of respecting the religious scruples of all forever after; and one of his best speeches before the Directory was one which he delivered soon after this, in favor of toleration. Thenceforward he was a devout Catholic among Catholics; in Protestant Germany he was a Lutheran or Calvinist, according to the company he happened to be in; nay, when he went to Egypt he had no difficulty in acting the part of a pious Mameluke. He had sense enough to see that it was only the Parisians who had cast off the Christian religion, and that the majority even there were still Catholics at heart. It had always been his opinion that some system of religion was necessary as a means of governing the masses, and hence it was that he re-established Catholicism in France; but his mistake was that he could attack the Pope as a temporal sovereign, without wounding the religious scruples of the Catholic people. This he often spoke of during his exile; and there is no doubt but his experience on the subject has had considerable influence on the conduct of Napoleon III. in relation to the same question.* It will be remembered that the

* The following extract would show by itself that Napoleon III. would not be so ready to arrest the Pope as was Napoleon I.; but whether religious motives

present Pope, in his reply to the pamphlet, the title of which is given at the head of our article, and which is supposed to have been written by Louis Napoleon, took occasion to remind the French government that it did not thrive very well even with the first Napoleon to interfere with the authority of the Holy Father. If all this has had any effect in causing Napoleon III. to hesitate before depriving the Pope of his temporal power, it is not because he is in the least superstitious, but simply because he is not quite sure as to what might be the political consequences of taking so important a step. During his campaign in Italy he had no difficulty in observing that the people of Lombardy still entertained serious scruples against any violent interference with the papal government; and he is far too shrewd to incur the hatred of a people who in their proneness to revolution are so like the French. Besides, he has the lessons of his uncle to profit by. "I always suspected the Milanese," said Napoleon in St. Helena. "They would often jest about the Catholic religion, but they did not like others who did so. As soldiers they admired the French; but they hated them as infidels. I tried for seven years to remove this prejudice. It was no use; so that I was but little surprised when I heard what had taken place at Milan when it was found that fortune was no longer on my side."

No sooner was it known that he had fallen than the people rushed with one accord into the streets, rending the air with cries of "Down with the tyrant!" Placards were soon posted in all parts of the city, inscribed with the motto "*Patria e Independenza, non Eugenio, non Viceré, non Francesi.*" The senate had to meet immediately, and the first paper submitted to its consideration was one which commenced thus: "Spain

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would have anything to do with his hesitation may well be doubted—"Aujourd'hui, comme il y a onze ans on ne peut concevoir qu'une ligne dont le centre serait à Rome et dont le Pape aurait la présédence. L'préséance de Rome sur les autres villes de la Péninsula est consacré par le temps, par la glorie, par l'admiration et la piété de tous les peuples. La présédence du Pape resulte de son titre de pontife; il represente la souveraineté éternelle de Dieu, et ce caractere auguste *permet aux plus grands rois de s'incliner devant lui. Ce n'est pas un maitre; c'est un pere.*" (p. 59.)

and Germany have thrown off the yoke of the French. Italy must imitate them," &c. The populace were not content with mere denunciations and threats. They determined on a bloody vengeance. Fortunately, most of the government functionaries managed to escape. None of the French officials were to be had. Thus disappointed, they proceeded to the residence of Signor Prina, one of the Italian ministers of the Prince Eugene. He tried in vain to expostulate with them. They literally tore the clothes from his person, and then threw him out of a window. Though terribly mangled by the fall, the unfortunate man crawled to an ale-house, but only to be dragged again into the streets, and beaten to death with clubs and umbrellas.

Hundreds of Frenchmen would have been slaughtered in a similar manner had they not been put on their guard by some of the more respectable citizens, who had got an intimation of what was to be done, and who dreaded something like a repetition of the Sicilian Vespers; which, we may remark in passing, ought to be forever a lesson to Frenchmen in Italy. This terrible event may also be adduced in proof of the fact, that however much the French may be liked for a while by the Italians, it is not the less true that in time they become the object of a more deadly hatred than has ever been shown toward the Austrians. It is indeed common enough in Italy to stab or shoot an Austrian when he is least apprehensive of danger; but jealousy is much more frequently the cause than any political motive. It is characteristic of the Austrians to be too ready to insult Italian ladies; and if they have sometimes to pay the penalty with their lives they have only themselves to blame; they cannot in justice blame the Italians for protecting the honor of their wives and daughters. But against no other people who have ever ruled in Italy, has such implacable animosity been evinced as that which led to the terrible retribution known as the Sicilian Vespers.

As intimated at the beginning of this article, Italy has fallen a prey to almost every conquering tribe that has appeared in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire; the Visigoths

scarcely left a city of any note in the whole Italian peninsula without plundering; the Huns subsequently did nearly the same. The proudest of the Roman patricians—ladies of the first rank as well as gentlemen—were forced to beg for bread at the doors of the Goths, who robbed them of all they had. Nor did Italy fare much better at the hands of the Lombards. Besides these, the Normans, the Spaniards, and the Saracens, have in turn subjected more or less of the country to their yoke; but it is only the French alone of whom a general massacre has been attempted and executed. During the last two years of Napoleon's rule in Italy the French were often tauntingly reminded of Charles of Anjou, tyrant of the Two Sicilies; he who had been the cause of the Sicilian Vespers, the butchery of 8,000 French, without regard to age, sex, or condition. How deep-rooted and cruel must have been the hatred of the people when they spared the life of only one Frenchman in the whole island. He was saved because he was an honest and upright man; but so hated was the race to which he belonged, that even he was forced to leave the country. Nor was it without much provocation that all this was done, though nothing could justify such a frightful massacre—one in which the innocent must have suffered with the guilty.

And if we follow the French into other parts of Italy, we shall find that they have succeeded little better in securing the confidence and good will of the people. The Neapolitans have never liked them, but have always shown a disposition to get rid of them as soon as possible. We need not go farther back for an example than the time of Charles VIII., of France. He had little difficulty in conquering Naples with a formidable army; but he had scarcely returned to Paris after having, as he thought, made everything safe in the conquered country, than his garrisons were expelled or taken, and many of his followers put to death—the people almost unanimously preferring the Spanish rule. If his successors made similar attempts, and sometimes succeeded for a time, they were expelled in the end, or were the cause of such scenes as those of the Sicilian Vespers. Nor was Napoleon much more welcome than those who

had come before him. The people were not able to resist the well disciplined armies of France. They did not want Joseph to be their king; but they were forced to accept him. Anxious as he always was to please and serve them, they never liked him. This he knew, and being a conscientious man, he was glad to abdicate in favor of Joachim Murat, who, it is well known, had no better success, and was finally shot like a traitor.

And what is the experience of Sardinia in reference to the same people? If we only look at the events of the last two or three years the reply will be that it is eminently favorable. But it is well to bear in mind that the Sardinians have not always been the allies of the French and the enemies of the Austrians. The case has been reversed more than once. When Bonaparte first crossed the Alps he was as much opposed by the Piedmontese as by the Austrians. Both the latter fought side by side as friends and allies against the enemies of the Directory. The Piedmontese became friends to the French only when they found they were unable, even with the assistance of the Austrians, to resist them as enemies. They deserted their allies in the hope of being favored by the liberators. But it was in vain they urged their claims both on the Directory and on Napoleon Bonaparte. Their king was forced to surrender Savoy and Nice as the first fruits of the new alliance; in short, he was completely despoiled of all power—reduced to the condition of a vassal; and the people deeply sympathized with him in his humiliation. In proportion as Bonaparte was successful in his Italian campaigns he was more and more exacting toward Sardinia. The position of the king was little better than that of a French commissary agent. The kingdom of which he was the nominal head was made the line of march for the French troops. He was duly notified from time to time of their approach, and directed to have everything ready for their reception. One indignity was succeeded by another, until weary of being a prisoner in his own capital, he was induced to surrender the whole of his continental territories, including the ancient patrimony of his ancestors, and retire to

the island of Sardinia. Such were the events which Victor Emanuel had to look back to when he engaged in the late war against Austria, assisted by France; and he too, if he has acquired Lombardy has had to cede Savoy. True, we are told he has done so willingly—that no threats or other means have been used to secure his compliance; which, if true, only shows after all that the gallant Savoyards, who have fought so often and so bravely for his ancestors, can form but a low estimate either of his filial devotion or patriotism.

In view of these facts it is not strange that Austria is not so uneasy as might be supposed for the loss of Lombardy. She lost the same province more than once before, and got it back again with little expense of either blood or treasure. Those who talk most on the subject forget that the Emperor Francis, far from wishing to resume his control over Lombardy, when it was offered to him by the congress of Vienna, objected to it on various grounds, and only accepted the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom when strongly urged to do so by the other great powers, especially by England. What the latter wanted was to prevent northern Italy from falling into the hands of France. Austria understood this very well, and she was aware also that as long as she retained any part of Italy she would be always in danger of being dragged into a French war.

There is no evidence that her views on this subject have undergone any material change in recent years. Amid the difficulties which occurred in 1849, she showed plainly enough by her conduct that she did not set a very high value on her Italian possessions. While she taxed all her resources to retain Hungary, she gave the Italians full time to establish their independence before sending a single army beyond the Alps. This indifference was not merely apparent. There is sufficient evidence that it was real, and that had the cabinet of Vienna received any encouragement from England, there would have been no necessity for the recent war. A project had already been drawn up by the Austrian minister of foreign affairs, the design of which was to prove to the other principal powers of Europe that it was best to leave the Italians to themselves.

This document has since been published; first in France, and then throughout continental Europe. It did not see the light in England until about two years ago; although a draft of it was sent to Lord Palmerston before any other foreign minister had seen it save Lord Ponsonby, who was then the British embassador at Vienna. The cabinet of St. James did not wish it should be publicly known that while England was loud in the expression of her sympathy for the "Italian patriots," she was at the same time urging Austria to send her troops to crush their hopes. As a reply to an argument of this kind on the part of Lord Ponsonby, who merely acted in accordance with his instructions from headquarters, the "project" referred to goes on to say: "Even if we gained the victory, what would be the result for Austria? The possession of some impoverished provinces, incapable for many years of reimbursing the expenses of the military occupation necessary to keep them in subjection; the weakening of the Austrian monarchy (in all questions relating to France and Russia), by the necessity of keeping an army of 100,000 men in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, in order to guard the provinces of the Tyrol, the Lytterol, and Carniole, against the attacks of external and internal foes; and thence, politically, financially, militarily, and above all, morally, a diminution of real strength, a complication of interests, and a struggle sometimes concealed, sometimes open, but never ceasing, against a nation of more than twenty millions of men, united by the same language, the same religion, and the same hopes." Finally, however, the Austrian government resolved to suppress the revolutionary movements which had already taken place at Milan and Venice, but when information was received from London to the effect that the French were preparing to cross the Alps, the Austrian minister wrote to Lord Palmerston, that if they should do so his government would neither oppose their entrance nor their march, but would "allow those who summoned them to try once more their domination. The Italians," he added, sarcastically, "have accumulated some money since 1814; *perhaps they want to get rid of it now.*"

The course of Austria during the late war was perfectly con-

sistent with the views of her best statesmen in 1849. If she sent an army across the Alps in 1859, it was not to contend with France in defence of her Italian provinces, but simply with the view of bringing Sardinia to terms. Hence it was that as soon as the French arrived on the frontiers of Piedmont the Austrians withdrew to Lombardy. Every other event that took place, until the war was so abruptly and unexpectedly concluded bythe treaty of Villafranca, was in accordance with the same policy; although the public was surprised, first, because the Austrians did not strike a decisive blow in Piedmont before the French had time to arrive, then because they rapidly retreated and evinced a disposition to avoid the enemy, and finally, because Francis Joseph so readily consented to put an end to the war without making any attempt to restore the lost prestige of his army.

That the French are as much superior to the Austrians, in the field of battle, as they are in the race of civilization, is not to be denied. Single-handed, the latter are utterly unable to carry on a successful war with the former. This has been often proved, and perhaps never more conclusively than at Magenta and Villafranca. It has been said, therefore, that the conduct of the Austrians, from the day they retreated from Piedmont until Lombardy was surrendered was actuated more by fear than by any other motive; but the manner in which they fought at each battle would fully exculpate them from the charge of cowardice, even if there was nothing known of their previous character.

The emperor Leopold II. was one of the first to oppose the French Revolution. He joined in several coalitions with that view, and although continually losing, in spite of his allies, neither he nor his armies showed any fear of the French. The alliances he had formed, and the battles he had fought against France, from 1792 to 1797, cost Austria northern Italy, Flanders, Belgium, and Holland, and all the left bank of the Rhine. In these five years the French furnished ample proof of their military superiority, but no proof that the Austrians were not also brave. Had they been otherwise, the defeats they suffered

in the first war would have kept them inactive for at least a decade, except they were assailed in such a manner that they could not avoid fighting. But they entered on the second war, in 1799, joined by the British and Russians, as "eager for the fray" as if they had been victorious only two years previously, instead of having been worsted in every battle. Again, in 1805, they were equally willing to enter the field. This third war cost Austria one hundred thousand square miles of territory, and more than three millions of subjects. The fourth war ended still more disastrously, costing Austria three millions and a half of subjects, and what was more humiliating still, if such were possible, the emperor Francis was forced to give his daughter to the conqueror, as a trophy to the enemy who had twice taken his capital, and wantonly blown up its fortifications—the work of nearly half a century.

When it is borne in mind that it was her Italian possessions that brought the greater part, if not the whole, of these misfortunes on Austria, it can be the more easily believed that it was no affectation at all on her part, either in 1815 or 1849, to say that she was rather tired of her Italian domination. It is equally true that at one time, as well as the other, the Italians could easily have cast off her yoke if they only made a really earnest effort to do so. A much smaller section of the Italians were able, more than once, to expel the French when their domination became hateful to them; and surely those who could expel the French could expel the Austrians. We see, then, that the question asked at the beginning of our article is by no means an absurd one—namely: whether, if the Austrians were driven out of Italy, there was any probability that the Italians would ever wish them to return? If left to themselves, no doubt they would not; but certain it is that the French would, sooner or later, take their place as masters, and if they have not greatly changed since the time of Napoleon, we have seen already how short a time it would take them to become as odious to the subject people as ever any masters were.

For nearly fourteen hundred years the question has been

with most of the Italian States, not, how shall we govern ourselves? but, who shall we have to govern us? We do not mean that the Italians, more than other people, prefer to be governed by strangers, but the result is virtually the same, since their conduct is such as to encourage other nations to make war on each other for the privilege of oppressing them.

True, even modern Italy has not always owned a foreign domination. If she has in turn borne the yoke of the Spaniards, the Normans, the French, and the Germans, causing all to fight about her, like so many beasts of prey, she has also had her native governments, such as the republics of Venice and Florence, Genoa and Pisa—two, at least, of which are among the most famous in history. As for that of Venice, it was once the greatest power in Europe, and the Venetian people were the most enlightened in the world, the most polished in their manners, and the most devoted to the arts and sciences. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the territories of the Republic extended from the Adriatic to the river Adda, and from the Po to the Alps, and included the cities of Padua, Verona, Bassano, Bressia, Crena, Bergamo, and Triuli. When Constantinople was taken by the crusaders, in 1204, principally by Venetian valor, the greater part of the city and its territory were added to the dominions of Venice; soon after she obtained possession of most of the islands of the Archipelago, Candia, and the Ionian group, and subsequently of the beautiful island of Cyprus. The Republic was, for centuries, equally powerful by sea and land. Its naval superiority, especially, was everywhere acknowledged—just as universally as was that of England in 1812, before the navies of France and the United States became so large and powerful as they are now; and hence the origin and meaning of the great annual festival called the Marriage of the Adriatic, which only ended with the republic itself.

But Venice was great in evil as well as in good. Her government, though called a republic, was an oligarchy of the worst kind. Few despotisms have been more oppressive. It is doubtful whether a more odious secret conclave ever existed

than the celebrated *Council of Ten*, with its troops of spies and informers, and its *Lion's Mouth*, to receive the statements of all who, without revealing their own names or motives, wished to ruin their fellow-citizens. Frequently the victims did not know that they were even accused, or that there was any charge against them, until seized upon by the secret police and cast into a dungeon, where no friend could ever see them, or into the Adriatic, to sink never to rise, according as the secret Council adjudged them to deserve one fate or the other. The conduct of the republic toward its dependencies was still more cruel. There was scarcely a city within its reach on which it did not make war, with motives little more honorable than the love of plunder, jealousy, and revenge. Genoa, Pisa, and Milan, were in turn attacked, again and again, and as much as possible despoiled. Could Nero and all the imperial tyrants of pagan Rome have sat in council together, for the purpose of framing such a code as would be best calculated to oppress those who had the misfortune to be in their power, they could hardly have conceived anything worse than is embodied in the statutes of the Venetian republic. Indeed, many of the "articles" of these statutes are so revolting, that it seems almost impossible to believe that they did not emanate from demons, rather than from men; so that, terrible as are the denunciations of the poet, we can hardly deny, after all, that he has truth and right on his side when he says :*

"Mourn not for Venice; though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
And justice triumphs o'er.
Thus perish every king and state
That ran the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man."

* * * * *

* Moore.

"Vanished are all her pomps, 'tis true,
But mourn them not—for vanished too
(Thanks to that Power who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty great)
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That filled each spot at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood."

If both the poet and the historian have exaggerated the faults of the Venetian Republic—if upon the whole its influence was good—if it was better for the Venetians than the domination of the stranger—if, in a word, after having flourished for ages, and filled the world with its fame, it ought not to have been overthrown—France, not Austria, is to blame. The latter was long in Italy before Napoleon's time, but she made no effort to crush the republic of Venice. Did he do so because it was oppressive and bad, or because he thought its overthrow would redound to the glory of France? If in the former case (and that he was right in his estimate of its character), then what are we to say of the people who permitted it to exist so long, and who, most probably, would have continued since to obey its laws? Can we have any lively hope that they would do better in the future?

The Republic of Florence was also great in its day; but no government could be more different from that of Venice. The nobles, as we have seen, had all the power in the latter; whereas in the former, the very fact of their being nobles excluded them from all share in the government. And if they pressed their claims, they were banished, or cast into prison. Of the number thus expelled, was Dante, who, in consequence, had to spend most of his life in exile and poverty, wandering about from one city and country to another. The Guelfs and Ghibellines were the two great parties of the state; and it is worthy of remark that both were founded by Germans. There was little that could be called patriotic in the principles of either. Indeed they were little better than the factions of two rivals; the Ghibellines espousing the cause of the German emperor—the Guelfs, that of the Pope. But though all Floren-

tines speaking the same language, believing in the same religion, and glorying in a common ancestry, no two alien races could have been actuated by more implacable hatred to each other. Not only those who resided in the country, but also those who had city residences, found it necessary to surround their dwellings with fortifications, to protect themselves from the antagonistic party. The Ghibellines were the first to do this; their example was soon followed, however, by the Guelfs. But no precautions were sufficient to prevent strife and bloodshed. The public festivals seldom ended without scenes of horror. Thus for more than two centuries there was almost constant civil war. The Guelfs called themselves the liberal party, but while in power they were little if anything less tyrannical than the Ghibellines. They were attached to the cause of the Pope, not, however, because he was the head of Church, but because they regarded him as the protector of their rights against the encroachments of the German emperor.

Not content with fighting almost constantly among themselves, the Florentines were equally distinguished for their wars with their neighbors, especially with the citizens of Pisa. Having no seaport of their own, and at the same time feeling jealous of the maritime supremacy of the Pisans, they hired Genoese ships, in order that they might turn the scale in their own favor. Feeling that her little fleet was not sufficient to protect her, Pisa tried to save herself by placing a large chain across the harbor; but in vain. The city was captured, and a fragment of the chain, which was broken during the conflict, may be seen at this day suspended as a trophy in one of the public squares of Florence.

What is remarkable is that, amid all their strife, the Florentines could find time to cultivate the elegant and useful arts so extensively and successfully as they have done. The city that produced a Dante, an Angelo, a Galileo, and a Machiavel, could not have been otherwise than great. But we have still more conclusive evidence of the taste and culture of the people. The sculptures and paintings by native artists which

adorn their churches, academies, libraries, and private residences, are the finest in the world; not to mention the celebrated *Accademia della Crusca*, to whose fostering care the beautiful language of Italy owes so much. What other city in the world can boast such munificent patrons of the arts and sciences as the Medici family? especially Cosmo, whose contributions toward educational, scientific, and charitable purposes, amounted to a sum equal to six millions of dollars?

It may be that the faults of Florence, too, have been exaggerated; though her own most distinguished citizens have given their testimony against her. Again and again her crimes are denounced by Dante, in his great Poem, as calling to Heaven for vengeance. If we believe one half of what is laid to her charge by Florentines, we must admit that even the domination of Austria could hardly have been worse than that of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. How can this be accounted for? It will not do to say that the people were too superstitious for self-government; too much under the control of the Pope and the priesthood. History bears out no such pretension; but, on the contrary, it fully exculpates them from the charge. In proof of this, we need only refer to their conduct in reference to the conspiracy against their benefactors, the Medici. The Payzi, another wealthy and influential Florentine family, had long sought to get the government into their own hands. Pope Sixtus V. did all he could to influence the people in their favor, but all the efforts of himself and his clergy were in vain. It is alleged that he finally took part in the conspiracy alluded to, aided by the Archbishop of Pisa. Be this as it may, it was in the cathedral of Florence the conspirators attempted to carry out their plot, pouncing like tigers upon their intended victims during the celebration of mass, April 20, 1478. Lorenzo, the head of the family, whom it was most desirable to get rid of, defended himself so vigorously that he escaped with a few slight wounds, while his brother, Giulio, was murdered on the spot. Did the people act then as if they were priest-ridden? Let their conduct answer the question. All that need be said on this point is, that they tore the assassins to pieces, and

hanged the archbishop from a window in the public square. It is more than probable that they would have treated the Pope himself in a similar manner if they had had him in their power, and could have proved him guilty. As it was, they set his spiritual power at defiance. All he could do, was to excommunicate them; and this was done. But what cared they? Yet all the time they were good Catholics. They respected and reverenced the head of the Church as such, but as a temporal sovereign, they treated him as they would have treated any other prince of equal power. And when he saw that, while as religious as any other people, they were not to be frightened by the thunders of the Vatican, he was soon glad to withdraw the sentence of excommunication.

The Florentine republic came to an end, however, without any foreign intervention. The chief magistrate was permitted to assume the title of prince, and in 1569 Cosmo dè Medici was formally declared Grand Duke of Tuscany. Nearly a century after it became an appendage to the German empire; not, however, by conquest. But on the extinction of the Medici family, the grand ducal crown was conferred on the Duke of Lorraine, who, soon after, became Emperor of Germany. Thus the Florentines were permitted for centuries to manage their own affairs. None of the great Powers undertook to overthrow their government or subject them to their yoke. But they gradually made a yoke for themselves; so that in the middle of the sixteenth century the government was almost as despotic as that of the Ottoman empire. Yet the Florentines did not want the French, when they came to "liberate" them with the rest, in Bonaparte's time. They did not like the Grand Duke; they did not like Austria; but they doubted whether they would have any reason to like the French anything better. Their objections availed them nothing, however as they were not able to resist the victorious armies of Napoleon. After centuries, they found themselves a conquered people at last; their city having been twice taken—first in 1794, and again in 1799. Bonaparte offered them liberty at the cannon's mouth. He told them that he came to rescue them from the hated Austrians,

and make them freemen once more. But how did he do it? He erected the dukedom into a kingdom, giving it the name of Etruria, and conferring the crown on the Duke of Parma. The new king proved to be unskilful in levying large sums of money on his subjects; being, therefore, unfit to reign over "a liberated people," the conqueror offered the crown to his own brother, Lucien, who liked and esteemed the Florentines too much to become their oppressor. It is said that when told that Florence was taken, he wept like a child, and entreated his brother to spare her priceless treasures of art. "At least," said he, "make an exception in favor of the modern Athens." This was in allusion to the stipulations almost invariably made by Bonaparte in Italy, relative to the surrender of the best statues and paintings, so that they might serve as trophies to adorn the galleries of Versailles and the Louvre. If the liberty so ostentatiously offered had even been real, would it not have been dearly purchased if it cost nothing more than those matchless specimens of art, which were the admiration of Europe? Well might the Florentines say, "Bad as the Austrians are, they have never attempted to rob us of our *chefs d'œuvre*." It was difficult to believe that the chief of the most enlightened nation in Christendom would be guilty of such Vandalism; but the facts are too well attested. Many of the works of the great masters thus plundered, have never been returned; but may be seen at this day in the palaces of St. Cloud, the Tuileries, and the Louvre. But if we did not possess this conclusive proof, there is sufficient in the conqueror's letters to his brother Joseph to show that the "stipulations" alluded to were perfectly consistent with his ideas of right and wrong. What were the Florentines, and their traditions of a glorious past to him, more than the Calabrians and their traditions? and in writing to his brother Joseph, in reference to the disaffection of the latter, he gives the following advice—an advice almost too atrocious to be translated: "Je ne pardonne rien; faites passer par les armes au moins six cents révoltés, *faites brûler les maisons, trente des principaux de chaque ville et distribuez leurs biens à l'armée. Livrez au sac deux* ou trois bourgades

de plus mauvaise conduite; cela servira d'example, et rendre aux soldats la joi et l'envie de s'agiter." None of Napoleon's generals deemed fit to wear a crown, whatever their faults were in other respects, would undertake to govern Florence after this fashion; so that the new kingdom had to be united to the French empire, of which it continued to be an appendage until the fall of the emperor.

In Naples, the Germans have had little to do; less than any other dominant people in Europe; yet need we say that Naples has had political misfortunes enough; nor has she got over them yet. We have seen already the light in which the Neapolitans regarded their French liberators; not only in the time of Napoleon, but at different periods previously. Although they did not massacre them to a man, like the Sicilians, they did quite sufficient on each occasion to show how cordially they hated them. The Neapolitans have given proof of no more aptitude for self-government than their neighbors and kinsmen, but rather less than any of them. Even when Masaniello liberated them, in 1647, from the yoke of the Spaniards, he was murdered for his pains, and the Spanish domination became more oppressive than ever. In our own day, it is a Spanish dynasty that rules Naples—a branch of the Bourbon family. Austria, in her worst days, has hardly oppressed her Italian subjects more cruelly than the Neapolitans have been by the late king Ferdinand; nor are they much better off under the government of his son. Yet there has been no insurrection worthy of the name—no really earnest and united effort to secure independence. The Neapolitan dungeons have become a by-word throughout Europe. The spy system exists in its most odious form. Those suspected of political offences are put to the torture, to compel them to testify against themselves; and the people continue to submit to all. As for the attempts at insurrection, made from time to time, they are the work of foreigners rather than of natives.

There are those who find that the Neapolitans, as well as other Italians owe their misfortunes chiefly, if not wholly, to their blind submission to the church of Rome. They are, we

are told, too superstitious; but those who think that this is the cause of their being misgoverned, are more superstitious than they, and more narrow-minded. They are like the quack doctors who with one nostrum would cure all the diseases that flesh is heir to. The Neapolitans are not fanatics. They have often proved that they know how to make a distinction between spiritual and temporal power, even though both be combined in one person. One illustrative instance will be sufficient for our purpose. Thus, in 1053, one of the Norman princes rendered himself obnoxious to Pope Leo IX. His Holiness finding that his spiritual power was insufficient to enforce obedience to his political mandates, declared war. He marched against the enemy with all the troops he could muster, though it is but justice to him to say that he did not intend to fight. He thought that rather than attack his army the disaffected would yield to his terms. But the Norman sovereign treated him in this respect as he would any other invader; and although nine tenths of the army of the former were Neapolitans, the papal troops were soon defeated and put to flight. The victors, having thus done their duty as citizens and soldiers, then threw themselves upon their knees to the Pope, and implored his pardon as the head of the Church. He had more sense than to refuse them. The conduct of themselves and their prince only made him esteem both all the more; and in proof of his sincerity, he conferred the sovereignty of Naples and all its territories on the very man who had thus chastised him for going to war without any just cause for doing so.

If we turn to the States of the Church, we shall find that the grievances, complaints, and misfortunes of the people, are pretty much the same as those of the Venetians, the Florentines, the Neapolitans, etc. In short, it seems to make little difference whether the Italians are governed by Austrians, by French, by Spaniards, or by their own countrymen—whether their government is a republic, a monarchy, or a theocracy: they are almost equally unhappy under all. And in no case are their grievances of recent date. The papal government is spoken of like the rest, as if it were a novelty; whereas, in

point of fact, it is one of the most ancient in Europe. Nor is it anything new with the Romans to be dissatisfied with the government of the Pope. Throughout the middle ages they were opposed to it. During the twelfth century they expelled several popes, the same as any other spirited people would expel a sovereign who had forfeited their confidence or sought to oppress them. Lucius II. having died of wounds received in a popular tumult, a government was formed which was vested in fifty-six senators, annually chosen by the people. But the senators, often as they were changed, soon became as obnoxious as the popes, so that the papal system was restored after an interval of fifty years. Another republican government was established by Rienzi; but it was only of still briefer duration —Rienzi, like Masaniello, having been assassinated. There was yet another sort of republic, under magistrates called the *bannerets*, but it was no more successful in satisfying the people than any previous system of which they had a trial. The result was, that they implored Gregory XI. to remove from Avignon to Rome, promising that they would never again attempt to overthrow the papal authority. The popes, like other sovereigns, have sometimes been popular and sometimes unpopular. Paul IV. had a narrow escape from being killed for his tyranny. As soon as he died the people broke open the prisons and liberated numerous prisoners. When Bonaparte invaded Italy he felt the same solicitude for the Romans that he did for the Florentines, the Neapolitans, etc. His only wish was, he assured them, to make them free and happy. They thanked him, but wished to have no more to do with him. The Pope first determined on resistance, but he soon found it would be no use. Like most of the other Italian princes who had any hope of favor, he agreed to a treaty which, among its other stipulations, provided for the surrender to the French of the finest paintings and statues which the Eternal City contained. That the Romans had no sympathy for their so-called liberators was sufficiently evident from their conduct. They made no effort to conceal their indignation against the intruders, whom they regarded much more as enemies than friends.

Hence the popular tumult, during which the French secretary of legation was killed, and which afforded a pretext for arresting the Pope and putting an end to his government.

This the people could have done themselves had they been so disposed; and they would have done it, had they thought it would contribute to their welfare. Nor have we any reason to believe that they are more priest-ridden or superstitious now than they were then. Pius IX. was quite popular in the beginning of his reign, but after two or three years he became unpopular—so much so that in 1848 he was expelled, as several of his predecessors had been before, or as any temporal prince would have been under similar circumstances. In the time of the first Napoleon, the Romans did not want to get rid of their sovereign—then he was taken from them; in 1848 it was the reverse, they did wish to get rid of Pius IX., and they carried their wish into execution; but for this very reason he was forced back upon them by Napoleon III., who has kept him hedged in ever since by French troops, lest he might be again turned about his business!

If, then, the Romans have grievances to complain of, it is clear that it is not because they are superstitious. The truth is, that no people are less so. The chief complaint of the Pope against them is, that they lack piety. Nor is the charge altogether unfounded. A certain carelessness and levity, in regard to matters spiritual, are characteristic of the Italians, although they observe the external forms of religion as much as any people. In nothing do they resemble their ancestors more than this. No complaint was more common against the ancient Romans than their want of reverence for the gods. Almost all the Roman poets and orators reproach them with this. For example, one of the finest odes of Horace is that which attributes the calamities of Italy to the people's contempt for religion,* the same as the Pope does at the present day.

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* "Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ."—(Lib. iii., Ode vi.)

The candid reader, who has accompanied us thus far in our sketch, will readily acknowledge that the Italian question, so-called, is much more complicated than thousands who talk about it are apt to think. We are certainly no admirers of the Austrians or their domination, and we prefer Protestantism to Catholicism, the same as we prefer the French to the Austrians; but there is a difference between having a preference on certain grounds, and laying the blame of everything that happens on those whose general conduct does not please us. Austria has sins enough to answer for, so, perhaps, has the Church of Rome; but neither, nor both together, are responsible for all the political calamities that have befallen the Italians. It is only national prejudice or bigotry that finds no redeeming quality in either. Even Austria does not always play the tyrant in or out of Italy; and in her worst days she has seldom forced her subjects into exile by overloading them with taxes; nor do we find that many die of starvation under her rule. In a similar manner, it may be said that if the church of Rome has sometimes retarded intellectual progress, it is not the less true that modern civilization is vastly indebted to her. The most eminent Protestant writers have willingly borne testimony to this—such, for example, as Guizot and Macaulay. "The benevolent spirit," says the latter, "of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to the distinctions of caste; but to the church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious, for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. She ascribes to every priest a mysterious dignity, which entitles him to the reverence of every layman; and she does not consider any man as disqualified, by reason of his nation or his family, for the priesthood. Her doctrines concerning the sacerdotal character, however erroneous they may be, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society. That superstition cannot be regarded as unmixedly noxious which, in regions cursed by the tyranny of race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, inverts the relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before

the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondsman. To this day, in some countries where negro slavery exists, popery appears in advantageous contrast with other forms of Christianity. It is notorious that the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington. In our own country this peculiarity of the Roman Catholic system produced, during the middle ages, many salutary effects. It is true that, shortly after the battle of Hastings, Saxon prelates and abbots were violently deposed, and that ecclesiastical adventurers from the continent were intruded by hundreds into lucrative benefices. Yet, *even then, pious divines of Norman blood raised their voices against such a violation of the constitution of the Church, refused to accept riches from the hands of the conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow-Christians.*"

But the Catholic religion and the papal government are different things. It is not our business to find any fault with the former, nor have we any disposition to do so. But with the latter it is different. This is too enlightened an age for the theocratic system; the sooner it is done away with the better. The same may be said of Austria and her system. At the same time it may well be doubted, whether, if both the papal government and the domination of Austria were put an end to to-morrow, the Italians would not still have grievances to redress, and oppressors to get rid of, even though the Sicilian insurrection, concerning which the English journals have just brought us such hopeful accounts, should prove entirely successful.

ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

LEXICOGRAPHY AND REFERENCE.

An American Dictionary of the English Language. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D.; revised and enlarged by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH. Springfield, Mass.: George & Charles Merriam, 1860.

WE had intended to institute a careful comparison, in our present number between the two great American dictionaries of the English language; but as both did not reach us in time, we can now do little more than glance at the new features of "Webster." That these are valuable, especially the pictorial illustrations, no one can deny. We like the latter all the better for being apart by themselves. Books intended for children should, by all means, have them side by side with the words they are designed to illustrate; but works of reference are different. It must be remembered that many use the latter who seldom if ever need to look at any illustration. Why obtrude it on such? Is it not much better to place it with others of its kind, where it may easily be found if required? If we take up an introductory treatise on mensuration, trigonometry, architecture, etc., it is more than probable that we shall find the illustrations incorporated with the text; but the reverse is true of a treatise that is elaborate and exhaustive. Supposing the student should wish to profit by all the illustrations as soon as possible, can he not do so much easier, if all are together in groups, than if he had to search for them through fifteen hundred quarto pages?

We do not, however, attach much importance to the difference. There is sufficient in Webster that is important without it; more, in our estimation, than in any other Dictionary of the English language. Not that we have ever regarded the work as faultless; the critics who expect perfection in the dictionary of a living language, or indeed in any other human production, are not those whose opinions are of most value, but those who find it much easier to talk than to think. When Mr. Thrale asked Dr. Johnson to give a new edition of his Dictionary, "because," said he, "there are four or five gross faults;" "Alas! sir," replied the author, "there are *four or five hundred faults!*" In a similar manner Schneider's Greek Dictionary had long been regarded as nearly perfect. It was the most reliable lexicographical authority in Germany. Some, indeed, thought that, like Johnson's, it had perhaps four or five errors, but a casual examination of it by Passow, satisfied that eminent philologist that it could be vastly improved. He writes to Voss on the subject himself, from Weimar, as follows: "I have just got through with a trifling affair in Latin. Some time ago, Beck, of Leipsic, requested me to contribute an article to the volume of his Transactions of the Leipsic Philological Society, which will come

out at the Easter fair. While I was hesitating as to what I should send him, it occurred to me that ever since I came here, about three years ago, I had been interlining my copy of Schneider's lexicon with words and significations which were here and there wanting, corrections, idioms, and the like. As Ahlwart had written a programme, entitled a Supplement to Schneider's Lexicon, I resolved to examine and see whether I had collected any materials of importance, and, to my surprise I found, *under the letter Alpha alone, about one hundred words, which were entirely wanting in Schneider!* They were mostly from the best writers, such as Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Æschylus, Herodotus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Thucydides, and Demosthenes; some of them were from Nonnus, Julius Pollux, Tryphiodorus, Athenæus, Stobæus, the Anthology," etc.

There are a few words, probably half a dozen, which we never spell according to Webster. Assuming that we are right in this, what of it? The greatest writers and most accomplished scholars often spell the same words differently at different times. This is true of all living languages, and of none more than of our own. The orthography, in any two English reigns, however brief, is seldom found the same; in time the alteration becomes so great that one can hardly identify, in one book, a word that he is perfectly familiar with in another.

But can the same be said of definitions or derivations? A horse was the same kind of quadruped in the time of the good King Alfred that it is to-day; so was a cow, or a goat. Hunger and cold produced the same sensations, in the time of Leonidas, which they do now. Derivation is equally unchangable. If, for example, it be true to-day that we derive the word physic from the Greek φυσικη, it was equally true hundreds of years ago, when it was first used in our language. And it is in definition and in derivation that Webster is admitted, on all hands, to excel most—declared by the best judges to be without a rival. Puffendorf does not exaggerate much when he says that "The first and highest philosophy is that which delivers accurate and comprehensive definitions of things." An equally learned authority* says of derivation: "How useful to ethic science, and indeed to knowledge in general, a grammatical disquisition into the etymology and meaning of *words* was esteemed by the chief and ablest philosophers, may be seen by consulting Plato, in his *Cratylus*, Xenophen's *Memorabilia*," etc. No writer of eminence, ancient or modern, has pretended that the addition or omission of a letter in a few words is of much importance. As Horace tells us,† the words themselves may perish, as the works of men;

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* Harris, author of *Hermes*.

† ———— "Mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax,
Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidêre; cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula," etc.

they may become obsolete and again revive, but the *things* or the ideas they represent are always the same.

The "Introduction" to Webster's Dictionary is, we believe, not new; but, let it be new or old, it embodies a larger amount of linguistic knowledge, and exhibits more profound and accurate scholarship than any other disquisition of equal extent with which we are acquainted. The table of synonyms is elaborate and full—evidently the work of a scholar of the first rank—one familiar with the nicest shades of meaning—and we regard it as the best of the new additions, not excepting even the illustrations.

The New American Cyclopædia: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. IX., Hayne—Jersey City. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

We are aware that it is a serious matter to approach this work with any other language that that of eulogy and admiration. A few, indeed, have ventured to hint that it is not all which it is represented to be, but dearly have they paid for their rashness. First, they are assailed by a certain morning journal as if they had committed some crime too atrocious to be forgiven in this world; and all who want "complimentary copies" of the work, or desire to be immortalized in its pages, are expected to follow suit. To be forced to run the gauntlet in this way, all that is necessary is to attempt a criticism. This is called an "attack," and it must follow that the party making it has been actuated by the most diabolical motives. For this it is not sufficient to abuse him in the official journal and its satellites, and accordingly private letters are sent to him, threatening him with vengeance and ruin. But we are not of those who can be thus frightened, or deterred from denying that brass is gold. At the same time, we will "attask" nobody. No word meant to be discourteous or offensive will escape our pen in the few observations which we are about to make on "The New Cyclopædia."

That the work contains good articles, far be it from us to deny. There are those who have contributed to its pages whose papers would do honor to any publication, and whose learning and talents we hold in as high estimation as any one. But what writers of this class are induced to furnish forms but a small proportion of the matter of the whole. For one article that may be read with profit and pleasure, or that may be referred to as an authority, there are at least twenty that have not even the negative recommendation of being written in correct English. Nor are bad grammar and slang by any means the worst faults of the latter. It is but rarely that we find either their facts or their dates correctly stated, but calculated to mislead rather than to guide. Yet we must not blame the editors. It may be doubted whether any two men could have done better with the resources at their command. They cannot be expected to make brick without straw. If Diderot and Alembert, Ephraim Chambers and Dr. Rees, or Sir David

Brewster and Prof. Napier, could have been in their place, they could hardly have procured sufficient of the right sort of matter for a Cyclopædia, at the rate of two dollars per octavo page, in small type and double column —that is, about *one cent and a half, or three fourths of a penny, a line.* We all know, that if men capable of writing what is worth reading, contribute at this rate, they must have some stronger motive than the amount of cash they would receive at the end of the month or quarter for any given number of lines or pages. This will, perhaps, account for the number of persons that have been so suddenly made illustrious in the New Cyclopædia, and it may also throw some light on the process by which certain manufacturing companies have, in an equally mysterious manner, placed themselves above all rivals, so as to serve as models forever after to all who are in search of "general knowledge."* It would be somewhat amusing, if not instructive, to glance over the nine volumes now published, and see how many scores of persons have been made famous in this way. But on the present occasion we must confine ourselves to the last issue. In this alone there is quite a formidable array of living celebrities. We forbear, however, to give the names of any. If they have written articles either for the work or in praise of it, they have a right to be requited in one shape or other. It is their own affair if they prefer a eulogy on a thing that does not exist—that is, their genius. Nor are they to blame for employing their friends to get up such eulogy for them, even if they have not an opportunity of reciprocating on the principle—"You tickle me, and I tickle you."

The manner in which the whole business of immortalizing is done in the New Cyclopædia is very simple. Nearly all the "notices" have more than a family resemblance; indeed, they are as much alike, in the main, as leases given by one landlord to different tenants, nothing being necessary, in one form more than another, than to fill up the blanks with dates and names. First we are told the year, day, and place, when and where the great man was born, and who and what were his parents. He was pretty sure to evince great precocious talent. Then he was graduated at this or that college, the date of which event is carefully given. Everybody was prepared for the honor thus conferred, for its recipient had long previously attracted the attention both of his fellow-students and of the professors, either by his poetry or prose. In short, it was evident to the whole neighborhood that he was a man of genius. A Fourth of July oration, delivered soon after at a certain village, placed this beyond dispute; or, if there were any so skeptical as to doubt still, they were made ashamed of their stupidity by a wonderfully brilliant paper which he read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His reputation, both for genius and learning, being now established, the next event is a visit to Europe. Here he sees more, and makes wiser and sharper observations than anybody else. He writes long letters, which are

* For example, see articles on Iron, and kindred subjects.

published in the journal of his native village, and pronounced the best ever written; or he gets up essays on his return, which are printed for private circulation; or, better than all, he publishes a book in poetry or prose, of which an enormous number of copies have been sold. Two or three such eulogies might be excused in a work of several volumes, but when they are to be found in dozens in almost every volume, they cease to have any value.

As for the articles on the arts, sciences, languages, &c., and the biographies of the mighty dead, there is little trouble with them. All that is necessary is to abbreviate and transpose those in other cyclopædias, dictionaries, &c. Sometimes, indeed, very little transposition is made. Whole passages are merely transcribed, and what is added had often been better omitted. One writer takes charge of the Henrys (kings) of England, another of the Henrys of France. The former has some curious reflections on each of his heroes. The tender manner, for example, in which he speaks of the mode in which Henry VIII. rid himself of his wives, according as he got tired of them, or formed new "affinities," will doubtless interest many. In winding up, he says: "Henry's reign has often been called a tyranny, *but such it was not*, so far as the mass of the people *was* concerned, as he had, more than once, to yield to the bold expression of the popular will." (p. 94.) According to this logic, the government of Nero has also been "often" misrepresented, for he, too, had "to yield to the bold expression of the popular will." The person who writes about Hindostan does very well as long as he has only to make some alterations and omissions in the article on the same subject in the Encyclopædia Britannica; but when he comes to make reflections of his own, we see at once that he is somewhat out of his sphere. He disposes of Oude as follows: "In 1856, the kingdom of Oude, which had for some years been *in a state of confusion*, was annexed to the British dominions, on the ground of its extreme and scandalous mis-government." This is followed by another piece of information given in the same style: "The next important event in the history of Hindostan was one which had attracted *the universal attention of mankind, in all quarters of the globe*, and forms, unquestionably, the most impressive incident in the annals of British India, from the commencement to the present time: we mean, the great sepoy revolt." (p. 160.) Yes, verily that event was an "impressive incident!" On the next page we are told that—"As soon as the revolt broke out the British made *strong* efforts to suppress it; but *the resources of treachery*, the paucity of European troops, and *the absence of means of transport*, gave the rebels an immense advantage." A singular combination, truly! If we come nearer home, we shall find that the information is given pretty much the same as that about India. Let us turn, for example, to the article on Ireland. After filling some eight or nine pages with names and figures, making here and there a philosophical reflection, the writer sums up thus; "Ireland has produced some of the most

successful statesmen, orators, poets, and warriors of the United Kingdom, as Burke, Sheridan, Castlereagh, Goldsmith, Moore, and Wellington." Burke and Sheridan—especially the latter—were successful in dying with not sufficient to bury them. Castlereagh was successful in selling his country and in putting an end to his own existence. If the same writer were enlightening us on the subject of England, he would doubtless describe Milton, too, as being "successful"—successful in having his immortal poem rejected by several publishers—successful in losing his sight! In similar style we are told, in the last sentence, that "Many of the most accomplished women who have adorned English society were Irish by birth; and, *as a peculiar trait* of the national character, it must be mentioned that the women of Ireland, howsoever poor or oppressed, are as noted for their virtue as for their piety." It is all right enough to praise the Irish women for their virtue; but is virtue "peculiar" to them? Is not the same trait to be found among the women of other countries—the women of America, for example? We had intended to point out some curiosities in the biographical department, which are somewhat different from those occurring in the notices of celebrities still in the flesh; but we now find that we must postpone doing so. In turning a leaf before closing the book, and our remarks upon it, our eye falls upon the following: "Herbert, Henry William, *an American author, of English birth, born* in London, April," &c. The fact that he was born in London would seem to make it sufficiently plain that he was of English birth, especially when taken in connection with the additional fact which is stated in regard to his father, &c. Should the remaining volumes exhibit any improvement, it will afford us pleasure to point it out. In the meantime, we wish no attention to be given to what we have said, further than it is found to be correct.

A Dictionary of Latin Synonymes for the Use of Schools and Private Students, with a complex index. By Louis Ramshow. From the German. By FRANCIS LIEBER, LL. D. 12mo, pp. 475. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co., 1860.

We are glad to perceive that works of this kind begin to be appreciated in America. That before us is well calculated to stimulate the industry of the student. There is nothing that puzzles the beginner more than to have to search out every word in a lexicon, and find that the definition of any particular term, which applies correctly enough in one place, does not apply at all in another. Many have been so much discouraged by this, as to abandon the study of the language in despair. If, for example, we turn to the Æneid of Virgil, we shall find that there is scarcely a word of any importance which is not used in at least a half dozen different senses. Thus, *pectus*, the first we happen to cast our eye upon, is in one place used to signify the breast, chest, or bosom; in another, the stomach; in another, the heart; in another, the whole body; in another,

the soul; in another, resolution; in another, anger, rage, &c., &c. By referring to a work like that before us, the different ideas expressed by the same word in different situations by the best writers, are seen at a glance; and it is interesting as well as instructive to compare them with each other. The synonymes are arranged alphabetically in sections, each duly numbered, so as to facilitate reference—the same numbers being given in the index in connection with the same words. We transcribe two specimens, which are selected for their brevity—not because there are not many others that are much better:

"29. ADOLESCENS, PUBES, EPHEBUS, JUVENIS, PUER, INFANS. *Adolescens*, properly a person that is growing up; a person from fifteen to thirty years of age, generally of the male sex: *Adulta virgo* Cic. *Pubes*, matured to puberty, with growing beard, from the fourteenth year: *Puer priusquam pubes esset*, Nep. Ephebus, a youth of sixteen years. *Juvenis* (ancient junis, young), a young man up to forty-five and fifty years opp. *Senior* and *senex*, from the sixtieth year. *Puer* a boy, to the fifteenth year. *Infirmitas puerorum est, ferocitas juvenum, gravitas jam constantis aetatis senectuti-maturitas.* Cic. *Pueri regii.* Liv., princes. *Infans*, a child which cannot yet speak well, up to the seventh year: *Infantium puerorum incumabula*, Cic."

"621. LAXARE, SOLVERE; LAXUS, PROLIXUS. *Laxare*, making loose, widening, making more spacious: *Argilius vincula epistolæ laxavit*, Nep. *Solvere* (solus), freeing, making free, dissolving: *Omne colligatum solvi* potest. Cic., hence, freeing one's self from a debt, dissolving the obligation, i. e. paying. *Laxus* (lacere, 604), loose, e. g. *arcus*, opp. *tensus*, wide, spacious, opp. tight, narrow: *Male laxus in pede calceus haeret.* Hom. *Domus laxiro.* Plin. Prolixus, loose, hanging down, e. g. *capillus.* Ter., hence willing, (not stiff and resisting), yielding, obliging: *Interest nostra Plaucum hoc animo* libenti *proxique facere.* Cic. * * * *

Dr. Ramshow is distinguished both as a practical teacher of the Latin language and as a philologist; and he has availed himself in the present work of the labors of Gardin-Dumesnil and Ernesti. In short, he has made it the best work of its kind in Germany—the land of scholars, the native home of comparative philology; and we need hardly add that Dr. Lieber has given us a faithful translation of the German.

The Grammar of English Grammars. By GOOLD BROWN. New-York: Samuel S. & William Wood. New edition, 1860.

There is no science less carefully studied than that of Grammar. This is particularly true of English Grammar. It is needless to say that our language suffers from this neglect. Its construction is eminently simple. There is little intricacy in the moods or tenses of its verbs; still less in the declension of its nouns. Neither its articles nor its adjectives undergo any change to express gender or number. The reverse is true in each of these particulars, of almost every other member of the Indo-European fam-

ily of languages; yet no people, possessing a rich and extensive literature, understand the vernacular more imperfectly than the masses of those who speak English. There are different causes for this, which we have not now time to examine; but we may remark, in passing, that one of the principal is to be found in the large number of grammars compiled by persons utterly incompetent for the task. We have before us at this moment a half dozen books of this kind, scarcely any two of which agree on any point which presents a difficulty to the learner. What is the latter to do in such circumstances? What confidence can he have in one more than another? Each is represented as faultless by its author, who does not fail to give us the additional information that all others have more or less errors. Hence the appropriateness of the title of Mr. Brown's work. He brings a large number of spurious treatises under review; compares them with each other; occasionally inflicts salutary chastisement on their authors; separates the wheat from the chaff; finally gives his own views on the point under dispute, and sustains them by quotations from various standard authors. In a word, no other writer has treated the subject so elaborately; and the results which he has accomplished are quite equal to the enormous amount of intelligent, well-directed industry and labor which they have cost him. The new edition has the advantage of a full index, the want of which had often been felt, even by those who held the work in highest esteem, as one of reference.

Manual of Classical Literature; from the German of J. J. Eschenburg, with Additions. By N. W. Fiske; 8vo, pp. 690. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle.

It is an interesting and instructive duty, rather than a laborious task, to examine a work like this. We had expected much from its reputation among scholars, and the appearance of the volume raised our expectations still higher; yet we can truly say that the vast amount of multifarious information which, on perusal, we have found it to contain, has agreeably surprised us—an amount which, admirably digested as it is, would fill six volumes of equal size, printed in the ordinary style of historical or biographical works. This will not seem strange when it is observed that it embraces comprehensive treatises on classical geography and topography; classical chronology; Greek and Roman mythology; Greek antiquities; Roman antiquities; archæology of Greek literature; archæology of Roman literature; archæology of art; history of Greek literature; history of Roman literature. Each subject is carefully and methodically treated. The matter is put, according to its importance, in three different kinds of type, the largest of which is smaller than that of this notice; although the smallest is abundantly legible for any one whose sight is tolerably good. The whole is illustrated with plates, which are among the best we have ever seen in similar works, whether published in Europe or America. To give an idea of their character, we refer at random to those which repre-

sent the following subjects: Plans of Athens and Rome; the Pantheon; military weapons; priests and priestesses; ancient writing, manuscripts, and inscriptions; jewels and sculptured gems; tombs and sepulchral remains, etc., etc. In addition to these, the "Manual" is accompanied with a volume of supplemental plates, and a large map of the world, as known to the ancients, each of which, especially the former, is of considerable value, by itself, to the classical student. The noblest triumphs of genius, in sculpture and painting, are well and truthfully represented in the supplemental plates; such, for example, as Venus with the Graces; Adonis expiring in the arms of Venus; Proserpine borne off by Pluto; slaughter of Niobe's children; Hercules strangling the serpent; Aurora and the Hours, etc., etc. It is a pleasure to recommend such a work. There is no student, no literary person, no admirer of the classics, to whom the "Manual" would not prove an invaluable acquisition.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Poems. By George P. Morris, with illustrations by Weir and Darley, engraved by American artists. Sixth edition. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1860.

One of the greatest geniuses of modern times has described poetry as "the music of the soul." Such, undoubtedly, is lyrical poetry. The language of song is that of the heart and of the affections. Hence it is that in order to excel in it, genius alone is not sufficient. He who would move others to love and friendship, patriotism and philanthropy, must himself be actuated by those feelings. No amount of inspiration will supply their place. Any of the great lyrical poets may be adduced as evidence of this. Pindar, as well as Horace, not to mention Sappho, had a generous and affectionate nature. The same is true of Burns, Moore, and Beranger; but of none in a higher degree than of George P. Morris.

The song-writers of Scotland, Ireland, and France, had each an advantage over the song-writer of America. The former had tales to tell of oppression still existing, and the traditions of a remote past with which to intertwine them. Further than the recollections of a glorious struggle, which left no regrets and but few resentments, the latter has had neither; and it is needless to say how much easier it is to stir the hearts of the oppressed than those of the free. Yet scattered as the countrymen of Morris are over nearly half a continent, his songs are sung by all, and by hundreds of thousands who know nothing more about them than that they are a source of consolation and delight. Nor is it alone in America they are thus, as it were, passed about from castle to cottage, as a sort of common property, equally admired by poor and rich. The best composers of Europe have set numbers of them to music. They are to be found in the same books with those of Moore, Burns, and Tennyson, and are played at the same concerts

and in the same aristocratic circles—a distinction hitherto conferred on no other effusions of the American muse.

There are, indeed, three or four other American songs, by nearly as many authors, that sometimes find their way into the albums of the high-born daughters of Albion, but with, perhaps, the sole exception of "Home, Sweet Home," it is rather "by special favor" than by choice. The characteristics of Morris's poetry are, a gentle pathos, tenderness, grace and purity. In all he has written there is not a grovelling idea—not an allusion calculated to make virtue blush, or to render vice excusable or attractive. Love has no truer interpreter, nor has woman a more sincere admirer, than the author of "I have never been False to Thee," and we search in vain for a warmer or more genuine patriotism than that which finds such eloquent and melodious utterance in "I'm with You Once Again." "My Mother's Bible" is one of the finest poems of its kind in the English language. "When we were Boys Together" is as beautiful and tender a retrospect as we have met with anywhere. It would be superfluous to transcribe any of these in proof of our estimate of their merit. They are as familiar as household words, or, we might have said, as "Woodman, Spare that Tree," to most of our readers. But there are other songs of Morris's not so well known, which have scarcely less claim on our admiration. For example, what a charming trifle is, "I love the Night." We remember no gem of the same size in "Lalla Rookh" that is of a purer water:

"I love the night when the moon streams bright
On flowers that drink the dew,
When cascades shout as the stars peep out
From boundless fields of blue.
But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or murmuring thrills of mountain rills,
I love, I love, love—you

"I love to stray at the close of day,
Through groves of linden-trees,
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats
Are vocal in the breeze.
I love the night—the glorious night!
When hearts beat warm and true;
But far above the night I love,
I love, I love, love—you."

The "Croton Ode" is one of kindred sweetness. One or two stanzas must serve as a specimen for those who have not seen the whole:—

"Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her choral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy land.

"Swimming on the snow-curled billow,
See the river-spirits fair,
Lay their cheeks as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow."

The "Bacchanal" is a poem of a different character—a tragedy in miniature. The fate of Ella, won, betrayed, and then dying of a broken heart, in the prime of life, is invested with a deep and melancholy interest. The whole poem is too long for our space, though its greatest fault is its brevity. We extract such lines as give the most correct idea, not of the touching pathos of the whole, but of the lost one's story, which may be a warning to the innocent and unwary.

"How soft the honeyed words
He breathes into her ears!
The melody of birds,
The music of the spheres!

"She leaves her father's cot,
She turns her from the door—
That green and holy spot
Which she will see no more!

"They laid her in the ground,
And Ella was forgot;
Dead was her father found
In his deserted cot."

Among the more elaborate efforts of our poet is an opera, entitled "The Maid of Saxony." We are not surprised to learn from the notes that when this was first acted some eighteen years ago, at the Park Theatre, it had a run of fourteen successive nights. The interest of the piece is well sustained throughout. There are passages in the second and third acts which give evidence of no ordinary dramatic power. The songs and choruses, especially the German airs, would almost insure the success of an opera by themselves. But it is not among dramatic writers Morris must be ranked. His forte lies in gladdening and consoling the national heart with sweetest music. In a word, he is the people's laureate—the national song-writer of the New World.

Poems. By WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M. D. 12mo, pp. 360. New-York: Mason & Brothers, 1860.

We have a large variety of pieces in this volume, several of which possess merit of a high order; while there are few that are not pleasing—none that are not readable. Had the contents been of a different character—such as are most common at the present day—the modest unassuming manner in which they are introduced by the author would have disarmed criticism. The most elaborate piece in the book, but by no means the best, is a tragedy in two acts, and in blank verse, entitled

"Agathe." The subject seems to us ill-chosen; but few young poets could have handled it with more power than Mr. Holcombe has done. Among the effusions which have impressed us most agreeably, are "Rose-bud and Sunbeam," "The First Flower," "The Old Musician," "The Wild Re-union," and "My Little Ned and I." The two opening stanzas of the last are, perhaps, as fair a specimen as we could present in the same amount of space, of the quiet pathos, simplicity, and easy versification, which are the principal characteristics of Mr. Holcombe's poetry:

"My little playmate 's dead and gone!
I gave him many a tear!
A merry little negro boy,
Just twelve years old this year.
Alas! that on my childhood's heart
So great a grief should lie!
We'll no more play, by night or day,
My little Ned and I!

"He was my shadow where I went,
Subservient to my will;
But with enduring gentleness,
He made me gentler still.
We climbed the trees, we bridged the brook,
We chased the butterfly;
We'll no more play, by night or day,
My little Ned and I!"

The author makes his first appearance as a poet in a most prepossessing garb. The volume is elegantly printed on fine, tinted paper, and beautifully bound.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: collected and republished by THOMAS CARLYLE, in 4 vols., 12mo. Boston: Brown & Taggard, 1860.

Whatever may be the fault of Carlyle's philosophy and style, it cannot be denied that he is an original and subtle thinker. Nor can any one read him without profit. His very faults awaken new ideas. Sometimes, indeed, what appears to be profundity in him is obscurity. In his first efforts this resulted, partly at least, from affectation. He admired the intellectual giants of Germany, and because they seldom care to be lucid as long as they can dive deep, he thought he might emulate their example; and there is nothing so odd and laborious but that habit may render it attractive. In the beginning of his literary career, it would have been much easier for him to have expressed his ideas according to the vernacular idiom than to struggle with the long, involved periods of the German; but it may be doubted whether he is not more natural now in the latter than he could be in the former. He has, however, well earned the privilege of being peculiar. We must remember that he was one of the first to introduce the reading public of England and America to the *chefs d'œuvre* of Germany. The fruits of this introduction pervade our literature. They comprise the

best thoughts of Goethe, Richter, Tieck, and Schiller. Ought we not to be grateful for these? Does not the man who has rendered them current amongst us deserve to have his own way, even when it is somewhat *outré*? Besides, brilliant ideas can be found under the heaviest loads of words, if the owner is so capricious as to try to hide them. At all events, there is no difficulty in the volumes before us, which any person of ordinary intelligence cannot master. Although they are the author's earliest efforts as a critic and essayist, they are in many respects his best. They are certainly those which are best calculated to give a true idea of his peculiar mode of thinking. Embracing as they do a large variety of subjects, they enable us to form a pretty correct opinion of every phase of his character, both as a man and a writer; and in proportion as the conclusion we arrive at is correct, we must give him credit for deep earnestness of purpose, true benevolence, and generous aspirations. Nor do we merely satisfy our curiosity, and feel that we give merit its due in doing so. Our stock of knowledge is increased, and our ideas are enlarged at the same time. With subjects like those of the "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," a man like Carlyle could not be otherwise than instructive and interesting; since he introduces us in turn to Goethe and Johnson, Diderot and Schiller, Werner and Madame de Stael, Richter and Mirabeau, Burns and Heine—here giving his views of the Diamond Necklace, there philosophising on the Opera; and then, as it were, pausing to entertain us with an agreeable fable. The new edition of the "Essays" will add not a little to their popularity in this country. It is undoubtedly the finest we have seen, whether English or American. Its nicely tinted paper, clear and elegant typography, new portrait, copious index, and binding at once tasteful and substantial, leave the author's admirers nothing to be desired. This is all the more pleasant from the fact that the same publishers announce the complete works of Lord Bacon in twelve volumes, in a style similarly elegant and creditable.

The Pioneers. By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. New-York: W. A Townsend & Co.

The illustrated edition of Cooper, the publication of which, in monthly volumes, commenced February 1, 1859, has elicited universal admiration. Some seventeen volumes of the series have now been issued in uniform size, each embellished with two beautiful steel engravings, and twelve sketches on wood, all designed by Darley, and the former executed by such artists as Delnonce, Burt, Girsh, Phillibrown, Andrews and Schoff; the latter by Orr, Roberts, Whitney, &c. The whole, we perceive, will comprise thirty-two volumes, containing five hundred illustrations; and every other feature of the new edition is equally worthy of the great American novelist. The amount of capital involved in an enterprise of such magnitude must necessarily be large; but it is pleasant to know that it is safely if not profitably

invested. We believe there are few readers of standard fiction in any part of the country, who have the means, that are not numbered among the subscribers to the "Illustrated Cooper." It would be strange, indeed, were it otherwise. No American writer is more intensely national than Cooper. In Europe he has been accused of the most deep-rooted prejudices against monarchical institutions; yet no novelist, save Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, has been more read in England, Ireland, and Scotland, or is more read at the present day. Indeed, only the author of "Waverley" is regarded more in the light of a novelist whose works are likely to live. But as a delineator of sea life he is without a rival at home or abroad. The interest with which he invests a ship and its crew is wonderful. And he is scarcely less happy on the heath, or in the primæval forest. Wherever the wild and the romantic prevail, whether on sea or land, there Cooper is at home, always weaving new spells, and at the same time always simple in his narrative, and seldom availing himself of what are known in modern fiction as "startling" incients. In some respects, his "Pioneers" is the pleasantest of his novels. It does not possess the wierd fascination of his sea stories; but it lays a deeper hold on our sympathies, and is longer remembered. No other character which he has drawn endears the author more to us than Natty Bumpo, to whom we are first introduced in the "Pioneers," and who may be regarded as one of his happiest creations, if, indeed, not his very best. But we have no intention of analyzing even one story of Cooper's on the present occasion. All we mean is to join in the general verdict of approbation with which the illustrated edition has been everywhere received.

Salmagundi; or, Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and others. By WILLIAM IRVING, JAMES KIRKE PAULDING, and WASHINGTON IRVING. Printed from the original edition, with a preface and notes, by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, pp. 412. New-York: George P. Putnam. 1860.

It is something like a conversation with long absent, pleasant friends, to read "Salmagundi." This is the most complete edition published since the pieces of which it is composed were originally given to the world. It is needless to point out the contributions of Washington Irving; they are easily distinguished by their charming style. Mr. Paulding's appears to disadvantage beside them, though, if alone, or in almost any other company, they would be admired on their own merits. The volume is published in a style uniform with the national edition of Irving's complete works. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and tastefully and substantially bound. The whole series are to be issued in monthly volumes, finely illustrated. The writings of Irving need no recommendation at our hands. Wherever the English language is spoken they are appreciated, and take rank with the best of their kind—such as those of Goldsmith, which they resemble in freshness, originality, light playful humor, purity of sentiment, and ele-

gance of diction. His Knickerbocker "History of New-York" alone would have endeared him to every lover of true and genial humor. The pencil of Hogarth could hardly have drawn our ancestors, in the good old Dutch times, with more amusing, yet life-like, fidelity. In all parts of Europe his sketches of their tea-parties, and the peculiar etiquette that prevailed at them, have been pronounced inimitable, and are still quoted and laughed over, as the happiest specimens of their kind. For example, there is no series of word-pictures more familiar to the English reader than that from which the following fragment is taken:

"The fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy substantial fare. Their tea-tables were crowned with a large earthen dish, *well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes.* * * * The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbed and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was *to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth*—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages."

It does one good to read such as this, even for the twentieth time. It is worth a score of "sensation" stories, clouded with bombast, and in broken English.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Library edition, in 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

Bulwer is not so popular as Dickens or Thackeray, but he is more read than either by the educated classes of his countrymen. This is particularly true of his historical novels, all of which combine instruction with entertainment. In this respect they are more like Scott's novels than are those of any other writer. The author of "Rienzi" is more learned than the author of "Waverley;" but the latter is a more truthful delineator of character, and teaches a purer morality than the former. Not that there is anything in any work of Bulwer's, which he acknowledges to be his, that the most fastidious need object to. Indeed, there are those whose opinions are

worthy of all respect, who insist that upon the whole more is to be learned from him than from Scott—more that tends to refine the mind, if not to improve the heart. Be this as it may, he must be ranked with the greatest thinkers of his time in the peculiar field which he has chosen, and in which he has produced so abundant a harvest. Hitherto we had no suitable American edition of his complete works. "Pelham" was reprinted in one city, and "The Caxtons" in another; "Eugene Aram" had the imprint of one publisher, "Harold" that of another, "The Siege of Granada" that of a third, &c. The Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have resolved that this shall not be so any longer. Some ten or twelve volumes of their library edition, including those at the head of this notice, have already been issued in uniform style, and they leave nothing to be desired on the part of the author's most enthusiastic admirers. They are beautifully printed in large, clear type, on tinted paper, and tastefully and substantially bound—in a style similar to that of Messrs. Ticknor & Field's "Household Waverley," than which there is no better model. Thousands who had never read Bulwer before will be attracted by the very prepossessing dress in which he is thus presented. There is no novel of Bulwer's, from "Pelham" to "What will he do with It?" which it is in the least necessary to describe to our readers. Let it suffice to say that in our mind his best work—at least, that which is most brilliant and classic—is "The Last days of Pompeii."

El Fureidis; An Oriental Romance. By the author of "The Lamplighter," and "Mabel Vaughan." 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

We recognized in "El Fureidis," at the first glance, the hand of one who has more than once charmed us. But had it been otherwise—had the book come to us with no prestige, we could not have avoided reading it for its own merits, even though we had no duty to perform in relation to it. We confess that the novels we read are very few—not more than two out of twenty of those we receive; and at least half of those that do entice us and make us forget, for the time, the stern realities of life, bear the imprint of Ticknor & Fields. But we had not been so sanguine as to expect even from them so excellent a story as this, so soon after "The Marble Faun." We have not time to enter into details as to the plot and character of "El Fureidis," for the book has already beguiled us of many more hours than we had to spare. Happily such an analysis is not necessary. Most of our readers are analyzing the work for themselves while we write. Suffice it to say then, in general terms, that the author is as much at home amid the gorgeous scenery of the East, as she is in the plain, quiet hamlets and busy towns of New-England. Having read the story before the preface, we had often wondered at the fidelity of the local coloring, but in ending where we should have begun, we have found the following graceful explanation:

"Stanley took me by the hand, and led me across Sinai into the Canaan of promise. Kelly, with his select company, next became my travelling companion. Porter has been throughout my friend and guide. Robinson has proved a safe Mentor to my experience. I have shared the adventures and perils of Van de Velde. Thompson has unfolded to me the details of Syrian life; Churchill has lured me into the mountains of Lebanon; Chasseaud has by his fascinations compelled me to linger there; Burckhardt has introduced me to Bedouin hospitality; Burton has taken me on the sacred pilgrimage; Lamartine has sung for me his sweetest songs."

Most of these are excellent cicerones, but our author has depended little on the best of them, feeling fully conscious of her own powers. In a word we know of no Eastern story of our own time that possesses so lively an interest, or that is so well calculated to enlarge our sympathies, and teach us to feel with the poet that

> "How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
> Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
> Alike to all the kind impartial Heaven
> The sparks of truth and happiness has given."

Julian Home: a Tale of College Life. By F. W. Farrar, M. A., author of "Eric; or, Little by Little." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

There is some similarity between "Julian Home" and "Tom Brown." The latter is more lively than the former; it has a much larger number of readers; but we doubt whether it will do more good. Nay, it is by no means clear that it will do as much. What Mr. Farrar lacks in humor and vivacity, he seems to us to make full amends for by his excellent moral lessons. It is evidently not for effect that he writes. His pictures of school life bear the impress of truth. He feels that the general plan of education in the higher schools is bad, and he conscientiously and earnestly tries to remedy it by warning the public. What impresses one most painfully on reading his book is, that the children are left pretty much to themselves—that they may be vicious or otherwise, for aught the teachers care, as long as they cause certain rules and regulations to be observed, and get their money at the end of the quarter. This is the worst kind of dishonesty. It seems difficult to believe that it exists to such an extent as Mr. Farrar alleges; but we must bear in mind that a still darker picture has been drawn of a kindred, if not the same system, by Mr. Dickens, in "Nicholas Nickleby," and by several others. Is not one as likely to be true as the other? This question is not one of mere curiosity to us. It is one in which we have all a deep interest, for do we not also place our sons and daughters under the control of strangers? This is one of the few instances in which novels do more good than histories.

The Complete Works of MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, in twelve volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

Mrs. Hentz occupies a high rank among female novelists. Her stories are characterized by a freshness of coloring, a purity of sentiment, and a truthfulness of delineation, which go far to justify the most enthusiastic praises of her admirers. "The Planter's Northern Bride," "Linda," and "Rena," are works of intrinsic merit, such as few minds are capable of producing. Apart from the fidelity with which Mrs. Hentz portrays home-life, showing how much pure happiness and misery depend on habits of thought and disposition, there is a high moral tone pervading all her writings which cannot fail to exercise a salutary influence, especially on readers of her own sex. Now that her works are issued in much improved and uniform style, we take it for granted that few lovers of fiction will be without them.

The Marble Faun; or the Romance of Monte Beni. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, author of "The Scarlet Letter," &c., &c., in two vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

We do not like to criticise a work after everybody has had his say about it. There is no use in telling people what they know already. Little more is left for us to do therefore than to join in the general admiration of a work which, although by no means faultless, at least in a dramatic point of view, contains more food for thought than is to be found in any other modern romance. It is better calculated to create a taste for the fine arts than scores of dull essays devoted expressly to the subject.

The chief defect of the story is its lack of variety. All the principal characters—Hilda, Miriam, Kenyon, and Donatello—are artists. Even the title of the story has an artistic foundation, since it is derived from the celebrated Faun of Praxiteles, which Donatello is said to resemble. A novel should be a little world in itself; its characters should not consist exclusively, or even mainly of the votaries of any one profession, art, or science. In proportion as it does it fails to answer the requirements of a drama of life. The portraiture of the hero, Donatello, is not a happy one. Even Italian counts do not murder their rivals with so little ceremony as he murders the person who serves as a model for his mistress, Miriam; and the latter, too, hardly gets fair play. She is made to part with her virtue rather unaccountably, and is still allowed to associate with the chaste and angelic Hilda. But in spite of all this, and the occasional use of words and phrases which are anything but classical, there is a veritable fascination in the pages of "The Marble Faun." That tinge of melancholy which pervades the book has an irresistible charm. We feel its mysterious influence even while reading the author's most beautiful descriptions. In short, regarding the story as a whole, no one can deny that it is a remarkable production. We presume there are but few readers of standard fiction, if any, who have not read it. To those who may have neglected to avail them-

selves of the pleasure, we can promise an intellectual treat of the first order. The author's observations and suggestions relative to art alone, not to mention his descriptions of the most renowned statues in the world, are worth more than the price of the book.

Dickens's Short Stories. Containing twenty-one stories never before published in this country. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

Several of these stories are marked by the best characteristics of Dickens's style. "On Duty with Inspector Field," "Our French Watering Place," and "A Poor Man's Sale of a Patent," are better than so many large novels of the kind which unfortunately the public are most used to. "The Poor Relation's Story" reminds us of "The Chimes," though it is neither so poetical nor so tragic as that strangely fascinating tale of sorrow and suffering. Peterson is wonderfully prompt and careful in reproducing, in various forms, anything that is known to emanate from "Boz," of whose complete works we perceive he issues twenty-nine editions, at prices varying from $5 to $80. If it is any gratification to the author to be popular, he may well be proud of his almost innumerable American admirers.

Against Wind and Tide. By Holme Lee, author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," "Kathie Brand," &c., &c. New-York: W. A. Townsend & Co 1860.

This is not by any means a "sensation" novel. It contains nothing startling—no very remarkable scenes. Nor is there anything very intricate in its plot. It is a simple story, or rather a series of sketches, loosely put together, of occurrences which we all know take place in real life. The author makes no effort to astonish us, but we are not the less pleased on this account. The character of Lilian Carlton is well drawn; so is that of Robert Hawthorne, whose wife she becomes. Lady Leigh is not the less a true woman from her disposition to be censorious and sarcastic. Madame Lefevre is a fair specimen of a Frenchwoman, forced by revolution or some political sins on the part of her husband or father, to toil in England for her support, and sigh to return to her beloved France. In short, all the characters are more like men and women than nine tenths of those we meet with in modern novels, and they entertain, if not instruct, us in the same proportion.

The Mill on the Floss. By the author of "Adam Bede." New-York. Harper & Brothers. 1860.

We presume there are not many who meddle with fiction, in any shape, that have not read "The Mill on the Floss." There is more agreeable variety in its pages than in any recent novel that we have succeeded in perusing. The portraitures of the Dodson family would have done no discredit to Fielding in his palmiest days. We often meet in the world with such awkwardly enterprising people as Mr. Tulliver, who is anxious

to make his son study Latin and Euclid to qualify him for "the art and mystery" of a successful auctioneer. Mr. Stelling, the pedagogue, is another character that seems like an old acquaintance; and as for his pupil, Tom Tulliver, one almost thinks he hears him utter the words, "And make Mr. Stelling say I shan't do Euclid any more." It is understood that the author got £2,000 for the first edition, and £1,000 for the second, the average price per copy being more than a guinea, or about six times the price of the American edition.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

Life of Andrew Jackson; in three volumes, by JAMES PARTON, author of "Life of Aaron Burr," "Humorous Poetry of the English Language," &c. Vols. I. and II., New-York: Mason Brothers. 1860.

There are many recent biographies which it would be easier to write than to read, and very few indeed the perusal of which does not require considerable patience and resolution. It is only those who have to wade through such, that can adequately appreciate a work like Mr. Parton's. Yet there is no effort at fine writing in the volumes before us—no lavishness of epithets, no far-fetched similes. There is, on the contrary, a colloquial ease about the style which is very attractive. Nor is the narrative anything less graphic for being thus simple; and if, now and then, we come to a period in which there is a lack of incidents, we are entertained with a pleasant anecdote, or an agreeable episode, illustrative of the character of the hero.

It was a favorite precept with Cicero, that an historian should not dare to relate a falsehood, or to conceal a truth, and it is the precept upon which Mr. Parton seems to have acted throughout, so far as he has proceeded in the present work. He notes the indiscretions as well as the virtues of Jackson; but he shows that the former have been exaggerated by opponents, and that at worst they bear but a slight proportion to his many sterling qualities. Not content with giving a full and truthful portraiture of Jackson himself—presenting him to us in turn, as a private citizen and member of the social circle, as a lawyer, a soldier, a general—he goes back to his ancestors in Ireland, and gives us an interesting insight into their character also. There is scarcely a chapter in the whole work in which we have not marked one or more passages which we are sure would be acceptable to those of our readers who have not yet read it; but our space will only admit of two or three, and these must be brief. In speaking of the difference observed by travellers between the social condition of the Northern and Southern provinces of Ireland, our author draws the following lively picture, which, though complimentary to the party who sits for it, is, upon the whole, pretty near the truth:

"The Irishman is a very familiar character to us all. His rollicking fun, his ready wit, his eloquence, his fierce resentments, his ardent affec-

tions, his wonderful sacrifices for those he loves, his inexact intellect (the liveliness of his imagination overpowering his sense of truth), his careless habits and love of ease—who does not know? The truth is, the Irishman belongs nearer the sun, whence he came; where man *can* lounge, and laugh, and play away half the summer days without being brought to such a strict account as that to which winter subjects the men of the North. Add to the stern necessities of winter, the exactions of a northern land-system, and the decrees of a long unsympathizing government, and you reduce the Irishman to the condition in which we find him in the southern counties of the green island."—vol. i., p. 31.

Referring to the "difficulties" which Jackson, like others, sometimes had with those around him, our author finds an excuse for him, as follows:

"We need not rake over the ashes of all these extinct quarrels. Andrew Jackson lived seventy-eight years. Granting that he had in his life a hundred quarrels, it does not make the average per annum unreasonably high, considering that it was his *principle to make his friend's quarrel his own*, and considering, too, that during the first fifteen years of his residence in Tennessee he held offices which necessarily brought him into collision *with the entire rascality of the State*."—vol. i., p. 266.

An interesting chapter is devoted to an explanation of the manner in which the general won his nickname. We extract a sentence or two:

"The name of 'Old Hickory' was not an instantaneous inspiration, but a growth. First of all, the remark was made by some soldier, who was struck with his commander's pedestrian powers, that the general was "tough." Next, it was observed of him, that he was as "tough as hickory." Then he was called Hickory. Lastly, the affectionate adjective "old" was prefixed, and the general thenceforth rejoiced in the completed nickname, usually the first-won honor of a great commander."—vol. i., p. 382.

The battle of New-Orleans is well described by Mr. Parton. We give a brief passage as a specimen, which is all we can make room for; it refers to the engagement of December 23:

"Five o'clock.—The general with his little army, serene, determined, confident. He believes he is about to capture or destroy those red-coats in his front, and he communicates some portion of his own assurance of faith to those around him. First, Colonel Hind's hundred horsemen, to see what he can see of the enemy's position and numbers. The hundred horsemen advance; dash into the British pickets; halt while Colonel Hayne takes a survey of the scene before him; wheel and gallop back. Colonel Hayne reports the enemy's strength at two thousand. But what are those printed bills stuck upon the plantation fences? * *

"Twilight deepens into darkness. It is the shortest day of the year but four. The moon rises hazy and dim, yet bright enough for that night's work, if it will only last. The American host is very silent; silent, because such is the order; silent, because they are in no mood to chatter. The more provident and lucky of the men eat and drink what they have, but most of them neither eat nor hunger. As the night drew on the British watch-fires, numerous and brilliant, became visible, disclosing completely their position, and lighting the Americans the way they were to go."—vol. ii., p. 845.

The second volume brings the "Life" down to 1828, when Crawford, Calhoun, Adams, and Clay, were somewhat unpleasantly surprised to find Jackson in the field against them as a candidate for the Presidency. The result is left for the third and last volume. This we await with interest, in common with many of our readers. When it is before us we shall be able to do the author more justice than would be possible in a hurried glance like the present. The chief fault we have to find with Mr. Parton, thus far, is, that his extracts are too many and too long. Instead of giving elaborate descriptions of his own, he avails himself rather freely of those of others. We blame him all the more for this because he might well have depended on his own resources. The fault is not a very grave one, however. There is quite enough to make amends for it. In a word, let the work be considered in what point of view it may, no one can deny that it is a valuable contribution to our national literature.

The History of the Reformation in Sweden, by L. A. Anjou, Counsellor to the King of Sweden. New-York: F. D. Harriman. 1860.

The work of Mr. Anjou has been much read throughout Germany as well as in Sweden. It is written in a fair and liberal spirit. The author confines himself in the main to well-attested facts, in his account of the Reformation, and his comments on them are those of a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. He does not write to make out a case in favor of any sect, although he gives most prominence and credit to the Protestant Episcopalians, as having been most instrumental in establishing the present ecclesiastical system in his native country. We like the book all the more for being thus superior to bigotry; indeed, were it of a different character, we should feel it incumbent on us either to lay it aside altogether, or warn our readers against it. Accusations made in violent language against opponents never really served any cause; even politicians succeed best by means of arguments that are courteous in their tone, and moderate in their assumptions. But a book that purports to be religious—especially one the ostensible object of which is to serve the cause of the God of charity and peace—and at the same time is full of bitterness toward those who differ in opinion with its author, bears its own condemnation on the face of it.

Whatever has a tendency to cause strife between man and man cannot be good. If we believe our neighbor wrong, and honestly wish to convince him of his error, our only course is to reason with him like a friend, and to let him see that our object is not to glorify ourselves, but simply to do good for goodness' sake. This Mr. Anjou understands, and the manner in which he has acted in accordance with it, is, perhaps, more than aught else, the secret of his success. There are many histories of the Reformation in the language of every Protestant country; but among all there are scarcely three that do not more or less exaggerate whatever is unfavorable to the Church of Rome. The consequence is that even Protestants when liberal do not like them; they have no confidence in them; while they repel Catholics alto-

gether as calumnies rather than histories. Nor is Mr. Anjou anything the less careful in recording all that is favorable and creditable to Protestantism because he has "set down naught in malice" against the Church of Rome. Indeed, altogether independently of its religious character, the work is worthy of perusal, for the insight it gives into the habits of thought and the social and political condition of the Swedes for a period of nearly three centuries. The translation is in general well rendered, so far as one can judge without having examined the original. Some Swedish idioms have been retained, which are occasionally unfamiliar to the English reader. Here and there we find a metaphor, or a simile, which seems rather out of place; and the translation does not always render Swedish names as they are known to the historical student. But if these are blemishes they are such as do not affect the intrinsic merits of the work as a reliable history.

An Arctic-Boat Journey, in the autumn of 1854. By ISAAC J. HAYES, surgeon of the general Grinnell Expedition. Boston: Brown & Taggard. 1860.

We presume there are not many of our readers who are not more or less acquainted with the narrative of Dr. Hayes. He was the leader of the party of eight persons, who, as related by Dr. Kane, in his interesting account of the Grinnell expedition, attempted to go by boat from Rensselaer Harbor to Uppernavik, in North Greenland, the "Advance" having got frozen in the former place. It will be remembered that, anxious as they were to accomplish the journey, the attempt was necessarily a failure. After having proceeded nearly three hundred miles, they were forced to return in the middle of winter. The hardships and sufferings undergone, during the four months thus occupied, prostrated Dr. Hayes, so that he was unable to describe the thrilling incidents himself and his little party had passed through, until after Dr. Kane's work had been published. The object of the present volume is to remedy this omission, and at the same time satisfy the public that there really exists an open Polar sea. Whether the latter fact prove true or not (and it seems to be sustained by the testimony of several eminent navigators and explorers), certain it is that "The Arctic Boat Journey" is worthy of careful perusal. It derives additional interest from the efforts which, we understand, the author has been making, for some time, to get up an expedition of his own, for the sole purpose of advancing the cause of science. The volume is illustrated with two elegantly executed charts—one representing the whole Artic region and embracing all the latest discoveries; the other, the upper limits of Baffin's Bay; and in every other respect, it is issued in a style worthy of the subject, and worthy the reputation of its spirited publishers, whom the author justly thanks for their liberality and enterprise.

At Home and Abroad. By BAYARD TAYLOR. 12mo. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 1860.

Mr. Taylor improves with time. There is a more agreeable variety in the present volume than in any of his former books. The style of his earlier efforts was rather ambitious; he was also more egotistic than is consistent with good taste or good sense. In the work before us he has eschewed both faults. His descriptions of natural scenery are at once graphic and chaste; and his reminiscences of interviews with distinguished men are related without any parade or self-importance. There are many chapters which we would quote from, if we had only time and space for extracts—especially those on rambles in Warwickshire; a young author's life in London; Smyrna and the Grecian Archipelago; some English celebrities; aspects of German society; and the landscapes of the world. If there are any of our readers who have not seen these, they will thank us for calling their attention to them as the warm weather approaches.

Life and Writings of Dr. Franklin, containing several Political and Historical facts, not included in any former edition; and many letters, official and private, not hitherto published, with Notes, &c. By JARED SPARKS, LL. D. Ten volumes, octavo. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson.

There is not a line suitable for publication that Franklin is known to have written, which is not contained in this really beautiful edition. It embraces six hundred and fifty letters, and miscellaneous pieces, which are to be found nowhere else in a collected form. We have no other complete edition. Nor is its completeness the only point in which that before us excels all others. Its typography, paper, and binding, are in the best style of the Messrs. Childs & Peterson, and it is illustrated with twenty-three finely executed steel engravings.

It is worthy of remark that the principal works of Franklin are more read in England than they are in this country. We know of no similar production that is more popular in the United Kingdom than his memoir of himself; and few books of any kind have been more instrumental in encouraging the children of toil to self-culture—teaching them how to improve their condition, and, in not a few cases, how to raise themselves to eminence. His "Poor Richard's Almanack" is held in similar esteem by the Islanders. Quotations from it are found in almost every "Reading Book," whereas here it is seldom heard of. How is this?

EDUCATION.

1. *An Analytical and Practical Grammar of the English Language.* By PETER BULLIONS, D. D.
2. *The Principles of Latin Grammar for the Use of Schools and Colleges.* By the Rev. PETER BULLIONS, D. D. New-York: Pratt, Oakley & Co. 1860.
3. *The Principles of Greek Grammar for the Use of Schools and Colleges.* By Rev. PETER BULLIONS, D. D. New-York: Pratt, Oakley & Co. 1860.

The student of languages is greatly indebted to Dr. Bullions. No other writer on grammar has done more to simplify the science and render it attractive. His system is at once scientific and practical; and is equally adapted to the study of the ancient and modern languages. He proceeds step by step, beginning with simple lessons in English. When the pupil has been initiated into the "Principles," in the first volume of the series, he is furnished with the "Analytical Grammar." He finds in this no repetition of what he has already learned more than what would be required to exercise the memory, if the matter in both books had been in one. The second differs from the first only in being of a higher order, more elaborate, more scientific. The student is sensible of the progress he makes, and is encouraged to redoubled efforts. In the Latin and Greek the same plan is pursued. The principles common to three languages are treated alike; so that in passing from English to Latin, or from Latin to Greek, all that is necessary to learn is the peculiarities of the new language, so to speak. Thus, verbs, substantives, pronouns and adjectives, are the same in each; they only differ in declension and form, and they are defined accordingly; so that, in the Greek and Latin, as well as in the English Grammar, "A verb is a word used to express the act, being, or state of its subject," etc.

By this simple means the pupil is introduced to comparative philology, and taught to admire it at the very outset of his studies. Dr. Bullions takes good care, at the same time, that the idioms of each language are fully exemplified. In the Greek Grammar, for example, he indicates the extensive use in that language of the participle, shows how the Greeks used the optative mood; how they used the article for the possessive pronoun, how they formed their tenses, etc. In a similar manner he shows how the Romans needed neither the article nor the dual number; what comparatively little use they made of the participle; how they used no perfect participle in the active voice, nor present participle in the passive. The defective verbs in each language are presented in a manner equally simple and interesting. Such are the facilities afforded, both to

teacher and pupil, by these various means that we are not surprised to find from the title pages that the "Analytical English Grammar" has reached its fifty-second edition, and the Greek Grammar its forty-second. For our own part, we have seen no series better calculated to render the study of languages agreeable rather than irksome.

1. *A New Method of Learning the French Language*, embracing both the Analytical and Synthetic modes of instruction. By LEWIS FASQUELLE, LL. D. Fortieth edition.
2. *A Key to the Exercises in Fasquelle's French Course.*
3. *Fasquelle's Colloquial French Reader.* New-York: Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1860.

The admirers of the French language and literature throughout the United States, to whom the author dedicates his "New Method," have given the best proof that they appreciate his labors. His series are a decided improvement on the system of Ollendorff, which was held in such high estima- into some six or seven years since. We find in the volumes before us a happy combination of the oral and the classical methods; the former as used by Ollendorff and Robertson, and the latter as used by Manesca and others. The treatise on pronunciation, at the beginning of the grammar, is in accordance with the best authorities, and contains quite sufficient to guide the intelligent student to such an extent as to save his teacher much trouble. The peculiarities of the language are exhibited gradually, as the learner progresses; and they are illustrated by various examples from the best writers. Another important feature in Fasquelle's "Method," which is wanting in Ollendorff's, is the French exercises to be translated into English, alternating with those to be translated from English into French. By this means the interest of the student is awakened at the outset. He is encouraged by the facility with which he learns to translate one way as well as the other. The phrases used in the exercises are those most in use; and every succeeding lesson embraces a new variety. A full general index is given at the beginning, and a vocabulary at the end. The former refers to all the French idioms which present any difficulty, and the latter gives the English equivalent for such words in the French reading lessons as are not fully explained in the body of the work. In short, any intelligent person possessed of the "Method," the "Key," and the "Reader," need little further aid to acquire a perfect knowledge of one of the most beautiful and most useful of modern languages. If one were never to speak a word of French, the trouble of learning it would be amply compensated by the pleasure of reading in the original such writers as Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Montaigne, and Balzac, not to mention Voltaire, Racine, Corneille, Molière, and a host of others.

Modern Philology; its Discoveries, History, and Influence. By BENJAMIN W. DWIGHT. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

WE anticipate much good from this work. It is calculated to dispel prejudices which are entertained by many well-meaning persons, as to the relative copiousness, energy, and harmony of different languages. Thus far it is undoubtedly the most thorough of its kind, for which we are indebted to American scholarship. It is divided into three parts—the first containing a sketch of the Indo-European languages, the second a history of modern philology, and the third the science of etymology. Every branch of the subject is in the main skilfully treated; though, of course, not exhaustively, for it would take volumes to do justice to the subject in all its bearings. As a text-book for schools, the work contains as much as it would be judicious to give to begin with—quite sufficient to stimulate curiosity, and point out the way to treasures of which the pursuit alone, not to speak of the possession, is a source of pleasure. There is no opinion more general among those who have paid little or no attention to the subject, than that the study of different languages, if not altogether useless, is at best of little value, otherwise than as a sort of aristocratic accomplishment; but it is an opinion no intelligent person will be likely to entertain, after he has read "Modern Philology," even if he does not be induced to extend his researches any farther. Indeed, we know of no volume of equal size that embraces so much that is interesting and instructive on the analogy of languages, ancient and modern.

Had the author been a little more careful in his style, and more consistent, not to say acute, in his criticisms, the most captious could hardly find fault with his book. Thus, in one place he leans to the theory of Bunsen, as to the Celtic language being more ancient than even the Sanscrit. "If this view," he says, "of the Celtic shall be at any time hereafter really substantiated, then to the Celtic must be conceded the honor now given to the Sanscrit, and otherwise to be given to it still of retaining in itself, more fully than any other one of the sister languages still preserved to us, that ancient mother-tongue, now lost, in its pure primal form, from the eyes of men—from which yet all the subsequent languages of the civilized world have been derived."—(pp. 28, 29.)

Our author has a perfect right to regard the matter in this light; we have no fault to find with his doing so, though we do not see there is any probability that the Celtic will ever be proved to be a more ancient language than the Sanscrit. What we think is not altogether right or logical, is to admit such doubts as to the relative antiquity of the Sanscrit and Celtic, and then proceed to condemn Webster's Dictionary, because "the Sanscrit equivalent is placed sometimes between the Latin and Armenian, sometimes between the Russian and Hebrew," etc. In the same note, (p. 304) he says that "it" (the Sanscrit) "is always placed last, or among the last, *instead of first*, and here, as before, in all sorts of *laughable combina-*

tions, as after the Irish and Sclavonic (*night*)," etc. Now, if there be a doubt as to whether the Sanscrit is more ancient than the Celtic, how can it be laughable to place the equivalent of one beside that of the other? And what is there that is so very wrong in placing the most ancient root last, assuming it to be such? For example, if we have a word that comes to us from the Greek, through the Latin and French, ought we not rather trace it back to its source, *through* the avenues by which it came? If one's book, or any other article has been stolen, his first business is with the party in whose possession he finds it. The latter may show that he was not the original thief, by pointing out the individual who gave it to him, and so on, until the original is found. Language may well be compared to a stream—and it will hardly be denied that it is quite as scientific to trace a river to its source, as from its source to its mouth. A blind man might find the latter, while it sometimes puzzles the sharpest vision to find the former. Yet it is on such grounds that Mr. Dwight condemns Webster, as follows: "There is no science or organific law *prevailing in the series of connections and citations* exhibited, nor can there be at any time, without an entire reorganization of the materials now employed, as well as their very great enlargement. The structure, *therefore*, which Webster built so industriously, must, ere long, be razed to the ground, as entirely inadequate to the more exact and vast scholarship of *succeeding generations*, or be so built over and around with higher and better forms of lexical research, as to disappear itself wholly from the view."—(p. 305.) The term "*organific*" is probably a misprint for "organic," though the whole sentence in which it occurs is rather ambitious, and not very lucid or grammatical. Here and there we meet such expressions as "We record our hearty salutations to him in advance, across the stream of time," etc—(p. 306)—"stands bright and beautiful on the margin of modern times," etc. But, for every sentence of this kind, there are dozens of pages that are replete with instruction. In an ordinary work we should have passed over the little blemishes we have noticed. They are not such, however, as to form any serious drawback on the intrinsic merits of "Dwight's Modern Philology," which we hope to see adopted as a text-book in most, if not all, of our best schools and seminaries, and which we would confidently recommend for that purpose.

1. *Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera Omnia ex recensione*, A. J. MACLEANE. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

2. *Æschylusex novissima recensione*, FREDERICI A. PALEY. *Accessit verborum quæ præcipue notanda sunt et nominum index.* New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

These two volumes form the first installment of the American pocket edition of the Greek and Latin Classics. They are models of typographic neatness and accuracy. We have the complete works of Horace within the compass of two hundred and eleven 16mo. pages; and all that are ex-

tant of those of Æschylus are contained in two hundred and seventy-two similar pages, including a full index. Of the characteristics of either poet it would be superfluous to speak in a brief notice like this; or, indeed, anywhere else save to children, or those whose education has been neglected. All we are concerned with, therefore, is the dress, and the genuineness of the text In the latter respect there has not been much trouble with Horace. Sometimes, indeed, he has been "expurgated." Puritanical editors have occasionally suppressed some of the finest passages in his satires, on the ground of their being injurious to morals, or calculated to excite prurient ideas; but fortunately only to be restored by the next editor, who had sense enough to understand that, to paint human nature as Horace does, can vitiate no mind but that which is impure already. Mr. Macleane is an editor of the latter character; hence he gives us all; exercises no censorship.

None of the Greek Classics that have reached us have been the subject of more criticism than the seven dramas of Æschylus, which are all that now remain of seventy which he is believed to have written. Each has been more or less tampered with; sometimes whole passages have been left out as spurious; again, others have been added as new discoveries, &c. There is no doubt but the poet's style suffered considerably from his long residence in Sicily, for he introduced a large number of Sicilian words into his later tragedies. But there is no longer any difficulty on this point. The editor of the present edition has made it his business to compare the best German editions; and in accordance with the latter, he has here and there altered a word so as evidently to approximate to the true meaning, as intended by the author; if, indeed, the true meaning has not been actually attained. As an instance of this, we may refer to verse 97 of the Χοηφόροι ("Chœphoræ,") in which π is substituted for θ, thus:

λέγοις ἂν εἴ τι τῶνδ' ἔχοις ὑπέρτερον.

There is no scholar who will not be pleased with this edition of the classics—one that enables him to carry about both Horace and Æschylus in his pocket without any inconvenience; while the type in each is abundantly large and clear. We only wish the Messrs. Harper would give us an equally elegant and correct edition of the Delphine Classics, with the various Latin notes. Such would undoubtedly be well received; and would render great service to the cause of classical literature. At present there are too many English notes in Greek and Latin text-books. They are very good to encourage beginners. But as soon as a student can read either a Latin or Greek author, with no matter how much difficulty, he should, by all means, have the untranslated notes. Being so much easier than the text, they soon give confidence, while the opposite course has an obvious

tendency to encourage indolence. It seems to us that the success of the pocket edition, which has no note or comment of any kind, may be regarded at least as presumptive evidence in favor of the Latin notes.

Ancient Geography, Classical and Sacred. By S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL, author of a series of Geographical Works. An entirely new edition, designed for the use of Colleges and Schools; illustrated with numerous engravings, 12mo. pp. 339. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1860.

We have here another book from which the classical student will derive no slight benefit. It is one of that kind whose chief fault is its brevity, although it embraces more information on ancient geography—a larger variety of facts worth knowing and remembering—than many a work of three times its size, bearing the same title. The original names of places, whether Greek or Latin, are given in parentheses beside the English or modern names, a feature the importance of which the student of languages will readily understand. The rivers, countries, cities, etc., are described in regular order; and questions relative to each are given at the bottom of the page. The tiny work has also the advantages of a full, well-arranged table of contents, and a copious index, besides a considerable number of well-executed pictorial illustrations. Its typography is at once elegant and accurate. Indeed, it is a treatise which is creditable in every respect to both author and publishers.

Practical and Progressive Latin Grammar. Elementary Course. By THOMAS CLARK, Editor of "Interlinear Translations of the Classics," &c. Philadelphia: Charles Desilver. 1860.

Mr. Clark and his publisher have done a great deal for the cause of classical education. The series of Interlinear Translations to which the Grammar is adapted have been well received throughout the country. None but those who have spent many years in looking out the words of classic authors in large dictionaries, can form any adequate idea of the amount of time and irksome labor saved by means of judiciously rendered interlinear translations, like those of Mr. Clark. Seven or eight volumes of the series have already been issued, including Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Cicero, Xenophon, and Homer. In a future number we mean to examine Mr. Clark's plan at some length. Of his Grammar it is needless to say much, for it is pretty well known by a large class of students and teachers; that before us being a new, revised and enlarged edition.

SCIENCE.

1. *Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States*, including Virginia, Kentucky, and all east of the Mississippi. By Asa Gray.
2. *Introduction to Structural and Systematic Botany and Vegetable Physiology.* Illustrated with over thirteen hundred wood cuts. By Asa Gray.
3. *How Plants Grow—a simple Introduction to Structural Botany, with a Popular Flora.* Illustrated with five hundred wood engravings. By Asa Gray. New-York; Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1860.

There are but few, if any, of our scientific men of whom we have more just reason to be proud, than Dr. Gray. His series of Botanies have elicited the unqualified praise of the most eminent botanists of Europe and America Most of them have been republished in England, and have been adopted as text books in several of the principal seminaries and academies of the United Kingdom. At home, we believe, they are almost universally used both in our schools and colleges. It is not without good reason that they have become thus popular. The features in which they excel all similar works, are their fulness, variety, excellence of arrangement, and accuracy and lucidity of definition. Dr. Gray has, in a word, simplified the science —rendered it attractive to hundreds who, without his aid, would never have persevered in its study. And need we say, that just in proportion as he has done this, he has contributed to refinement and culture. There is no more delightful study. For ladies it has a peculiar charm. The habits of analysis which a correct classification of the various plants requires, tends at once to invigorate and purify the mind. Hence the justness of the title "the amiable science," by which it is now distinguished in Europe and America. There are many young ladies that spend weary hours daily in the study of algebra and kindred branches, who would be infinitely better employed in learning from these volumes to contemplate nature through the most marvellously beautiful of her works; for what other object, save a beautiful woman alone, claims more of our admiration than a beautiful flower?

Popular Astronomy; a concise elementary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, Satellites, and Comets, by O. M. Mitchell, LL. D, Director of the Cincinnati and Dudley Observatories. 12mo. pp. 376. New-York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. 1860.

We know of no "sensation" romance that has been more praised than "Popular Astronomy." It has been announced in capital letters as a "Journey through the Solar System from the Sun to Neptune, stopping at each of the planetary bodies by the way." More than a column in small type, in a large newspaper, is devoted to a description of its wonderful merits, which description closes thus: "The publishers, therefore, do not

hesitate to express their conviction that the work is *superior to any popular treatise on astronomy which has been ever offered to the public either in this country or in England.*" We quote this, because it is remarkably similar to the language of the book itself. The author says in his preface: "In the preparation of this work, I have availed myself of so many sources of information, that *it would be quite impossible for me to specify the authors* or the volumes to *which* I am indebted." Assuming this to be true, without reference to making, "*which*" agree with "authors" as well as with "volumes," we fear the result will be found vastly disproportioned to the amount of labor that has produced it. The Professor continues, "The plan and the cast are all my own. I have endeavored to follow the path of *real* discovery, and in every instance to present the facts and phenomena, so as to afford to the reader *and student* an opportunity to exercise *his own* genius in their discussion and resolution, before offering the explanation *reached by ancient or modern science.*"

Thus, apart from the ambitiousness of the style, we have grammatical errors, within the compass of three sentences, which few intelligent children learning to parse would commit. Of a similar character is the language used in the body of the work; which opens as follows:— "The sun is beyond comparison the grandest of all the celestial orbs of which we have any positive knowledge. The inexhaustible source of the heat which warms and vivifies the earth, *and the origin* of a perpetual flood of light, which *flying* with incredible velocity in all directions, illumines the planets and their satellites, lights up the eccentric comets, and *penetrates even to the region of the fixed stars;* it is not surprising that in the early ages of the world, this mighty orb should have been regarded as the visible emblem of the Omnipotent, and as such should have received divine honors." If "the people" are to be made familiar with astronomy, we fear they will have to be addressed in a somewhat plainer dialect than this. They will hardly be able to appreciate the difference between "source" and "origin," as applied to the sun, or to comprehend the "flying" of a flood. Nor will they see their way much better if they follow our author in his 'journey" among the planets. In the chapter, for example, on Neptune, we find, among a good deal more of the same sort, two such consecutive sentences as the following:—"It was only, therefore, by comparing with each other the results reached by these successive approximations to the orbit of Uranus, that it became manifest that no *increase of accuracy was being reached* by these successive efforts, and after every known cause of disturbance had been taken carefully into account, *a grand conclusion was finally reached that no satisfactory account could be rendered of the movements of Uranus by the combined effects of all known disturbing causes!* To reach this conclusion requires investigations of the most profound and laborious character; but before it was possible to explain these anomalous movements of Uranus, a problem of far greater difficulty remained to be solved, involv-

ing nothing less than the *weight* of the unknown planet, its *distance* from the sun, the *nature* of its orbit, and its position in the heavens at a particular time, indicating the region to which the telescope must be pointed to render visible what had hitherto remained for ages unseen by the eye of man." (p. 271.)

Such is "Popular Astronomy!"—that in reference to which we are told, in capitals, that "Scarcely any intelligent reader who has *gone through* a single chapter, will be satisfied until he has finished the whole book." There is some truth in this, for the volume is certainly a curiosity; although in our opinion, to use one of the author's favorite phrases, "no special genius has been put forth" (p. 29) in its composition. The illustrations are quite in keeping with the text. Prefixed to the work is an engraving of the Dudley Observatory at Albany. Under one plate we have the words, "Mars, Cincinnati Observatory;" under another, "Saturn, Cincinnati Observatory;" under a third, "Cassendius, Dudley Observatory," &c., as if there was some necessary connection between Albany and Cincinnati, and the bodies of which such caricatures are given. Had the facts contained in "Popular Astronomy" been put in plain, correct English, they would have interested and instructed many; but without the verbiage and bad grammar which cloud them in the volume before us, they might easily enough be compressed into fifty pages. Were it a work of a different character, we should have no reason to deny the author full credit for it, for we are not aware that the gentleman has ever disobliged us in any way. We speak of his book, therefore, simply because we regard it as decidedly injurious, rather than serviceable, to the cause of education.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Arts for 1860. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M., author of "Principles of Natural Philosophy," &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

Every succeeding number of the "Annual" exhibits an improvement on its predecessor, as a repository of all that is useful and interesting in the progress of scientific discovery. There are no new facts of any value that are brought to light during the current year, either in Europe or America, which we are not sure to find in the volume for next year, whether they relate to astronomy, geology, chemistry, mineralogy, zoology, antiquities, &c. In short, there is no one who takes any interest in the acquisition of knowledge, to whom the "Manual of Scientific Discovery" is not worth more than its cost. Elegantly printed, and beautifully bound, as it always comes from the press of Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, it may claim a place on the centre table beside the gift-books, as well as in that part of the select library which is devoted to works of reference.

Anatomy and Physiology for Colleges, Academies and Schools. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., and EDWARD HITCHCOCK, JR., M. D. New-York: Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1860.

The high reputation of President Hitchcock as an educator and author would be almost a sufficient guarantee by itself for excellence in any text-book which he undertook to prepare; and he is aided by a gentleman who has a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of both anatomy and physiology. Much was to have been expected from such a combination; but those who were most sanguine, have no reason to feel disappointed. The work embraces all that is valuable in the best treatises extant on the same subject, including those of Wilson, Draper, Carpenter, Todd and Bowman, &c. It is more copiously illustrated than any similar treatise with which we are acquainted—many of the engravings being original, the rest selected from the best similar works published in Europe and America. There are some errors, chiefly typographical, in the present edition, but seeing that they are being corrected already, and that the corrections will most probably have been before the public before our journal shall have been published, we deem it needless to indicate the former here. Suffice to add in brief, that we are much mistaken in our estimate of Hitchcock's "Anatomy and Philosophy," if it does not become a general favorite in the family circle as well as in the school-room.

The Principles of Chemistry. Illustrated by Simple Experiments, by JULIUS ADOLPH STOCKHARDT; translated by C. H. PIERCE. Fifteenth thousand. 12mo. pp. 681. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1860.

The author of this work is well known throughout Europe as one of the editors of the *Polytechnische Centralblatt*, and as a practical chemist of the first rank. He has written three other treatises, each of which has been translated into English, French, and Italian. But his "Principles of Chemistry" is that by which he is most known. What places it above all similar works as a text-book for schools, is its remarkable simplicity. The style is lucid and graphic; it is as little technical as possible, consistent with a full comprehension of the subject; and most of the experiments may be performed without any costly apparatus. It has now found its way into most of our principal schools and academies; and it is a favorite volume in hundreds of family libraries whose owners know how to appreciate what men like Stockhardt have done to popularize science and render it subservient to the ordinary wants and comforts of life. The American publishers have done their part in a manner characteristic of them. The typography is large and clear; what is still better, it is scrupulously correct. There are abundant pictorial illustrations, a well-arranged table of contents, and a copious index.

A Guide to the Knowledge of Life, Vegetable and Animal, by ROBERT JAMES MANN, M. D. New edition. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1860.

It has not been our privilege to have examined any work on physiology of equal size from which we have derived more profit and pleasure than we have from this "Manual." Dr. Mann is at once scientific and practical. He has read much; his experience has been extensive; and he possesses in a high degree the faculty of imparting even to what one is most familiar with, a certain interest that awakens almost insensibly a spirit of inquiry. Thus water, the food of plants, the blood, the soil, and the diet of man, are subjects on which a great deal has been said by many writers and lecturers; yet how few there are whose attention they attract. But in the hands of Dr. Mann they attract the most thoughtless, and make them wonder why the same ideas had not occurred to them before in relation to the same things. There is a difference between simplifying science so that it may be understood by the masses in its true utilitarian character, and treating it so as merely to excite a morbid curiosity; and we have an agreeable illustration of such difference in the volume before us. The chapters on cell life, the skin, diet, and drink, are each replete with instruction which is useful to all. They teach us the knowledge of self—just the sort of knowledge we are most in need of; but which, strangely enough, we are most prone to neglect. Thus the relative effects of different beverages on the human system are fully explained in the paper on drink; while in that on disease, decay, and death, we are taught to see how much we have neglected that might have prolonged our existence, while contributing to our happiness. "A Guide to Life" is calculated alike for schools and families. Every term which a person of ordinary intelligence might not be supposed to understand, is explained in the text, and its derivation indicated. The work has also the advantages of a full index, pictorial illustrations, and clear, legible typography.

Geology for Teachers, Classes, and Private Students. By SANDBORN TENNEY, A. M. Illustrated with one hundred wood engravings. 12mo. pp. 320. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

Prof. Tenney is a skilful educator. There is little known in geological science worth remembering which he has not managed to compress into this little volume; and he has done so in such a manner as to attract many to the study of the science, who have been repelled by the laborious technicalities of ordinary treatises. Such technical terms as are necessarily given are fully explained in a glossary, to which is added, an alphabetical index.

Elements of Moral Science. By P. R. LEATHERMAN. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1860.

A wide range of subjects is embraced in this volume; and each is treated in a manner characterized by good sense, a cosmopolitan and Christian

spirit, mature scholarship, and ability. The author avails himself of the precepts of the best moralists, so far as they are consistent with the teachings of the Bible, which he holds to be the only infallible guide in morals as well as in religion. He adopts the views of Paley, Wayland, Whewell, and others, in turn, according as they happen to agree with his own conscientious convictions. It is almost needless to add to this that his work contains nothing sectarian; but is alike adapted to the wants of Christians of all denominations. In short, it is such a work on morality as we should expect, from the *fiat* of Dr. Challen, whose experience as an author and critic, as well as the head of a first class publishing house, may be regarded as a guarantee for worth in what he recommends.

THEOLOGY.

Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land. By HORATIO B. HACKETT, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. New and revised edition, 12mo. pp. 354. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

If every religious book were as readable and instructive as this, there would not be so many irreligious people in the world. Hundreds are repelled by the laborious gravity which many theological writers seem to regard as indispensable to piety. There are those who think that no worldly knowledge should be found in a work devoted in any form to religion, and they proceed to write accordingly. When authors of this class apply to their publishers for a bill of sales, they are astonished to find how insensible the world is to all the profound and holy thoughts they have put forth in the largest type. Without pausing to inquire whether any part of the blame is due to themselves, they straightway attribute all to human depravity, the degeneracy of the age, &c.—to every cause but the true one. They forget that those whom they address are not angels or saints, but men and women, and that to do them any good they must be addressed as such. Divines like Butler, Warburton, Hurd, Middleton, Channing and Paley, understood this. Hence it is that they have been so successful in well-doing, and are remembered as benefactors.

We are glad to see, from the new and improved edition before us, that the efforts of Dr. Hackett form no exception to the rule. He, too, is read and re-read, because he blends the secular with the sacred. There is not a page in his "Illustrations" but is more or less interesting, historically or ethnologically, without any reference to Christianity, while at the same time we know of no volume of the same size so well calculated to demonstrate the divine origin of the Bible. As the title of the book would imply, the author takes up an obscure passage of Scripture, which has reference to local scenery, or local habits in the Holy Land, and he explains it from facts obtained by observation and inquiry during his journey. Thus he

makes almost every incident serve a double purpose. Whatever he notices is interesting in itself, as giving an insight into the manners, customs, or political or religious institutions of the Jews. In this respect his book is like that of any other intelligent traveller, capable of turning whatever he sees to the best account, as a means of entertaining the general reader. But the biblical student finds it much more than this. Thus, for example, the use of bells is explained as follows:

"It is very common to see bells attached to the necks of mules, horses and camels, when the animals are at pasture or travelling. The object is to incite them to a more lively movement; while, at the same time, the bell serves as a signal for keeping those who journey together from becoming separated, or enabling them, if that should happen, to regain their course. This familiar practice suggests the expression in Zachariah, xiv. 20: 'In that day shall there be (inscribed) on the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord.' The prophet foresees the introduction of a new type of piety among men; none of their possessions, when that better age has come, are to be kept back from the service of God; they shall carry the spirit of religion into all the concerns and relations of life."—p. 85.

The command of the Apostle, "Take up thy bed and walk," is explained in a similar manner:

"In returning to Jerusalem from an expedition to the Dead Sea, I lodged a night in the convent of Mar Saba, so romantically situated on the banks of the water-course of the Kidron. The bed provided for me consisted merely of a bolster, and a blanket spread on the floor. The latter could be drawn partially over the body, if any one wished, though the expectation seemed to be that we should sleep in our ordinary dress, without any additional covering. Such a bed is obviously a portable one; it is easy to take it up, fold it together, and carry it from place to place, as convenience may require."—p. 112.

We have room for only one extract more. It seems the Jews still prefer manuscript to printed copies of the Bible:

"In one of the synagogues at Safet, I found a scribe engaged in making a copy of the law. A more elegant Hebrew manuscript, a more perfect specimen of the calligraphic art, I never saw, than that executed by this Jewish amanuensis. No printed page could surpass it in the beauty, symmetry, and distinctness with which the characters are drawn. One peculiarity that struck me at once, as I cast my eye over the parchment, was the horn-like appearance attached to some of the letters. I had seen the same mark before this, in Hebrew manuscripts, but never where it was so prominent as here. The sign in question, as connected with the Hebrew letter Lamedh, in particular, had almost the appearance of an intentional imitation of a ram's head. It was to that appendage of the Hebrew letters that the Saviour referred, when he said: 'Not one jot or little horn' (as the Greek term signifies, which our version renders 'tittle,') shall pass from the law until all be fulfilled." (Matthew, v. 18.)—p. 234.

We might fill pages with extracts from "Illustrations," which would be acceptable to every class of readers, more so than any we could cull from

any similar work recently published, either in this country or in England. The engravings, illustrative of remarkable scenes, the plan of Jerusalem, the carefully prepared index, the clear, beautiful typography, and ornamental binding, are creditable to both author and publishers, and will contribute not a little to extend the popularity of the book.

A View of the Evidences of Christianity. In Three Parts. By WILLIAM PALEY, M. A., with Annotations by RICHARD WHATELY, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. 8vo. pp. 407. New-York: James Miller. 1860.

Paley is the most readable and instructive of all the theological writers of England. His style is as vigorous and clear as his character was independent and straightforward. Many have written "Evidences of Christianity," but his alone endure as "*The* Evidences." It is not because Paley is more orthodox than his brethren that he is thus more popular. In point of fact, he was not orthodox, as the term is generally applied. He formed his own opinions in religion as well as in politics and ethics, and he expressed them fearlessly. But no matter what he undertook to prove, he brought all the resources of a capacious, well-stored mind to bear upon it. Always original in his views, he had the faculty of rendering any subject attractive. In this respect he has been particularly successful in the work before us; for certain it is, that no other strictly religious book, with, perhaps, the sole exception of "The Pilgrim's Progress," has been so much read. The notes of Dr. Whately—another original and liberal thinker—impart new interest to the text of the "Evidences." Many will purchase the book on their account alone; not that the archbishop is by any means so attractive as the archdeacon; but there are few critics so suggestive as his grace of Dublin, or so well skilled in the art of renewing old discussions. We hope Mr. Miller will receive sufficient encouragement to induce him to reprint the whole of Paley's works, in a style uniform with the present volume, especially his "Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy." This is read and quoted by all classes in England, from the artisan in his shop to the judge on the bench. Yet it is it that prevented the author from being made a bishop. When his name was once mentioned to George III., as Swift's had been to one of his royal predecessors, it is said that his Majesty's only reply was, "Paley! what, *Pigeon* Paley?" The author long continued to be called this name by the aristocracy, because in his chapter on Property, he makes a pigeon represent a monopolist; so that the king might regard himself as much in the light of a greedy pigeon as anybody else. We subjoin the passage in which the expression occurs, partly because it is interesting in itself, and partly because it may be regarded as a fair specimen of the author's style:

"If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got

into a heap, reserving nothing to themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, and perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one, too, oftentimes *the feeblest and worst of the whole set*—a child, a woman, *a madman, or a fool*), getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labor spent or spoiled; and if one of their number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft."

Our Bible Chronology, Historic and Prophetic, critically examined and demonstrated, and harmonized with the Chronology of Profane Writers. By the Rev. R. C. SHIMEALL. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

The author of this work is a man of remarkable industry. The number of dates and interesting facts which he has brought together, must have cost him much time, and required great patience. It is divided into two parts—Part I. embracing historical chronology; Part II. historico-prophetic chronology; each exhibiting an amount of erudition which only the persevering and enthusiastic few can be said to possess. Nor is the work exclusively biblical. Profane history is traced side by side with sacred history, and the events of each are so arranged, in parallel columns, that they can be referred to, with their respective dates, almost at a glance. With the author's theories we have nothing to do further than to observe that they are not without interest, especially those which have reference to some of the prophecies, or rather the visions, of Daniel. Drawings are given of the different beasts spoken of and described by the prophet—animals which are anything but prepossessing. Mr. Shimeall regards each as a symbol. Thus, he thinks that the beast represented as like a lion, and having eagle's wings, was meant to represent the personal history of the Babylonish monarch, while the bear with three ribs in his mouth symbolized the Medo-Persian empire, etc. There may be some doubt as to these; but he is quite certain that the most hideous and repulsive beast of all was designed to typify papal Rome. In this there is nothing particularly new; similar interpretations have been given by others; but whether they can be relied upon as true, is none of our business, though we think it is quite safe to doubt their accuracy. But, without believing any of them, the student of history and the antiquary will find "Our Bible Chronology" worthy their earnest attention. It is illustrated with a finely colored chart, showing the course of empire from the earliest records, sacred and profane, down to the

present time, and a map of the world as known to the ancients, showing the dispersion and supposed settling of the descendants of Noah. As a book of reference in biblical history and chronology, it is probably the best extant in this country, and will doubtless find its way into most of our family, as well as school, libraries. It is a royal octavo, printed in superior style, on excellent paper, and tastefully bound in muslin.

The Throne of David, from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to the Rebellion of Prince Absolom. By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM, LL. D., author of "The Prince of the House of David," and the "Pillar of Fire." Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 1860.

The style of Dr. Ingraham is somewhat ambitious; but he seldom fails to interest the reader; and yet it cannot be said that he exaggerates the facts as recorded in the Bible. The volume is creditably got up, and will doubtless have a large circle of readers.

MISCELLANY.

A Man; or, The Higher Pleasures of the Intellect. By Rev. J. D. BELL. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1860.

Mr. Bell has chosen a prolific subject, and one, the proper treatment of which requires abilities of the highest order. To say that he has entirely succeeded, would be giving him credit for having accomplished that in which the greatest minds of ancient and modern times have failed; but to do him justice, it must be admitted that he has done much in the volume before us towards the elucidation of a problem which is simple only to the unthinking and vain. He brings under review an extensive variety of topics, all of which have more or less interest—such for example, as the uses of the higher senses, the true design of the beautiful, the value of a superior education, the difference between living in indolence and exercising the faculties of mind and body, &c. Here and there we meet with an ambitious passage, or too strong a metaphor; but in the main, the style is pleasing—it is marked by a freshness and originality which are the rarest qualities in metaphysical works of the present day.

Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt to Varnhagen Von Ense, from 1827 *to* 1858, with extracts from Varnhagen's Diary, and letters of Varnhagen and others to Humboldt; translated from the second German edition. By FREDERICK KNAPP. 12mo. pp. 407. New-York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860.

We have transcribed the full title. We add, that on the back of the volume it is entitled "The Correspondence of Humboldt;" and that in the advertisements it is styled, "a Sensation Book." It may well cause a sensation truly—to those who, after having paid their one dollar and twenty-five cents for a copy, find how grossly they have been taken in. The correspondence of Humboldt, properly so called, would indeed be

well worth the price demanded for the "sensation book;" but nothing worthy of the name has yet appeared. The volume before us is simply a catch-penny. It is only necessary to glance over it, in order to understand that publishers like the Harpers were glad to get rid of it as soon as they saw what it was.

The letters are duly numbered, so that the last has over it the figures 225. In order that we may not be accused of doing anybody injustice, we copy here and there a whole letter. Thus, No. 14 consists of the following two sentences:

"I enclose you, most honored friend, some words of the lovely Duchess of Dessau. Anything honoring the memory of our departed lady-friend must be dear to your heart.

"Sunday. A. V. HUMBOLDT."

Another, at page 84, marked 45, we also transcribe *in extenso:*

"The Crown-Prince would like very much to see that interesting letter of Prince Metternich to you. Could not you send it to me before half-past seven o'clock to-night, my dear friend? A. V. H."

We can afford to copy yet another letter without trespassing to any undue extent on our space:

"I am afraid, my dear friend, that I shall be obliged to go to Potsdam again on Thursday, and thence to Paris on the 10th or 12th. I am to send Cotta more copy before I go. Let me not be suspended so long between condemnation and indulgence. Pray send me a few words with the parcel. "Yours,

"A. V. HUMBOLDT."

To believe that a man like Humboldt would write such as these, to be published as specimens of his correspondence, is to be credulous indeed. Yet such form the staple of what the public are assured is a "sensation book." Whether it be right to expose tricks of this kind, or not, especially when they are of frequent occurrence, we leave it to our readers to judge.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

A Popular History of England, by Mrs. Thomas Geldert, author of "Stories of Scotland," "Stories of Ireland," &c., &c. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Of the many English ladies who write for the instruction and entertainment of the young, none have succeeded better than Mrs. Geldert. There are few, if any, school libraries in any part of the United Kingdom, which do not contain her "Stories" as well as the excellent little work before us; and the latter has been deemed worthy of translation both in France and Germany. It is a slender, unpretending volume; but there is no important fact that transpired during the period it embraces, which is not presented to the reader in a manner well calculated to impress the memory. Although Mrs. Geldert eschews declamation, she never fails to teach the student how to derive benefit from the lessons of the past. There are many who engage in similar undertakings, who, in writing their prefaces, would do well to imitate her example. "The period," she says, "of which this work treats, although embracing so many years, is by no means so full of interest as that stirring time which the reign of the Red King ushers in; when, at the cry of the humble hermit of Amiens, the nations of Continental Europe flew to arms, and forgetting their private and their national feuds, went, as in one great company, to the rescue of Jerusalem from the infidel Saracens." A writer of the "sensation" school would have addressed her readers in a very different style. But need we say that she is not the less interesting and instructive because her modesty does not allow her to make extravagant promises? Her "History" opens with an account of the period immediately preceding the arrival of Julius Cæsar, and closes with the death of William the Conqueror. Her very first sentence exhibits a lively picture, and as it may be regarded as a pretty fair specimen of the manner in which she secures the reader's attention, and at the same time teaches a useful lesson, we transcribe it for the benefit of such as have an interest (and who have not?) in the education of youth: "Did you ever try to picture our Island Home as it must have appeared in those very old times when little British children ran about as wild as the goats and sheep on the hill-sides, and their fathers and mothers, in their clothing of skins, with long hair and brown, sunburnt faces, spent their time in providing food for their families, without any care or thought beyond that of tending their flocks, hunting in the large forests for game, and preparing the hide of the animals they captured for clothing?" The tiny work is gotten up in a style commensurate with its merits. The pictorial illustrations of such curiosities as the bronze and bone weapons, shields, lamps, urns, &c., of our ancestors, form an agreeable feature in the American edition.

American History, by JACOB ABBOTT. Vol. I.—*Aboriginal America*. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Mr. Abbott has a peculiar faculty for writing in such a manner as at once to please and instruct the young. No "juveniles" are more popular than his. Judging from the present volume, our young friends may expect much from the new series. The style is simple, graphic, and lively. The habits, modes of life, amusements, &c., of the aboriginal inhabitants of America are well described. Though the pictures are necessarily miniatures, they are not the less truthful as far as they go, nor will they be less valued by those for whom they are intended. "Aboriginal America" is divided into ten chapters, with such characteristic headings as—Types of Life in America, Face of the Country, Remarkable Plants, Remarkable Animals, the Indian Races, Mechanic Arts, Indian Legends and Tales, &c. These are again subdivided into passages more or less long or brief, according as the incidents which they relate, or the information which they contain, are more or less interesting or important; and the attraction of the whole is not a little enhanced by engravings from designs by several of our best artists.

We are not of those who think that because a book is designed for the young, it should be little more than alluded to by the critic, if indeed he ought to consider it worth while to mention it at all. The experience of the world proves the contrary. It requires little reflection to comprehend that no other class of books claim more careful attention. None should be more strongly condemned when bad, or so earnestly recommended when good; since the impressions made on the youthful mind, whether vicious or otherwise, are always the most lasting, and generally influence the whole after-life. We have, therefore, as little hesitation in commending Mr. Abbott's "Aboriginal America," as if it were a quarto volume designed only for the perusal of philosophers.

The Life of Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore. By GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. 16mo. New-York: F. D. Harriman.

We know of no better biography than this to put into the hands of children. It is a simple but interesting narrative of the life of one of the noblest ornaments of Christianity. The extracts from the good man's writings, and from various other sources, have been judiciously selected, and form a valuable feature in the tiny work.

1. *The Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen.* Illustrated. By ALFRED CROWQUILL.
2. *The Life and Adventnres of Robinson Crusoe.* By DANIEL DE FOE; including a Memoir of the Author, with an Essay on his writings; with Illustrations.
3. *Favorite Tales for Little Folks.* With Seventy Illustrations. New-York: James Miller.

The little folks may well be thankful to Mr. Miller. No other publisher takes so much pains, or incurs so much expense, to please them. In a word, if any books can entice children into habits of reading it is such as these. This is particularly true of "Baron Munchausen," whom Crowquill does ample justice to in this most funny edition of Mr. Miller.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Stories from Famous Ballads. For children. By Grace Greenwood, author of "History of My Pets," "Recollections of my Childhood," "Merrie England," "Stories and Legends," &c. With Illustrations by Billings. Sq. 18mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Satires of Juvenal, Persius, Sulpicia, and Lucilius, literally translated into English Prose, with Notes, Chronological Tables, Arguments, &c. By the Rev. LEWIS EVANS, M. A., late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. To which is added the Metrical Version of Juvenal and Persius, by the late WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq. 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Notes of Travel and Study in Italy. By Charles Eliot Norton. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, in the years 1857–'59. By Lawrence Oliphant, Esq., Private Secretary to Lord Elgin, author of the "Russian Shores of the Black Sea," &c. 8vo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Caxtons. A Family Picture. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Bart. Library edition. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

The Courtship and Adventures of Jonathan Homebred; or the Scrapes and Escapes of a Live Yankee. By Sam Slick, Jr. 12mo. New-York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1860.

Mrs. Ellis's Housekeeping Made Easy. A Complete Instructor in all Branches of Cookery and Domestic Economy. Edited by Mrs. Mowatt. Paper, 12mo. New-York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

The Puritans; or, The Church, Court and Parliament of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins Vol. 2. 8vo. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

The Haunted Homestead: and other Nouvellettes. With an Autobiography of the Author. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Deserted Wife," "Lost Heiress," &c., &c. 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky. The Three Pines. By Jacob Abbott. 16mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Florence Stories. By Jacob Abbott, author of "The Rolla Books," "Histories," &c. Grimke. 16mo. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Cousin Maude and Rosamond. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Lena Rivers," &c. 12mo. New-York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. 1860.

Stories of Inventors and Discoverers in Science and the Useful Arts. A Book for Old and Young. By John Timbs, F. S. A. With Illustrations. 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

My Novel. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. 4 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

Lectures on Natural History: its Relations to Intellect, Taste, Wealth, and Religion. By P. A. Chadbourne, Professor of Natural History in Williams College, and Professor of Natural History and Chemistry in Bowdoin College. 12mo. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

Satanstoe; or, The Littlepage Manuscripts. A Tale of the Colony. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo. New-York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago. With Other Poems. By the author of "The "New Priest in Conception Bay." 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Semi-Detached House. A Novel. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Mademoiselle Mori: a Tale of Modern Rome. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Felds. 1860.

Our Living Representative Men. From Official and Original Sources. By John Savage. 12mo. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1860.

Old Leaves: Gathered from Household Words. By W. Henry Wills 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Oakland Stories: Cousin Guy. By George B. Taylor, of Virginia. 16mo. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Sketch Book, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. By Washington Irving. Tinted paper, 12mo. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1860.

Manual of Geology: designed for the Use of Colleges and Academies By Ebenezer Emmons, State Geologist of North Carolina, late State Geologist of New-York; Professor of Natural History and Geology in Williams College, &c., &c. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. Second edition. 8vo. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Genius of Washington Irving. Delivered before the New-York Historical Society, at the Academy of Music, in New-York, on the 3d April, 1860. By William Cullen Bryant. 12mo. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1860.

What will He do with It? By Pisistratus Caxton. A Novel, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Library Edition. In three volumes, 12mo., cloth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

Library of Standard Fiction. No. 1. Seven Years. By Julia Cavenagh. pp. 180. No. 2. Holmby House: A Tale of Old Northamptonshire By G. J. White Melville, author of "Kate Coventry," "The Interpreter," &c., 8vo. pp. 224. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

A History of Georgia, from its first discovery by Europeans to the adoption of the present Constitution, in 1798. By Rev. William Bacon Stevens, M. D., D. D., formerly Professor of Belles-Lettres, History, &c., in the University of Georgia, Athens; in 2 vols., 8vo. 1859. pp. 524.

Library of Select Novels, No. 214. Misrepresentation. A Novel. By Anna H. Drury, author of "Friends of Fortune," "Eastbury," &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860. pp. 211.

The Still Hour, or Communion with God. By Austin Phelps, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860 16mo, pp. 136.

An Appeal to the People in behalf of their Rights as authorized Interpreters of the Bible. By Catharine E. Beecher, author of "Domestic Economy," &c., &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860. 12mo., pp. 380.

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, by the Constitution and Course of Nature. Edited, with an Analysis, by J T. Chapin. D. D., President of Waterville College. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1860. 12mo., pp. 302.

Christ in History. By Robert Turnbull, D. D., author of "Genius of Scotland," "Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland," &c., &c. New and revised edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860. 12mo. pp. 540.

The Gospel in Burmah; the Story of its introduction and marvellous progress among the Burmese and Karens. By Mrs. Macleod Wylie, New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860. 12mo, pp. 332.

The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New-York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860. 12mo, pp. 532.

Poems. By Sydney Dobell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. (Blue and Gold.) 16mo, pp. 544.

Twenty Years Ago and Now. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 1860. 12mo, pp. 307.

Life in Spain, Past and Present. By Walter Thornbury, author of "Every Man his own Trumpeter," "Art and Nature," &c., &c., with illustrations. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The Diary of a Samaritan. By a Member of the Howard Association of New-Orleans. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

iographical Studies. By George Washington Greene. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1860. 12mo, pp. 233.

Introductory Lessons on Mind. By the author of "Lessons on Reasoning," "Lessons on Morals," &c. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1860. 12mo, pp. 240.

Isaac T. Hopper; A True Life. By L. Maria Child. Twelfth thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1860. 12mo, pp. 493.

Earnest Bracebridge; or, School-Boy Days. By W. H. G. Kingston. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. pp. 344.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Dr. Thorne," "The Bertrams," "The Three Clerks," &c. 12mo, pp. 385. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 1860.

A Mother's Trial. By the author of "My Lady." 12mo, pp. 397. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Introductory Lessons on the Mind. By the author of "Lessons on Reasoning," "Lessons on Morals," &c. 12mo, pp. 240. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1860.

Religious and Moral Sentences, culled from the works of Shakespeare compared with passages drawn from Holy Writ. From the English edition; with an introduction by Frederick D. Huntington, D. D. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1860.

The Bible and Social Reform; or, the Scriptures as a Means of Civilization. By R. H. Tyler, A. M., of Fulton, New-York. 12mo. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1860.

Elements of English Composition, Grammatical, Rhetorical, and Practical; prepared for Academies and Schools. By James R. Boyd, A. M. author of "Annotated Edition of English Poets," "Elements of Logic," an improved edition of "Kames' Elements," &c.. 12mo. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

A Greek Reader, selected chiefly from "Jacob's Greek Reader," adapted to Bullions' "Greek Grammar," with an Introduction to the Idioms of the Greek Language; Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and an improved Lexicon. By Rev. Peter Bullions. Thirty-fourth edition, revised. New-York: Pratt, Oakley & Co. 1860.

Exercises in Latin Composition; adapted to Bullions' "Latin Grammar," with Vocabularies, Latin and English—English and Latin. By Rev. Peter Bullions, D. D. New-York: Pratt, Oakley & Co.

The Home Cyclopædia—Cyclopædia of Literature and the Fine Arts: Comprising complete and accurate definitions of all terms employed in Belles-Lettres, Philosophy, Theology, Law, Mythology, Painting, Music, Sculpture, Architecture, and all kindred Arts; compiled and arranged by George Ripley and Bayard Taylor. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

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EDWARD I. SEARS, A. B.

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"Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicae, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est."

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THE

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No. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

ART. I.—*The Works of* JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. New-York: W. A. Townsend & Co.. 1860.

THE character of Cooper, as a thinker, a writer, and a man, is more imperfectly understood than that of any other great popular author of the nineteenth century. This is particularly true of him in his own country. Nor is it difficult to understand why it is so. It is the lot of the man of genius who expresses his opinions boldly and independently to be misrepresented, even when his motives are purest and most honest. With the envious and ambitious who can never hope to equal him, his popularity and success alone are sufficient inducements to depreciate his writings and vilify himself. But Cooper was not only a great novelist—he was also a severe, if not always a judicious critic. Add to this his peculiarities of temper—his extreme sensitiveness and irritability—his readiness on all occasions to resent whatever he conceived to be an affront, either to himself or his country—and it will no longer seem strange that few authors of any age have been more abused. Story after story of his has been pronounced worthless, while a source of veritable delight to hundreds of thousands in the Old, as well as in the New World. Nor has all the censure, or even the greater part of it, come from abroad. In England,

indeed, he has been severely criticised. Two or three journals have treated him more like a criminal than what he truly is—a benefactor of his kind—one who has contributed at least as much to make life happy as any other writer in his peculiar sphere. But these are exceptions. Generally the critics of England, especially the best class of them, have done him ample justice—that is, they have placed him in the first rank of novelists—among those whose works will be read and admired as long as our common language exists.

It is undoubtedly by his own countrymen that his progress to fame has been most pertinaciously thwarted. Of this we mean to give some illustrations in the course of our article. In the meantime, it is proper to remark that American critics have done no worse in their opposition to the greatest novelist our country has produced, than English, French, or German critics would be likely to have done in similar circumstances. New communities are always more jealous than the old. The Carthagenians treated their men of genius the same as we treated Cooper; so did the people of Spain and France as long as the Roman power and civilization continued in the ascendant. In each case the *fiat* had to be given by the older nation or parent country. Had Terence, Martial, and Lucan, published their works in Carthage and Spain, their native countries, respectively, others of their countrymen, who aspired to similar honors, would not have failed to deny their claims to originality and genius. As they were they did not escape the shafts of envy and disappointed ambition. The first works of Smollett were scarcely recognized as possessing any merit, by the Scotch critics. The most popular French authors are indebted to the Belgians, French, or English, for their fame. The finest national Melodies of Moore were but indifferently received at home until the generous praise of England made them famous. And how many English writers have first attracted attention in this country? We refer, then, to the opposition given to Cooper by his countrymen not as a reproach to the latter, but because it has had the effect of giving an erroneous impression of him to the thousands who, although able to read intelligently, cannot

depend on their own judgment so far as to form an independent opinion.

It may be doubted, at the same time, whether the reputation of our author has not suffered more from exaggerated, indiscriminate praise than from malignant censure. If ever a man of genius has had reason to say, "Save me from my friends," it is he. Abuse has seldom injured any writer; it is much more likely to produce the contrary effect—to cause his writings to be read more and more. Fair and discriminating criticism has the same effect in a higher degree. Every one whose opinion is worth having, or who is capable of forming one, is aware that no author is faultless. Even Homer has his weak points. In all the dramas of Shakespeare there is not a single one that is not marred with more or less blemishes. Of all novels that have ever been written, Don Quixote is the best—the most witty, amusing, and instructive. This is the universal verdict. After having been read by all nations for nearly three centuries, its popularity continues undiminished; although it is much more defective, or rather less perfect than either the Iliad or Hamlet. When these defects are pointed out to the reader he is the better able to appreciate the beauties. Had Addison's criticisms on Paradise Lost been all praise the great English epic would still have remained unread; and it may be added that those celebrated papers themselves would never have taken rank as they have among the best critical essays to be found in any language. But we have seen "papers" on Cooper, in which the reader was expected to wade through scores of pages containing nothing but eulogy—not a word to relieve the monotony, or remind us that, after all, the author of "The Spy" and the "Water Witch" is human. No one despised such as this more than Cooper himself. If he undertook a criticism he did so manfully; and the result was something more readable than a funeral sermon, or a Fourth of July oration. But fulsome praise of himself and his works is not the only burden which the reputation of our author has been forced to bear. Unfortunately, it is very much the habit, in our time, to make an article on the

illustrious dead the pretext for paying compliments in turn to all the writer's friends. Thus, in an essay on Cooper, now before us, at least a dozen receive "attentions" in this way—some directly, others through the medium of quotations, &c.*

There are but few who read eulogies; and even these few seldom draw favorable conclusions from them. They are apt to think that there must be some need for such laborious efforts—that their subject is in danger of being forgotten. Hence it is that censure is better even when most severe. But a writer like Cooper has little to fear from one extreme or the other. His works speak for themselves. They are now, as they ever have been, and will be as long as literature is admired, independent of criticism. Time, the true test of merit and genius—that which is so fatal to the pretensions of mediocrity—only adds to the popularity of our national novelist. It is not uninteresting, therefore, to look back at some of the criticisms which certain of our author's stories elicited when first published. We have within our reach not a few, which, in spite of their gravity, are amusing. Of this character are most of the Philadelphia specimens, which we have examined. It would seem that the critics of the "Quaker City" were much more difficult to be pleased, some thirty years ago, than they are now. They had then a flourishing periodical entitled the "American Quarterly Review," whose high standard it was very difficult, if not impossible to reach. In one of its most elaborate critical disquisitions, it condemns "The Pioneer" as "a story entirely destitute of interest," and

* This is somewhat after the fashion of those patriotic Aldermen, who, under pretence of honoring some one who probably deserves the distinction, get up a dinner, to which they invite their hungry friends, recommending each to the company as "highly respectable." No one has hit off the sort of indiscriminate adulation alluded to more humorously than Cowper:

"Oh, fond attempt to give the deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot.
Thus when a child, as playful children use,
Has burned to tinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire;
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire.
There goes the parson, oh, illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk."

pronounces it "unwieldy, slovenly, ungrammatical, and insufferable!" Nor does The Pilot fare much better at the hands of the same Aristarchus. Perhaps this was owing to the temper of our author? Probably he had given offence to the critic? These would be natural inferences were it not known that the other popular writers of the day were disposed of precisely after the same fashion, Washington Irving, for example, being declared a scribbler of "skip-along, trim-the-hop, popinjay prose; whose sketch-book abounds in heavy disagreeable matter, betraying throughout little merit, but imitation." In another part of the same periodical, we are gravely informed that the best of Irving's works are "absolutely silly, fit only for the pages of two-penny primers to amuse children. What impression," it is triumphantly asked, "do they make?" Certain it is, that no foreign review has spoken more disparagingly than this of American literature. Yet it cannot be said that the critic is "an enemy in disguise;" for he is equally unequivocal and summary in his treatment of Byron and Scott. He speaks of the former as one "whose heavy volumes of stanzas have pestered the world; a mere titled rhymster; the author of a mass of hobbling, teeth-grinding poetry." Before closing, however, he admits that his lordship has some trifling merit, scarcely perceptible though it be. The concession is made as follows: "That in the multiplicity of his lordship's writings we should, *by dint of industrious research*, discover some easy-flowing passages and brilliant ideas is not much to his credit, for we can find the same things in the dull heroics of Sir Richard Blackmore." But the worst sentence of all was reserved for Sir Walter Scott. According to our Philadelphia Aristarchus, the Waverley Novels are "slovenly and insipid productions, abounding with affected sentimentality, blackguards and scoundrels, common as thistles in a Scotch glen, with sheepish heroes, footballs to every one that might choose to kick them." A critic who passes judgment in this style does harm only to those he attempts to praise, and the more he dislikes his author the more ridiculous he will render himself.

Our readers are aware that the North American Review is a periodical of a different character from that of the Philadelphia Quarterly. The former has always been conducted by educated men, and, we are quite willing to add, in passing, that it was never conducted with more ability than it is at present. Having rendered this justice to our respectable contemporary, we hope we shall not be accused of endeavoring to depreciate its character if we allude to some of its reviews of Cooper's works, especially as we shall pass over those of a recent date, even when they are such as, to say the least, we could not pretend to admire. We have several of the old numbers before us, each containing a notice or review, more or less elaborate, of our author, but, so far as we have seen, not an encouraging word. An extract or two from the number for October, 1838, will serve as pretty fair specimens of what seems to us the captious, unfriendly spirit in which all are written. The novel under consideration is "Homeward Bound," one of the finest sea stories ever written—one that has been excelled only by some of the author's own productions, such as "The Pilot" and "The Water Witch."

After some preliminary observations, the critic proceeds to pass sentence as follows:—"He [Cooper] has added nothing to the range of characters in fiction, which amuse and occupy our hours of leisure, and to which the mind returns as to old familiar scenes, or the faces of friends; he has told no new tale of human passions, for our instruction or warning," &c. This was news to the hundreds of thousands of all ranks and conditions, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, who were as much charmed with his creations as even with the best of the Waverley Novels. Nay, it was news to the people of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany; and we believe "The Pilot" had already been translated into at least one oriental language. The critic waxing warm, as he proceeds informs his readers that "'Homeward Bound' is a sort of log-book of a passage from London to New-York. We are entertained, *ad nauseam* —until we are absolutely sea-sick—with the rocking of the packet-ship Montauk, in fair weather and foul. These scenes,

wearisome by repetition and prolongation, are diversified, but not relieved, by the doings and sayings of a set of passengers, the like of whom, for stupidity and absurdity, could scarcely be gathered together from the whole circuit of the British dominions and the United States. A couple of more tiresome gentlemen than the two Effinghams, the pet characters in the passengers' cabin, it has never been our lot to meet, either in fact or fiction; and the heroine, Miss Eve Effingham, is a special nonentity. * * * The fact is, Mr. Cooper has no facility in drawing characters. With two or three exceptions, his characters are wooden images, with no semblance of life. Their conversation would be intolerable, or rather impossible, between men and women of flesh and blood; their actions would be inconceivable out of the pages of a romance. People never talk as Mr. Cooper imagines. There are far fewer blockheads, male or female, in the world than in that possessed by Mr. Cooper's imagination," &c., &c. It would not be strange if criticism like this excited the ire of an author much less impulsive than Fenimore Cooper. A friend who knew him well, tells us that the criticisms of his earlier works provoked him considerably—to such an extent, that, on one occasion, he threatened to inflict personal chastisement on the critic, and was so much in earnest as to proceed to Boston in search of him. Here, it seems, he remained for three days. Not finding the object of his pursuit, but instead of him a genial friend, who gave him good advice, he was induced to laugh at his own folly; and it does not appear that he ever afterward permitted himself to exhibit any feeling on account of criticisms in which his personal character was not assailed, as in those instances in which he instituted actions for libel against several newspapers, and of which we shall have more to say as we proceed. It might be supposed that the Boston critic, as well as the critic of Philadelphia, had received some slight, real or imaginary, from the author; but we have no evidence of the fact, in one case more than in the other. Indeed, the presumptive evidence tends altogether to the other side. We find that other authors, whose fame has since become almost as

universal as that of Cooper himself, were subjected, time after time, to similar condemnation in the same quarter. There was one who fully avenged himself, and his wit was the only weapon he desired to use for that purpose. We need hardly add that we mean Edgar Allan Poe. "I cannot say," remarks the author of The Raven, "that I ever fairly comprehended the force of the term 'insult,' until I was given to understand, by a member of the North American Review clique, that this journal was 'not only willing, but anxious, to render me that justice which had been already rendered me by the *Revue Française* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but was restrained from so doing by my invincible spirit of antagonism. I wish the North American Review to express no opinion of me whatever—for I have none of it. In the meantime, as I see no motto on its title page, let me recommend it one from Sterne's Letter from France. Here it is: 'As we rode along the valley, we saw a herd of asses on the top of one of the mountains—how they viewed and *reviewed* us!'"

That Cooper was whimsical, vain, disposed to take offence where none was intended, sometimes rude and offensive, is not to be denied. As a satirist he was rather amusing and trenchant than just, though always honest and manly. His strictures on manners and society in England are the boldest ever written in the English language on the same subject. No other American would have attempted a book like his *England* at the time he wrote it, or indeed since. It was the undertaking of one who was conscious of his own powers. He knew very well it would give offence; but English travellers had again and again indulged their talents for satire by criticisms on the manners and habits of his countrymen, and he knew no reason why the English themselves should not be subjected to a similar treatment. If many, perhaps the greater number of the defects he saw in English society, were rather imaginary than real, there was scarcely one of those who had attempted to satirize the American people of whom the same, but slightly modified, may not be said. There is, however, this difference: he was much more sensitive than they. No matter

what happened to him that was disagreeable, he had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that it had its origin in antipathy to the American nation. A lady to whom he is introduced informs him that she had the pleasure of knowing his father. In reply he tells her that she must therefore have been in America. Not at all; she had known him in England. He explains, showing that she had confounded him with another. "This news," he says, "produced an extraordinary change on the countenance and manner of my new acquaintance, who from that moment did not deign to speak to me, or hardly to look at me!" There was nothing very remarkable in a lady's feeling somewhat confused, or altered in her manner, on finding that she had mistaken him for another. It is more than probable that her conduct toward him would have been the same had he been English, French, or German. The precedence given to rank in England was always a great source of annoyance to Mr. Cooper. He relates numerous instances, attributing them chiefly to "want of manners in the English as regards us!" He had all the jealousy of a pet child in this way. Everybody is aware of the mortal offence he took for being placed at the foot of the table, while, as he tells us himself, "a swarthy, dark-haired, common-looking young man, whom he took for a duke," was allowed the post of honor—that is, beside the lady of the house. The company consisted besides of earls, lords, baronets, members of parliament, &c. All were assigned places according to their rank; and it seems all were satisfied with the exception of our author. It was bad enough, he thought, to be put at the foot of the table with a young man, a member of parliament; but, while each of the rest had the honor of handing a lady to the table, he had no lady near him at all! He could regard this in no other light than as a national insult; one which every true American should resent as if it were personal to himself; and accordingly fourteen pages are devoted to it! "I could not," he says, "divest myself of the idea that, had I been anything but an American, this cutting neglect would not have occurred," &c. But he was determined not to wait for "publication day." Such treatment as

that of which he was the victim should not, he thought, be allowed to remain unavenged for a single day. "I longed for an opportunity," he tells us, "to let men who had so unceremoniously exalted themselves, understand whereabouts America lay, and the sort of stuff of which she was made—chance favored me." Further on he assures his readers that he has "uniformly retorted in kind if there was the smallest opening for such retaliation." He did so fully on the occasion in question, and was quite satisfied with the result, as the conclusion of his remarks indicate, thus: "And I dare say if the dinner were to be given over again, the bearings and distance from the salt would have been materially altered. I shook the dust off my feet in quitting that house." On another occasion, when going to visit a friend, he was invited by Lord —— to take a seat in his carriage, as both were going to the same place. "On reaching the house to which we were going," says Mr. Cooper, "we alighted in the order in which we sat, which brought Lord —— in advance. In this manner, as a matter of course, we ascended the stairs. When about half-way up, my companion stopped, and appeared to be examining a vase filled with rose leaves, one of the customs that the extreme luxury of the age has introduced into London. It was some little time, however, before I discovered the real cause of the delay, which was merely to allow Lord ——, who was a *fat old man, and walked slow*, to get up stairs before us. This he did, was announced, and entered the drawing-room first, we following and entering as if we had not come in his party! It was very good-natured in this gentleman to offer a stranger the use of his carriage; but now I understand the conditions, I shall not accept it the next time." Most people would find little if any harm in this. A similar occurrence might happen among ourselves without compromising us in the least as good republicans. But it impressed Mr. Cooper with a sense of deep humiliation. "I ask," he says, "with confidence, if the anecdote I have just related is not eloquence in itself on the subject of the estimation in which we are held?" Of a somewhat similar character is the slight which he sup-

posed our country received from a certain bishop whom he met at a dinner in London. Our author's own account of the affair is as follows: "The dinner offered nothing worth repeating except a short conversation I had with my neighbor the bishop. He asked me if I knew Dr. *Hubbart*. I was obliged to answer, 'No.' 'From what part of America did you come?' 'From New York.' 'I thought Dr. *Hubbart* was well known in that State. Is he not its bishop?' 'You must mean Dr. *Hobart*, who was lately in England, I think.' 'Hubbart or Hobart; we have a noble family in this country of the name of Hobart, which we pronounce *Hubbart*, and we call your bishop *Hubbart* too, thinking it might flatter him.'" It does not seem very evident, even from Mr. Cooper's own words, that the bishop meant any unkindness either to himself or his country. But who would condemn the author of The Spy and The Pilot for being a little captious? No one has criticised England more freely. Whatever appeared to him as a fault, no matter in what form, was denounced accordingly. We well remember the effect produced throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, by his strictures. Some laughed, others waxed indignant, a third party expressed their surprise, &c. But by far the greater number found abundant excuse for the worst things he had said against them in his inimitable stories.

We have thus glanced at his book on England, not because the remarks we have quoted are of much importance in themselves, but because the whole work accounts for much, if not all, of the depreciating criticisms of the English reviews of the author's novels. If it is said that the strictures of Cooper on the manners and habits of the English are influenced by prejudice, the fact can hardly be denied. But the greatest minds have exhibited a similar weakness. It is well known that Dr. Johnson could never afford a good word of the Scotch. Sometimes the great lexicographer gave vent to his national antipathies at the expense even of Boswell. A similar feeling toward the same country is evinced by Lord Byron in his "Curse of Minerva," which powerful satire is little more, from

beginning to end, than a bitter invective against the Scotch. When the author of "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle" published an account of his travels in France and Italy, it was found, to the surprise of his best friends and most ardent admirers, to be disfigured with the coarsest prejudices. Some of Mr. Cooper's criticisms seem absurd enough, but they are fair and judicious compared to those of Smollett. The latter were so odd and whimsical that Sterne thought it worth while to ridicule them in his "Sentimental Journey," and in nothing has even the author of Tristram Shandy been more successful. Those who have been in Italy, and have admired (as who that possess taste have not?) the sculptured remnants of its ancient greatness, but have not read Smollett's book, may be interested to know that to his mind the Pantheon at Rome suggested no higher idea than that of "a huge cock-pit, open at the top." In his eyes the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, a work which has for ages commanded the admiration of the world, possessed neither symmetry nor beauty, but was, "upon the whole, rather an awkward figure." Surely Cooper has said nothing more absurd than this in his book on England. No wonder that the æsthetic and classic Sterne resented the profanation. But dearly has his memory paid for his zeal in defence of the beautiful in art; for it brought out Sir Walter Scott in vindication of Smollett. "It is more easy to assume in composition," says the author of Waverley, "an air of alternate gayety and sensibility than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Mathew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit." We have quoted this passage the more unhesitatingly, because one of the most serious charges made against Cooper by his detractors is, that he libelled the memory of Scott. Assuming that he did make the remarks attributed to him shortly after the death of Sir Walter, they are not so bad as what we have quoted relative to Sterne; and it is added to the latter that the author of the

Sentimental Journey, while knowing his mother to be in want of the necessaries of life, refused to allow her a pension for her support. This is often referred to as conclusive evidence of the hypocrisy and hard-heartedness of Sterne, whereas the truth is that he was in a more deplorable condition himself than his mother; that at the very time when, it is said, he ought to have allowed her a pension, he had often to go about to the houses of the great and wealthy to beg half-a-crown.

Now let us see what Cooper has said against Scott. The remarks which gave such violent offence, and that brought so much abuse on the head of our author, occurred in an article which appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine, for October, 1838. We believe it has never been denied that the article in question was written by Cooper, and another article appeared in a subsequent number of the same magazine, entitled, "Reply to Cooper's Attack on Scott," which fact seems by itself to leave no doubt as to the authorship of the first. The critic commences his strictures by questioning the propriety on the part of Scott of naming his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, as his literary executor. "The very fact," he says, "of designating a biographer, infers something like a fraud on the public, as it is usually placing one who should possess the impartiality of a judge in the position of an advocate, and leaves but faint hopes of a frank and fair exhibition of the truth." This was denounced as horrible profanation and no epithet was too coarse to apply to the person who wrote it, though it contains not one word which is not legitimate criticism. Mr. Cooper next proceeds to examine the biographer's qualifications:—"Mr. Lockhart was disqualified for the task, because a man can no more maintain a connection with a publication like the *Quarterly Review*, which is notoriously devoted to profligate political partisanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, and hope to preserve the moral tone of his mind, than a woman can frequent the society of the licentious and hope to escape pollution." The worst that can be said of this is that the picture which it gives of the Quarterly Review is rather overdrawn — too much in the caricature style. The second

charge against Sir Walter is founded on a passage in a letter from the author of Waverley to his brother Thomas, which runs thus: "Dear Tom—I observe what you say as to Mr. ——, and as you may often be exposed to similar requests which it would be difficult to parry, you can sign such letters of introduction as relate to persons you do not honor *short* T. Scott; by which abridgement of the name I shall learn to limit my civilities."

In Europe as well as in America Scott has been severely censured for this, although it can hardly be said that there is much harm in it. The probability is that the suggestions were innocently made. There are hundreds who will ask letters of introduction on the slightest acquaintance. And men like Scott, or like Cooper, have to protect themselves in some way from having their valuable time occupied merely to pander to a morbid curiosity. It is related of Goethe that he was so much bored and annoyed in this way that sometimes when interrupted in his studies by persons desirous to see him, he would plant himself in a chair in the middle of the room, turn about two or three times, so that the intruders could see every part of his person, and then, having asked them whether they were satisfied, he would immediately retire. Assuming this to be true, it may be said that the device of Goethe was more honest than that of Scott; but it was also more offensive and perhaps more likely, upon the whole, to do harm. Be this as it may, Mr. Cooper condemns Sir Walter as follows: "He who is not shocked at the fraud the instant he is told of it has reason to distrust himself, for he may rely on it, he is wanting in the very elements of honesty. Reflection only makes the matter worse. If the marks do not contradict the words of the letter they are clearly unnecessary; if they do contradict the words of the letter they become a deliberate falsehood, that is so much the worse, as it is connected with treachery clothed in the garb of friendship," &c. Without any offence to the memory of one who, like Scott, has afforded the world so much harmless pleasure, and who, being human, was not without his faults, it may be said that the logic

of his censor was pretty sound. But whether the moral guilt involved was so great as Mr. Cooper alleges, is another question.

Another charge in the article in the Knickerbocker is, that Scott, being servilely submissive to the great, took his revenge by abusing them in private. This it was much easier to make than to prove. Indeed, we have little evidence anywhere, that Scott was censorious; but we have a good deal throughout his writings that he was one of the most kind-hearted of men. Still it is not impossible that he may have influenced some of the attacks on his American rival, which appeared from time to time in the Quarterly Review, although in one of his letters to Miss Edgeworth he said of the "Pilot," when it was first published: "It is very clever; the sea-scenes, in particular, are admirably drawn; and I advise you to read it as soon as possible." Perhaps the worst charge of all because fully proved, is that he reviewed *The Tales of my Landlord*, if not the greater number of the Waverley Novels. This, in fact, could not be denied, and it must be admitted that it is rather a delicate affair for an author to go behind the curtain and proceed to pass judgment on his own performances. The manner in which it is sought to be explained away is, to say that Sir Walter had promised Gifford, at the outset, to review the Waverley Novels, as he did not then intend to avow himself as the author, and that he had stipulated that Mr. W. Erskine should write a part of each critique. Erskine had been some years dead when the exposure was made, so that he had no opportunity of either affirming or denying whether he aided Sir Walter or not in reviewing his own novels. But assuming that he did—that, as we are told, it was he who bestowed all the praise—still that was not the sort of criticism the public expected. In short, the whole affair would show that there was "something rotten in Denmark." Either the Quarterly's staff of critics must have been very limited; or some apprehension was entertained on the part of Scott's friends that his novels were in danger of proving a failure. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that Sir Walter's reviews of his own works contributed powerfully to their early success.

Previously he had been merely struggling for a foothold like other authors. He had received but little favor in the Edinburgh Review. Such was the manner in which his *Marmion* had been handled by Jeffreys that many thought it was his chief motive for the active part he took in establishing the Quarterly Review.

In all the extracts we have given above there is nothing worse than Sir Walter's own strictures on Sterne. Yet they were held to be conclusive proofs of the vindictiveness, prejudice and jealousy of Cooper, and the fierce attacks on our author of which they were made the pretext, have tended much to give the public, at home as well as abroad, a false impression of his character. Had the language of censure or criticism been new to the American novelist, there might be some reason in attributing his critique on the life and writings of Scott to jealousy, or some equally unworthy feeling. But assuming that such was the motive that prompted it, have not the greatest geniuses, ancient and modern, been guilty of the same foible? The dramas of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, are not less immortal, nor do we love and admire themselves anything the less because they said and did all they could to depreciate each other. The memories of Addison and Pope are not a whit dearer to us on account of their rivalries. Who does not make allowance for the prejudices, often most absurd, of the great Johnson? Who denies that he had a warm, generous heart, because he hated the Scotch? Fielding and Richardson had each noble qualities; both were philanthropists in the fullest sense of the term, but this did not prevent either from entertaining feelings of jealousy toward the other—one writing a book on purpose to ridicule his rival, and the latter revenging himself by saying and doing all he could to depreciate the former.

But there is no evidence that Cooper was actuated by malice against his illustrious rival. Apart from the fact that in England as well as in America the palm of superiority as a delineator of character was frequently, if not generally, awarded to himself, it must be borne in mind that the author of the

Spy criticised everybody and everything that he thought worthy of his attention. We have already seen how freely he gave his opinions about England, careless as to whom they might please or displease. This, too, was attributed to prejudice. At the same time let it not be doubted that those English critics who abuse him most had infinitely more respect and esteem for him than they could have for those who, once in two or three years, cross the Atlantic and write books full of the grossest adulation, as if they were treating of the veritable fool's paradise with Puck as a cicerone, where

> "The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
> And the snow if it snows is *couleur de rose*."

Cooper had no need to flatter England, or any other enlightened nation, to read his books. And need we say that he was quite as bold and frank at home as he was abroad? If his criticisms did not please his countrymen more than the English it was not his fault. In one instance, as well as in the other, he gave his views honestly. He is not a whit less critical in his "America, by an American," than he is in his "England, with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis." And the more opposition he encountered the more he resolved to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He was not the man to be frightened with cries of "You'll ruin yourself. It is your duty to screen our faults rather than expose them to the enemies of republicanism." Even the North American Review censured him on this ground and in the following terms: "Professing to be a sturdy republican he has exhausted his powers of invective upon the manners and characters of his countrymen, who are, taking his own descriptions for truth, ignorant of the first principles of social refinement, and no better than a nation of brutes and savages. If such are the friends of Republicanism she may well pray Heaven to save her from them."* If there is any truth or justice in this the rabble of Athens were not so much to blame, after all, in condemning Socrates to the hemlock draught; for we are told that

* North American Review, vol. xlvii., p. 488.

he too, "exhausted his powers of invective upon the manners and characters of his countrymen." And have not Juvenal, Horace, Sallust, and Tacitus, sinned somewhat similarly against their countrymen? The most gentle of them has said as unpleasant things against their fellow-countrymen as Cooper has said of his, but we do not find that any of them were aught the less esteemed or admired. Supposing that, instead of his Satires, Horace had given us hymns of praise—lauding to the skies everything Roman, according to the fashion of the present day, would they have continued to be admired by all nations to the present time? Cooper's knowledge of human nature taught him that in this, as in most other respects, a nation should be treated like a private family. And should the father of the latter praise everything done by its members? Would he not consult their interest much more by pointing them out their faults, so that they might learn to guard against their repetition? Cooper understood this and he acted accordingly. He rendered himself unpopular by pointing out faults and defects in our social system. It was his boldness in this way that called forth the attacks which led to the libel suits already alluded to. But his satire had its effect nevertheless. It is beyond question that many of the habits which he condemned have been either discontinued, or considerably modified. We have still our failings; but what nation has not? The improvement which has taken place within the last twenty years is greater than at any previous period of twice the same length. This is not so evident to ourselves as it is to foreigners; but we may easily see the proof of it in the altered tone of travellers. Those who have come amongst us lately with strongest prejudices, and with no disposition to conceal our imperfections, have been able to say but very little to our disadvantage.

Before we proceed to give our impressions of the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Cooper's novels it may not be amiss to reproduce some of his criticisms on our manners and customs. Now, at all events, they can create no ill-feeling, and doubtless there are many of our readers who have not

seen them. Scarcely any of the national foibles has escaped the scourge of our American satirist; but we can only give a few brief extracts at random. In the third volume of the London edition of "America" we find not a few curious passages. Of our readiness to take offence as a people when subjected to the comments of foreigners he says:—"We have the sensitiveness of provincials, increased by the consciousness of having our spurs to earn, on all matters of glory and renown, and our jealousy extends to the reputations of the cats and dogs." (p. 180.) We certainly have got over much of this morbid sensitiveness; but there is still room for improvement. We are no longer jealous about the reputation of our cats or dogs as compared to those of our English cousins; but unfortunately it is otherwise in regard to our horses, prize-fighters, &c. He thought that if possible we were still more afraid of our neighbors. Thus:—"The besetting, the *degrading vice* of America is the moral cowardice by which men are led to truckle to what is called public opinion—though nine times in ten these opinions are mere engines set in motion by the most corrupt and least respectable portion of the community for the most unworthy purposes." (p. 201.) He thought there was no such thing as criticism, properly so called, in America, and there are not a few who are still of the same opinion. "We have," he says, "a one-sided liberty of speech and of the press, that renders every one right valorous in eulogies; but even the pulpit shrinks from its sacred duties on many of the most besetting, the most palpable, and most common of our vices." (p. 103.) Either those who call themselves our æsthetic and musical critics are but little to be relied upon, or we have made great progress since the publication of Mr. Cooper's "America." "We know," he says, "little or nothing of music, painting, or statuary, or any of those arts whose fruits must be studied to be felt and understood." We close our extracts from our author's strictures by the following, in regard to the press, which has also greatly improved in tone, ability and general character since Mr. Cooper's time: "Every honest man appears to admit that the press in America is fast

getting to be intolerable. In escaping from the tyranny of foreign aristocrats, we have created in our bosoms a tyranny of a character so insupportable that a change of some sort is getting indispensable to peace." This brings us to the libel suits. It is needless to enter into details regarding these. Suffice it to say in passing, that whatever may be said of the propriety or impropriety on the part of our author, of instituting such suits, when once undertaken they were prosecuted by him with courage, resolution and ability. The eloquence, skill and undaunted energy with which he pleaded his own case, while aware that there was scarcely a more unpopular man in America, excited wonder at home and abroad, and many whom his eccentricities had alienated became more attached to him than ever.

There are but two modern authors who were as careless of their fame, and who gave themselves as little trouble in regard to the opinion of the world, as Mr. Cooper. These two are Swift and Smollett, both of whom were willing to do injury to themselves rather than swerve from what they considered the path of duty. This, however, is the only resemblance between the American novelist and the author of Gulliver's Travels. But it is otherwise in regard to Smollett. The latter was never more patriotic or more ready to denounce England than while in the British service. Thus, he was surgeon's mate in a man-of-war when he wrote his "Tears of Scotland," one of the bitterest invectives against England in the English language. When told by a friend that this might injure his prospects, he added the well known seventh stanza* as if to dare the government to do its worst.

Not content with this, he attacked Lord Bute and the Earl

* "While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Remembrance of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And spite of her insulting foe
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

of Chatham in the most violent manner in a political satire entitled, "The Adventures of an Atom." These were acts quite as rash as anything Cooper has done, not excepting the satires of the latter on the press and his subsequent prosecutions. Between the novels of both authors there is also some resemblance, but it consists chiefly in their choice of subjects. In this respect Captain Marryat may also be compared to Cooper, the former as well as the latter having written sea-stories. But here all similarity ceases.

We are aware that there is scarcely a great writer of modern times to whom Mr. Cooper has not been compared, including Cervantes, Tasso, Ariosto, and Le Sage, whereas the truth is that he is as unlike all as any writer of fiction can be unlike another. His "Precaution" is the only one of his stories in which he had designed to imitate any other author; and although even this can hardly be called a failure, having been deemed worthy of republication in England, it has undoubtedly the least merit of all his novels. He admitted himself to a friend that he knew of no work that was more slavishly imitative; but he added that after he had written about two thirds of it he felt satisfied that he had ample resources within himself, and that in future he would be either original and peculiar, or eschew authorship altogether. Hitherto American authors had shown no self-reliance. Every one who undertook to write took some English book as a model. This was particularly true of those who attempted fiction. Not only was the form closely imitated, but also the sentiments, the phraseology, and even the local coloring, so that an American novel was little more than an English novel, or, perhaps, two or three English novels, with their incidents, characters, plots, &c., transposed, and generally injured if not spoiled in the process. As long as this system continued an American literature, properly so called, was impossible. In all the just and instructive remarks Schlegel has made in his "History of Literature" he has said nothing more true than that "Imitation of the genius of another nation can never conduce to the attainment of the object in view, for the several circum-

stances that have combined to elevate their art must of necessity be foreign to imitators. It is incumbent on every nation to recur to its own original and primitive legendary poetry. The nearer this source is arrived at the more distinctly conspicuous are the poetic features common to all nations. The poetic legends of all races are as intimately connected with their origin as themselves."*

Cooper needed the teaching of no philosopher to understand this, although he was still a young man when "Precaution" was published—that is, in 1822, having been born in 1798. But he did not content himself with eschewing imitation; he opened a new field and invented a new system, producing in rapid succession, a series of characters which, by the general consent of the best critics of various nations stand each alone in solitary grandeur. The prejudices against the author, of which we have already spoken, have caused this fact to be lost sight of by many. Indeed, the general impression among the masses of his countrymen is that he is simply a passable story-teller—one, indeed, who is always interesting, often fascinating, but who was a very disagreeable man, and but half republican, if not three fourths monarchical. One reason for this is, that the journals which characterized him in the manner alluded to while he was alive, and was the object of the resentment of each, deem it necessary, in order to be consistent with themselves, to adhere more or less to their former *dicta* in relation to him. It is, in a certain degree, necessary, therefore, to glance at the real merits of our author and see what proportion do they bear to his defects, although there is no one capable of reasoning, who will not say to himself that the writer who has continued for upwards of a quarter of a century to be read in different languages, by nations the most opposite in their tastes, feelings, prejudices, and predilections, must be possessed in a high degree of the creative faculty, since there is no better test of superior excellence than this universality.

* Schlegel's History of Literature, p. 313.

The Spy, The Pilot, and The Pioneers, are the most generally admired, and consequently the best known of all Cooper's works. Of these, therefore, we need say but little. There are, indeed, but few to whom it is necessary to give any insight into the character of any of the three—certainly not to intelligent adults who are in the habit of reading fiction. The Spy established the reputation of the author at once as a man of genius; having, in addition to its wonderful popularity at home and in England, been translated into eleven languages, including the Romaic and Persian. A more animated picture of life, or one more replete with interest that never flags, and distinguished at the same time with extraordinary fidelity to nature, has seldom if ever been drawn. Yet this is the very story in relation to which, above all others, the author was most diffident. It seems the first volume had been published several months before he concluded to finish the second. He subsequently gave his reason for this hesitancy, in the preface of a new edition, as follows:—"Should chance throw this into the hands of an American editor twenty years hence, he will smile to think that a countryman of his hesitated to complete a work so far advanced, merely because the *disposition of the country to read a book that treated of its own familiar interests was doubted.*" Although Harvey Birch, the principal character in The Spy, is drawn with great power and spirit, and may be regarded as a type of manly loyalty, shrewdness, and industry, always interesting us in whatever he does or says, he does not stand so much apart in our memory as any of several other of the author's characters. "Leather Stocking," first introduced in "The Pioneers," is the best, not only of Cooper's characters, but probably the best to be found in the whole range of fiction. It was The Pilot which first attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, and caused "the empire of the sea" to be awarded by acclamation to the author, as having produced the most truthful, lively, and interesting story of ocean scenery and sea-life, ever written. The only one that approaches it in point of genuine merit is Smollett's "Roderick Random." But the latter is too incoherent: its incidents are

too awkwardly grouped—it is too vague in its purpose to claim a place beside The Pilot in the mind of any one who has any just idea of the relation which art should bear to nature, or nature to art, in the construction of a story. In short, the conduct of Roderick to his old, humble, but attached and faithful friend Strap, is of a character to render him unworthy of fellowship with any of the nobler creations of Cooper. Whatever may be the faults of the latter's style, however inartistic the construction of his plots, however much he generally fails in imparting to his female characters that grace and ease of manners which we most admire in the gentler sex, he is never licentious like Smollett, who represents Strap as marrying a prostitute, in compliance with the advice of Roderick.

It is now pretty generally agreed that popularity is no sufficient proof of genius, except it be of an enduring character. There are not a few works we could mention, which have been almost universally read on their first appearance, but which have soon fallen into oblivion. This is the case when manners and customs—the politics of the day—anything conventional, or liable to change—forms the subject. Hence it is, that even the works of Fielding and Richardson are so little read at the present day. It is only as a curiosity that we take up Butler's Hudibras, overflowing as it is with wit and humor. Those admirable papers of Addison and Steele, in "The Spectator," which were most read and did most good when first published, because they had reference to a state of society and manners then existing, no longer possess that piquancy which constituted their chief attraction. The papers of those authors which are read, and which will ever continue to be a source of pleasure and instruction, are those of a philosophical character, because true philosophy is ever the same. By observing this difference, we are led into the secret of the enduring freshness of Cooper's novels. Until his time little was known of the true character of the red man. The world was familiar only with its worst traits; so that it was considered rather that of a demon than of a human being. It remained for Cooper to present us the lights as well as the shades, and most fully and

successfully has he accomplished the task. He has, as it were, given us photographs of various grades and branches of the race, while it still possessed sufficient vitality to afford true types. Now, when it is all but extinct, the pictures remain, and they interest us all the more, and awaken our sympathies from the consciousness that the originals have ceased to exist. There is more that is tragic in this than meets the eye at the first glance. On reflection we see that our own race is not guiltless of the almost total extermination which has taken place. We are forced to admit that our ancestors, if not ourselves, have cruelly wronged the red man; and his many noble qualities, as depicted by Mr. Cooper, affect us as so many reproaches which we know to be deserved. For different reasons other races take a deep interest in the same pictures. The Spaniards congratulate themselves that their treatment of the red man was of a different kind from ours—that far from exterminating they intermarried with them, and lived among them as much on terms of equality as if they belonged to the same family as themselves, but were placed in unfavorable circumstances. If it is pretended that they were wrong in doing so, they have the testimony of our best novelist to the contrary. The French read the same pictures, and ask how cruel must be the people that would deliberately and systematically exterminate so generous a race, while the followers of Mahomet and the votaries of Bhuda and Brahma regard them with equal interest, as evidences of the hypocrisy and bloodthirstiness of the Christians.

This, however, is but one of the features which give Cooper's novels permanent value—causing them to be quoted by the historian and ethnologist. Nowhere else are there to be found such truthful descriptions of great primæval forests, and immense prairies of the New World. We hear no more of those exciting buffalo hunts which are almost reproduced in the animated pages of our author. Most of the scenes thus faithfully described have been entirely transformed by the hand of industry and enterprise. If there are still trappers and hunters, they do not possess that primitive simplicity which is one of the

most interesting characteristics of those immortalized by Cooper. Who, for example, could find one at the present day equal in all respects to "Natty"—undoubtedly one of the finest creations in any literature.

This is the groundwork of the Cooper novels. Unlike most other works of fiction, they do not consist of sketches of manners and customs, which are constantly changing. They have little to do with art in any form, and art has little to do with them. It is in delineating nature, both animate and inanimate, especially human nature, in its wilder, or less polished state, that Mr. Cooper excels. He is censured, chiefly by American critics, because he has not drawn fine ladies and fine gentlemen, as if it were not much better to draw true men and true women, as he has done—men and women whose conduct never causes modesty to blush, or awakens a prurient or vicious thought. Our author is blamed by the same critics for being unartistic; but they forget that of all writers of fiction he is the most consistent with himself. Any of his characters we take as an example, will fully illustrate this. Thus we find Leather Stocking in all situations the same kind, gentle, self-sacrificing, generous man—one that is ever ready to serve—never to injure, those who need his aid. His sentiments never conflict with each other—in short, his individuality is as perfectly maintained throughout, no matter under how many names he is introduced to us, as if his delineator had been writing a biography of one whom he had known from childhood.

Cooper is equally careful and scrupulous in regard to facts and dates. This is well illustrated in "Lionel Lincoln," which, as most of our readers are aware, is founded on the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. In his descriptions of both battles he does ample justice to the cool and determined bravery of his countrymen, without in the least violating the facts of history. It is evident that he spared no pains to ascertain the truth. Nothing was neglected that seemed calculated to throw any light on the relative advantages or disadvantages of the combatants. He even procured a journal of the state of the weather when the battles were fought, and

made as honest and impartial use of it as any American or English historian could have done at the same period. Although no one could have been more anxious for an opportunity to vindicate the course of his countrymen, or could have succeeded more effectually in doing so, his descriptions have been accepted by England as "in the main faithful."

"Lionel Lincoln" presents one of the two or three exceptions to a rule which the author seems to have been guided by from the beginning to the close of his career as a novelist—namely, that of introducing a flight and pursuit as frequently as possible. There are those whose opinions are worthy of respect who maintain that the chief elements of the author's success lie in this plan. There is certainly no more effectual means of awakening sympathy than to place honest, upright men, or virtuous, amiable women, in a position of danger, where they are forced to seek safety in flight, but are closely pursued by those able and willing to injure them. Even those whom we know to be criminals sometimes win our sympathies in circumstances of this kind. In "The Last of the Mohicans" it is the frightful dangers with which the travellers are beset in their wanderings through almost boundless forests which constitute the chief interest of the story. The reader never ceases to be alarmed for their safety—fearing at every page to find them overtaken, overpowered, and massacred, until finally they manage to escape, and then the story is at an end. In the author's sea stories the same plan is pursued, and most successfully in The Pilot; although it is never sufficiently apparent why the two vessels get into a bay from which it is so difficult for them to return. But it is sufficient to know that they are surrounded with perils. The consciousness of this deeply interests us in every incident, however trifling in itself, which seems likely to aid them in their efforts to escape. So ingeniously are those escapes and pursuits managed that the reader is conscious of no sameness, even after he has read "The Prairie," "The Red Rover," "The Water Witch," and "The Bravo," although they play a part more or less important in each story. Nor, indeed, *is* there any sameness. The whole

train of incidents which occur in one is as different from that which occurs in another as could well be imagined. All the circumstances are different; so are the motives which actuate all the characters. It is only when we come to analyze different stories, and compare their narratives with each other, that we discover the curious machinery, common to all, by which we have been so powerfully influenced.

It is impossible to read "The Deerslayer," without a sentiment of affection for the author. The same is true, in a still higher degree, of "The Borderer, or the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish." How American critics can persist in representing the author of such fine creations as cold-hearted, morose, and vindictive, is unaccountably strange. The only rational inference seems to be that they have not taken time to read them. From those who are capable of tracing the simple story of Hetty Hutter, the imbecile girl, in "The Deerslayer," without an emotion, but little that is genial or sympathetic need be expected. None but a true philanthropist could have conceived, much less delineated, such a character. For our own part we know of nothing more touching than her child-like affection for her father. Yet this is one of the stories that the author hesitated to publish. We are told that even while writing it he was more than once almost tempted to burn the manuscript. After it was finished it lay for months in his drawer, and it seems he was finally induced to publish it by an anonymous letter from an English lady. Nor did he thus hesitate without reason; for there are not many who could hope to succeed in an experiment like "The Deerslayer." It will be remembered that the career of Leather Stocking had previously been brought to a close. As the good old man approached his end he became more and more interesting, so that his death was far more regretted than that of many real personages. This seemed a sufficient inducement to undertake an account of his younger days; and The Deerslayer was the result—a work which is ranked in Europe, if not in America, among the most beautiful of the author's creations. Its excellence, however, does not consist so much in its portraitures of character—all

of which are fictitious, but drawn with a master's hand—as in its graphic and beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, many of which are highly poetical, and, at the same time, characterized by that vigorous terseness of language which is one of the peculiar features of the author's style. The following picture of a Western lake is in every respect almost faultless:

"On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid, that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere compressed into a setting of hills and woods. Its length was about three leagues, while its breadth was irregular, expanding to nearly a league, or even more, opposite to the point, and contracting to less than half that distance more to the northward. Of course, its margin was irregular, being indented by bays and broken by many projecting low points. At its northern, or nearest end, it was bounded by an isolated mountain, lower land falling off, east and west, gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline. Still, the character of the country was mountainous; high hills or low mountains, rising abruptly from the water on full nine tenths of its circuit. The exception, indeed, only served a little to vary the scene, and even beyond the parts of the shore that were comparatively low, the background was high, though more distant. But the most striking peculiarities of the scene were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of the woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarcely an opening could be seen; the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried hue of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light; and there were miles along the eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches, dark Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, 'quivering aspens,' and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so great an expanse of water."

What approaches this nearest in poetic beauty and fidelity

to nature is the passage in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" which describes Loch Leven; but the latter is as inferior to the former as Mathew Bramble is to Leather Stocking. It is not, however, altogether for its truthfulness and grace as a sketch that we have quoted it, but because it affords a fair specimen of that minuteness of detail which is so well calculated to impart an air of reality to the wildest fiction, and which no writer, since De Foe and Swift, has turned to better account than Cooper.

In the "Borderer" we are alternately filled with horror, and taught to admire the affections and purity of domestic life. We watch with unflagging interest every movement of the settlers. We cannot help feeling anxious for the success of their undertakings, as well as for their own safety. We almost think we see the rude fortifications, so hurriedly built, to keep the savage enemy at bay. Nothing could lay a stronger hold on the reader's sympathies than the sad and painful misgivings with which Ruth watches her husband from the postern gate, as he enters the dark forest as night approaches. She has but too much reason to fear, from experience, that he may never return; or otherwise that his home will be desolate before him. In all the scenic descriptions, even of Cooper, there is nothing that excites more terror than the passage relating the attack of the huge, naked savage, on the children left in charge of the captive boy, Meantonimo. In proof of this we need only quote a brief extract:

"'Mother,' shrieked the child, 'come to me, or I die!'

"Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quietness of instinct. A glance showed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce in the frightful masquerade of his war-paint, stood winding the silver hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably doomed to destruction.

"'Mercy, mercy!' exclaimed Ruth, hoarse with horror and dropping to her knees, as much from inability to stand as with intent to petition. 'Monster! strike me, but spare the child.'

"The eye of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it

was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering, but speechless child in the air, and prepared to direct the weapon with a full certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this bloody scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation which betrays the surprise of the Indian broke from the chest of the savage, while his hand fell to his side, and the form of the speechless girl was suffered again to touch the floor."

Content, the Puritan settler, and his wife Ruth, are names as familiar in England as household words. This is particularly true of the latter, who without any further evidence would fully disprove the allegation that Cooper cannot do justice to the female character. Either as a wife or mother, Ruth is not surpassed by any portraiture in English literature drawn from the same class of society. At every stage of life, and under all vicissitudes, she is the same gentle, affectionate, patient, virtuous, cheerful, industrious woman. Her resignation at the loss of her favorite child, and the efforts she makes to reconcile her husband to the same bereavement—trying to make him "think no more" of what caused herself so many sleepless nights—cannot be thought of without emotion: though very little is said of herself personally. A few general remarks is all we have in the way of a description of her. But it is enough—sufficient to interest us in everything she does. The rest is left to her conduct, her conversation, her affection and solicitude for her husband and children, and her simple but elevated notions of morality and religion.*

* Our author did not doubt himself in this respect; and he was also one of those who, like the author of "Pastor Fido," believed that the beauty and attractions of the ladies render it superfluous to praise them:

"Così noi la bellezza,
Ch' è virtù nostra così propria, come
La forza del leone
E l'ingegno de l'huomo."—*Corisca, in P. F.*

Conscious of his creative power, Cooper disclaimed all meretricious coloring in his delineations of female character. Those he has undertaken are not many, but they are eminently natural and life-like; always suited to the circumstances in which they are placed. If we are occasionally introduced to a fine lady in his stories, and that she does not speak and act in a manner altogether consistent with the social position claimed for her, we should remember that she is merely a passer-by—one who pays a brief visit to, or who has some business to transact with, the principal personages of the story. Had Cooper made the wives and daughters of his trappers, hunters, and sailors, discourse learnedly about music, the fine arts, "woman's rights," &c., he could not have disfigured his stories with more serious blemishes. He might as well have made dukes, earls, and lords, of his republican hunters and "jolly tars." It is precisely against such absurdities that Horace warns authors when he speaks about painting dolphins in the woods, and wild boars in the floods.

But that Cooper could delineate a woman of refinement when the exigencies of his story required him to do so he has left us abundant proof in his "Bravo;" which also sufficiently vindicates him from the charge of being unable to write on any but American subjects. Long before "The Bravo" was commenced, he observed to an English friend that it remained to be seen how much truth there was in the pretensions of certain critics, as to his inability to interest the public in any other field than that in which he had gained so many triumphs. "Then, if you attempt a European story," replied his friend, "lay the scene of it in Scandinavia, in the Highlands of Scotland, or in the west of Ireland." "Nothing of the kind," said Cooper, "I will make the experiment in a field where our greatest thinkers have scarcely succeeded." This was in allusion to Shakespeare and Byron—especially to the former, whose "Othello" did not altogether satisfy our author, although no one admired its beauties more. Cooper had understanding enough to know that to attempt to delineate the manners and customs of the modern Venetians without a long residence

among them, and a knowledge of their language would inevitably prove a failure. Accordingly, he chose a remote period of Venetian history, when the republic was one of the most cruel despotisms that ever existed.

In this, too, we have a new proof of his indifference to the opinion of the world: for it was the fashion then, as it is now, both in England and in this country, to bestow nothing but adulation on Venice. It was regarded as a sort of crime to remember that bad as the Austrian rule was it was mildness itself compared to that of her own Doges and her Council of Ten. The only one who had dared to tell the truth was Tom Moore, and he was severely censured for his pains. But what cared Fenimore Cooper for this? He was all the more impatient to tear off the veil. Of all his plots that of "The Bravo" is the most skilfully constructed: or, rather, we should have said *those* of the Bravo, for it has two plots—one founded on the treachery of the state of Venice, the other on the loves of Violetta and Don Camillo—in the latter of which also the state interferes. The principal character is Jacopo, the son of a fisherman, who had been condemned to death for an alleged fraud on the revenue. The executions of the Republic of Venice took place at uncertain times; sometimes soon, sometimes long after condemnation, according as the public seemed to feel on the subject; but none save the executioners and their employers knew the time: for every action of the government was shrouded in mystery. The mode of death was either drowning or poisoning—generally the former. A deep canal, permitted to be drawn by no net, was set apart for the purpose, and into this the victim of tyranny was thrown, in the stillness of night, with a weight about his neck.

Circumstances came to the knowledge of Jacopo which enabled him to prove the innocence of his father. But the Council of Ten would never admit that it was in error. However, in this case it was willing to effect a compromise. In reply to repeated entreaties and importunities, Jacopo was told that his father would be permitted to live and perhaps ultimately be released from prison, if he for his sake would allow himself to

be known as a bravo—one that committed assassinations for hire; so that he might bear the odium of the secret executions of the government. First he revolts at the proposition; on reflection, he thinks he would do almost anything rather than that his old father should be put to death innocent; but again his heart fails him, and he refuses to live the life of a hireling assassin. Finally, however, filial affection triumphs over all his scruples, and he assumes, as required, the reputation of a bravo. It is in the spirit of a true martyr that he undertakes the hateful duties thus assigned him. He is sick at heart of his work of blood, but utters no complaint; trying to console himself with the reflection that he has saved his father's life, and that if he did not act the part of a bravo another would. In time, Antonio, another fisherman, has had his grandson seized and forced on board the state galleys. It is in vain the old man implores his release again and again. His importunities excite the displeasure of the government, and he is warned not to proceed with them. In the meantime he wins the prize at the regatta, but demands, in exchange, his boy, the orphan of an only son who had perished in the wars. This seals his doom. Jacopo receives his instructions, and they are acted upon but too faithfully. The old man meets the bravo, and unconscious of danger recounts to him his griefs, and while wringing his hands in despair of ever succeeding, he is sunk in the canal never to rise. It so happens in this case that the body is found by the victim's brother fishermen, who suspect Jacopo, and demand that justice be done. As he had already become obnoxious to the government, their wishes are readily complied with, and Jacopo is in turn executed.

The reader unacquainted with the history of the Venetian Republic would find it difficult to believe that the dark and gloomy picture thus given by our countryman, can be other than the caricature of a romance — an unjustifiable libel on the Council of Ten; but it does not contain a single scene or incident, however strange or revolting, which can be said to exaggerate the facts of history, or which are at variance with the statutes of the Republic, as framed by the celebrated Frae

Paolo.* The story of Violetta and Don Camillo is interwoven with that of Jacopo, so that one finds relief in the transition from the latter to the former, though the lovers, too, are always in danger. This will easily be understood from the fact that Violetta is a ward of the Republic. Her life has been saved by the Duke of Sant' Agata, a Neapolitan noble, and her heart is the reward of his chivalry. Although he assumes the name of Don Camillo, and is scrupulous in speaking only in the Venetian dialect, the secret of his love is soon discovered. Violetta is bid to prepare for immediate removal from Venice. Fortunately Don Camillo is on a visit to his mistress when the officer of the Republic arrives with the warning, so that, in spite of a new spy forced as an attendant on the lady, before any further orders could arrive, the lovers were duly married by Violetta's confessor, the good and faithful monk, Anselmo. Without any further reference to the character of the heroine than what is given in the marriage scene alone, there would be sufficient evidence of our author's ability to do justice to the feelings and sentiments of a refined woman. Thus, two brief sentences which he puts into the mouth of the priest at the close of the ceremony, express far more and are in much better taste than pages of such adulation as we find in those novels of the present day, which receive the highest praise from the same class of critics who affect to deny Cooper any adequate knowledge of feminine character: "Maria, of pure memory, watch over thy happiness, daughter!" said the monk, for the first time in his life saluting the fair brow of the weeping bride. "Duke of Sant' Agata, may thy patron hear thy prayers, as thou provest kind to this innocent and confiding child."

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* The following extracts will serve as specimens of the statutes referred to:

"Avait il commis quelque action qu'on ne jugeait pas à propos de punir juridiquement on devait le faire empoisonner."—*Art.* 14.

"Un artisan passait-il á l' étranger en y exportant quelque procédé de l' industrie nationale c'etait un crime capital, que la loi inconnue ordonnait de punir par un assassinat.—*Art.* 28.

M. Daru, in his history of these statutes, remarks, after quoting several:

"Ceci n'est pas une simple anecdote; c'est une mission projëtée, délibérée, ecrite d'avance; une règle de conduite tracée par des hommes graves à leur successeurs, et consignée dans des status."

Another finely drawn character in the same story is that of Gelsomina, the jailer's daughter. The filial affection of Jacopo, whom it is her duty to attend in his visits to his imprisoned father, gains her love. In time she learns that his name is infamous; but, like a true woman, she clings to him with increased devotion, in proportion as all others, save his father and a few other friends, fear and detest him. But we cannot pursue the picture. Our sincere admiration for the author's peculiar genius has already led us far beyond the bounds we had prescribed for this paper.

There is scarcely any other modern novelist who has not borrowed scenes and incidents, as well as characters. Even Scott is not a little indebted to others in this way. One of his most charming characters is the Jewess in *Ivanhoe*, which the author admitted himself he owed to his friend Mr. Skene, who had not only furnished him the materials, but suggested to him that a group of Jews would form an interesting feature in his next novel. Of a somewhat similar character is the origin of Smollett's Hugh Strap, which was but a new name for Hew Hewson, a well-known London barber, who furnished many of the incidents for Roderick Random. Commodore Trunnion, in "Peregrine Pickle," is an amusing specimen of a veteran naval officer; but his keeping garrison in his house as if on shipboard, and causing his servants to sleep on hammocks, is too suggestive of Sterne's Uncle Toby. Nor is Pipes the boatswain equal to Fid of the "Red Rover," or to Long Tom of the Pilot, both of which are original creations and true types of their class. And if we compare our author's works to those of Captain Marryat, still more obvious will be the superiority of the former. "The Phantom Ship," "Midshipman Easy," and "Peter Simple," are pleasing tales. But the best of them lack the adventurous spirit, the wonderful variety, the rapid succession of incidents, and above all that truthfulness to nature, and striking individuality in the portraitures, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the "Spy," the "Red Rover," and the "Water Witch."

No one acquainted with English literature need be told that

there are defects and blemishes in Cooper's works; but considering that he has opened a new field and invented a new style of fiction, his faults are certainly not more numerous or more serious than those of other writers of equal eminence who have written so much as he. And in nothing is he more national than in the defects of his writings—a fact which renders it all the more strange that he has been reviewed in a more carping spirit by American critics than by any others, scarcely excepting those of the London Quarterly, who, it must be admitted, had received some provocation for their depreciating, ungentle language. He uses many forms of expression, which in England are called "Americanisms," though the majority of them are of English origin. He is sometimes guilty of awkward affectation in substituting general for particular names, as for example when he calls an eye "an organ," a hand "a member," &c. Occasionally his pictures are too highly colored. The outlines are indeed skilfully drawn, but the "filling up" renders them as much unlike what they are intended to represent as a vulgar footman covered with gold lace is unlike his aristocratic, intellectual master in a plain suit of black. This however, occurs but rarely; generally speaking, he is remarkably terse in his language. Another defect is the inconvenient length of some of his dialogues and conversations. This is sometimes carried so far as to divert attention from the plot. Indeed there are instances in which the author seems to lose sight of it himself. He appears as if he had not altogether made up his mind as to what form the story should take. But once entered *in medias res* he makes amends for all, by his skill in depicting new combinations of events, now filling us with surprise, then with terror, again with sympathy; so that we are led along from scene to scene, sometimes afraid of what may happen, but unable to overcome the charm of the narrative. But we need refer to no more blemishes even if we had ample time and space to point them out; for they are but as the chaff to the wheat, when compared to the author's beauties.

It only remains for us, then, to congratulate the American people on having an edition of the works of our national novel-

ist, who by common consent abroad, if not at home, has been honored with the proud title of "the Great." The "Illustrated Cooper" is now too well known to need any particular description at our hands. The publishers have displayed much taste, as well as spirit and enterprise, in the superiority which distinguishes every feature of the new series. The illustrations by Darley are among the finest specimens of American art. Not a few of them are characterized by a felicity of conception and a grace and delicacy of execution, which would have done credit to some of the most accomplished and famous artists of the Old World. Some twenty volumes have already been issued, one appearing regularly the first of each month since the beginning of 1859—the whole set to be complete in thirty-two volumes, crown octavo, embellished with five hundred steel engravings. The text is that which received the author's last revision, and of the paper, typography, and binding, suffice it to say that they are in keeping with the illustrations—such as the most fastidious may be pleased with in a national work.

ART. II.—1. *Hungary and its Revolutions. From the Earliest Period to the Nineteenth Century. With a Memoir of* LOUIS KOSSUTH. Bohn: 1854.

2. *The History of Hungary and the Magyars.* By EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN. London: 1853.

3. *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary.* By GENERAL KLAPKA. Two volumes. London: 1850.

4. *Austria in* 1848–49. *With a Full Account of the Revolution in Hungary.* By WILLIAM H. STYLES. London: 1852.

5. *Hungary and Kossuth, or an American Exposition of the late Hungarian Revolution.* By REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D. Philadelphia, 1852.

THERE is no country of Europe whose history and characteristics are so remarkable — none which has awakened

so great an interest in its fate among the people of the United States, as that singular nation, whose brilliant effort to throw off the Austrian yoke, fills the brightest page in the history of the revolutions of 1848–9. We do not except even Italy, which at that period failed to break the chains of the same despotism, and whose gallant struggle, now renewed, is rousing the warmest sympathies of humanity at this side of the Atlantic, as well as in England and France. All remember the excitement produced here by the accounts in the newspapers of the victories of the Hungarian arms, successful in expelling the oppressor from the soil, and only defeated at last by the divisions and discordant councils of the chiefs, together with the invading hosts of Russia, which France and England permitted to aid the Austrian despot in crushing the liberties and independence of a brave and enlightened nation, whose history reaches back for a thousand years; who brought with them a constitution from Asia, the home of despotism, and maintained their freedom and independence in the centre of Europe, amid the surrounding gloom of the dark ages, before the time of Alfred the Great, nearly three hundred years before the Norman Conquest, whence British civilization dates, and four centuries before the *Magna Charta*, extorted by the English barons and bishops at Runymede. Amid all the vicissitudes and convulsions of Europe, the Hungarians have preserved their language and their nationality, and are at this day almost as distinct a people as the Jews. It was perhaps their misfortune that they could not amalgamate with their neighbors. Their manners, dress, and other distinctive features, are nearly the same as when they struck their tents upon the plains of Asia. Unchanged by the tempests of war, invasion, and revolution, which have swept over them, they have for many centuries paid the penalty of their conservative spirit by undergoing all the evils of foreign conquest and domination. Their greatest misfortune befell them three hundred years ago, when they invested the Hapsburg, Ferdinand I. of Austria, with the crown and cloak of St. Stephen—an unnatural union, which was composed of elements too uncongenial

to last, and containing the seeds of the late Hungarian war of Liberation, and of another war of independence yet to come, how soon, or how greatly triumphant, none can tell:

> "For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Had Italy been successful in vindicating her independence in 1848 and 1849, the liberation of Hungary would have followed. Kossuth in his speeches here has always regarded the fate of the two countries as linked together; and now when the chains which fettered the limbs of the beautiful peninsula are falling off one by one, the hopes of Hungary are again revived, and the House of Hapsburg, exhausted by the late war, and bankrupt, trembles at its approaching doom. Sever her Italian and Hungarian dominions from Austria, and she loses her two arms.

It is the peculiar connection between Hungary and the House of Hapsburg which gives her a claim upon the sympathy of Europe and America. To that dynasty she bears the same relations that redeemed Lombardy lately bore, that Venetia still sustains, that Sicily bore a few months ago to Naples, that the remnant of dismembered Poland still bears to Russia, that Ireland has so long borne to Great Britain, and that the colonies of North America sustained toward the same power at the time of the Revolution. The nations now known as Austrian provinces, when once they came under the yoke of the Hapsburgs, were robbed of their representative and municipal institutions. Their rights were abolished by Imperial decrees, while in other instances insurrections were fomented and used as a means of oppression. One race was incited to war against another. No matter whether rebellious or loyal, the same fate awaited all. Styria, Carinthia, Silesia, and the Tyrol, were in turn the tools and the victims of an uncompromising despotism. In Europe the shadow of the sceptre of the House of Hapsburg was like that of the Upas tree to liberty. Even in our day, the generous burst of

popular feeling in 1848 was of no avail to Austria proper, which still continued to hug her chains; while the Hungarians, whose liberty held out for more than three hundred and twenty years, a period of one uninterrupted contest between tyranny and the spirit of independence,* rose to arms, and battled bravely against superior numbers, till hope for a season bade their cause farewell. The terrors of the peace were worse than the horrors of war. But what they suffered at the hands of the cruel conquerors has only nerved them for another struggle, and added fuel to the flame of human sympathy kindled by the story of their wrongs, so eloquently told to two Worlds by their own Kossuth, whose wonderful speeches combine the fervor of Mohammed and the earnestness of Cromwell, with a profound philosophy, a most cogent logic, and sweetest strains of poetry—a combination as rare as it is effective. Well was it for Hungary that the life of such an advocate was spared to champion her cause among the nations. The interest felt by the American people in the Hungarian struggle was evinced by the unusual course of sending a ship-of-war to take Kossuth and his fellow refugees from Turkey, where they sought an asylum from the vengeance of Austria—an interest which was enhanced tenfold when they heard from his own lips, and in their own language, acquired from Shakespeare, when the illustrious Magyar was in prison, those magic discourses which thrilled every heart.

A brief historical and descriptive sketch of Hungary—its rise and fall, and its contest for 300 years with Austria—cannot fail to possess attraction for the American people, whose own conflict for independence, with an empire of milder rule, has been crowned with success. Between Hungary and the United States there is one other point of resemblance, which is well calculated to call forth the sympathies of the American people. The Magyars are the only people in Europe with whom religious equality and universal toleration are recognized as a principle; and this is one of the fundamental principles of

* Klapka's Memoirs.

the political structure erected in the Constitution of the United States.

The kingdom of Hungary, whose ancient name was Pannonia, is composed of Hungary Proper (Upper and Lower), Croatia, Sclavonia, the Grand Duchy of Transylvania, and the Military Frontiers. It is bounded on the north by Moravia, and Gallicia, on the east by the Bukovina and Moldavia, on the south by Wallachia, Servia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia, and on the west by Illyria and Austria Proper. It is, consequently, entirely surrounded by Austrian states, which render the conquest of its freedom the more difficult.

The Magyars first made their appearance in Europe about the year 884, having advanced from the foot of the Ural mountains and the shores of the Caspian. They called themselves Magyars, but the people among whom they came called them Hungarians, from their partial resemblance to the Huns. They were known to the Greeks as a tribe of Scythians, and are supposed by some writers to be brothers of the fierce Mohammedan hordes who afterward overthrew the imperial city. That they were more or less related to them we have no doubt. They were at first regarded by the inhabitants of western Europe as the Gog and Magog of the Scriptures, and their appearance the warning that the end of all things was at hand. The Magyars, by their ferocity, justified the opinion entertained of them. They were a people of Finnic origin, as is proved by the affinity between the idioms of their language and that of the Finns. But how great the difference between the Hungarians and Laplanders of the present day!—the one a hardy, athletic, warlike, and intellectual race, jealous of their independence, and fond of oriental pomp, not in language only, but costume and style of living, the very types of human life in its highest material development; the other, grovelling savages, wresting a scanty subsistence from an inhospitable climate and a barren soil, small in stature, animal in their appetites, and possessing few marks of intelligence which can be classed much higher than instinct. In comparing the two peoples, we are impressed with the folly of associating partic-

ular traits of character with particular races, without reference to the circumstances by which they have been surrounded for a long series of years. Oppression would make slaves and liars of Spartans, as a polar climate has made Laplanders of Magyars.

The latter insisted that whatever territory should be acquired by their united strength, should be divided among them according to their respective merits; that as they of their own free will had elected Alom as their Duke, he and his descendants should promise never to exclude them from the Ducal Council or the government; and that, as whoever should fail in his allegiance to the Duke, or cause discord between the chiefs, would be condemned to die, so should the descendants of Alom, if they violated the oath of their father, be banished forever from among the people. These conditions were the foundation stone of the Hungarian Constitution, which has preserved the liberties of the nation during eight centuries.*

So much for the Magyar race. Let us briefly glance at the other races of Hungary. "When the Magyars crossed the Carpathians," says Tefft, "they found a mixed race of people, made up of numerous unknown tribes, who came to dispute the progress of the invading hosts. The contest was of short duration. After the first few battles, in which the title of Magyar had been rendered synonymous with every martial virtue, the business of fighting nearly ceased. Huns, Goths, Sarmatians, the entire population of the country, now mixed together as Sclaves, fled in wild disorder before the footsteps of this new race of Huns. Some of them who had the means of emigration at command, left their native land altogether, and escaped into the north of Italy, or into Germany and France. The greater part of the inhabitants, however, who had dwelt in ease upon their fertile prairies, flew to the circumjacent mountains, while the invaders settled down upon the deserted plains.

So soon as the first heat of passion had found time to cool,

* Hungary and its Revolutions.

the terrified mountaineers gradually descended from their barren strongholds; and their children, taking advantage still farther of the clemency of their invaders, ventured to occupy most of the valleys in the immediate vicinity of this panoramic mountain range. The victorious Magyars, however, did not relinquish to them the rich and central plains; nor did the original inhabitants ever cease to look upon their victors with an eye of jealousy, secretly seeking for revenge. Such is the general position, and such are the feelings of the two principal races of Hungarians at this day.

It is a common error to confound the name of Sclaves with that of Sclavonians. Sclave is the generic title for the great race of which the Sclavonians, who dwell in the provinces of Sclavonia and Croatia, are only one of the sub-divisions. The Sclavonians are Sclaves, but the Sclaves are not necessarily Sclavonians.*

The total population of the country ruled over by the Magyars, was claimed by Kossuth, in his official document in 1848, to be fifteen millions; but the proportion which each race bears to the whole has never been determined with accuracy. The Magyars are estimated at five millions, or one third of the whole; the Sclavacks, two millions; the Sclavonians (including the Croatians), two millions; the Serbs, one million and a half; the Wallacks, one million; the Szeklers, one million; the Saxons and other Germans, including Moravian and Bavarian Sclavacks, one million and a half; the Jews, half a million; and the Gipsies, one hundred thousand. It will be thus seen that, unless we class several of the races together as Sclaves, the Magyars are twice as numerous as any of them. They are, therefore, the predominant race, being about one third of the aggregate population.

But it is to their character more than to their numbers that we must ascribe their superiority. Had the country been peopled only by the other races, its freedom and independence would have been swallowed up ages ago. Every Magyar is

* See Paget, vol. i., p. 58.

worth ten of the population of the other races. He is as superior to them as the handsome Normans were to the races whom they found in England when they conquered it—races who, to this day, are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the conquerors, and are totally distinct from them in their physical appearance and bearing.

If the other races had been homogeneous with the Magyars, and had spoken their language and enjoyed the same freedom, it would have been impossible even for Russia and Austria combined to have conquered them in 1848. But these races were not even neutral in that struggle—their religion and tongue and relative position to the Magyars, with the secret arts of Russia and Austria, made many of them active and formidable rebels against the ruling race and the independence of Hungary.

The Magyars conquered a part of the grand Moravian kingdom, and Austria up to the city of Molk; and they defeated the German Emperor, Henry I. At the battle of Augsburg, the Christian army was totally routed, and the Hungarians carried fire and sword through Bavaria, Suabia, and Franconia. To the terror they inspired, the feudal castles and walled towns owe their origin;* for both barons and burghers had to take precautions against a foe who swept over the country with the rapidity and destructiveness of the simoom, laying in ashes almost at the same instant, the Helvetian monastery of St. Gall and the city of Bremen on the shores of the Northern ocean. The German empire, for thirty years, was compelled to pay the Magyars tribute, through the fear of seeing put into execution, a threat to carry all the women and children into captivity, and slaughter all the males above the age of ten years. Even the southern provinces of France were blasted by the tempest, and Spain, behind her Pyrenees, was astonished at the approach of these formidable strangers. At last they approached the confines of Italy, and pitched their camp on the Brenta. But they were surprised and alarmed at the

* Gibbon.

populousness of the country which lay beyond, and asked leave to retire. The Italian prince refused, but paid for his rashness. Twenty thousand of his troops lay dead on the field. Lombardy was overrun, and Pavia, then the richest city of Italy, was burned down, and forty-three churches were consumed. After the massacre of the inhabitants, they spared about two hundred wretches, who had gathered for them bushels of gold and silver from the smoking ruins. In the churches of other cities which escaped the invaders, went up this fearful addition to the Litany:

"Nunc te rogamus, licet servi pessimi,
Ab Ungerorum nos defendas jaculis!"

On the banks of the Zech, the Hungarians were met and routed after a long and obstinate fight, and Germany and Christendom were rescued from the power of the pagans.* The Magyars were slaughtered without mercy, and three of their princes were hanged at Ratisbon. Yet the spirit of the nation was not humbled, though adversity suggested counsels of moderation, and their wise Duke Geisa promoted the arts of peace and civilization, and the people began to devote themselves to agriculture. His wife, a Bavarian princess, being a convert to Christianity, he favored that religion and bestowed honors and estates on the nobles of Germany.

In the reign of Arpad, after the Hungarians had firmly established themselves in the new country, the first Diet or assembly of the chiefs was held in the vicinity of the city of Szegedin. Here judges were appointed, and the mutual relations and duties of the Duke, the chiefs, and the people, were determined. The country was divided into counties and baronies, fortified castles were ordered to be built, and the surrounding districts were bestowed upon the Magyars, according to the compact between the chiefs and Alom. The Magyars, who now assumed the general name of Hungarians, were all declared free, and to be in the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges;

* Gibbon.

those races who had voluntarily submitted to the conquerors were received as friends, and shared the same rights with the Magyar, while those who had resisted the invaders were reduced to serfdom and compelled to till the soil. Thus commenced the distinction between the privileged and unprivileged classes, "nobiles," or freemen, and peasant. The Hungarian nation were at this early period a sort of aristocratic military republic. With the accession to power of Stephen, their first king, in the year 1000, their rights and liberties were still further consolidated and guaranteed by a written constitution, the fundamental law which was ever after referred to as the basis of the government.

Stephen, who became a convert to Christianity, and was betrothed to the sister of the Duke of Bavaria, succeeded his father Geisa when he was only nineteen years of age, but he possessed the wisdom of riper years, which he was soon called to exercise in putting down an insurrection, raised by Kuppa, a descendant of Arpad, who sought to restore the rights of paganism. The insurgent chief was defeated and slain in battle, and henceforward the banner of the Cross was seen streaming on the breeze.* According to ancient usage, Stephen was invested with the war girdle before advancing to the attack of the enemy, and a consecrated sword placed in his hand for the defence of the true faith and of his country. This sword was ever after preserved, and used in the ceremony of coronation. Stephen found it extremely difficult to bring the nation to the new worship. They saw that the Christians were in no respect more moral, or religious, or honorable than themselves, though more contentious and uncharitable about their dogmas. Many considered the proposed change an apostacy committed in cold blood from the faith of the Magyar nation. But the character of Stephen, rather than the military forces, prevailed with them at last. His example was contagious, and his word was clothed almost with the authority of law. The missionaries from Rome under his protection went everywhere through the country

* Horvath, Geschichteder Ungarn, Part Second, cap. i., sec. 1.

making converts, and the Catholic religion became the faith of the Magyars till the period of the Reformation. The Slavic population rather adhered to the doctrines and discipline of the Greeks, to which they had inclined long before their settlement in the country of the Magyars. Having accomplished to his satisfaction this change in the religion of the Hungarians, Stephen now turned his attention to the chastisement and subjugation of the various tribes surrounding his dominions, who under his father's peaceful rule, had grown insolent with impunity. His arms were uniformly successful, and with a propagandist zeal, in keeping with the character of the man and the spirit of the times, the adoption of Christianity was made an essential condition in every treaty made with the vanquished.* He founded schools, colleges, and universities, and invited Germans to occupy them. The crown of St. Stephen, descending from generation to generation, became an object of profound veneration to the people, who regarded it not only as a confirmation of their right to the kingdom of Hungary, but as a pledge for the preservation of their liberties. The embassy to Rome had been undertaken with the consent of the great nobles, who were careful to provide that neither Stephen nor any of his successors should regard the kingdom in any other light than the free gift of the Hungarian people. They therefore obtained from him a constitution. Three orders were established in the state—prelates, magnates, and inferior nobility. Each of these orders had an actual share in the government, but in the diets they could come to no decision unless they were unanimous.†

A Palatine was appointed, who was an umpire between the king and his subjects, second only to him, and keeper of the royal seal. He filled the monarch's place during his absence. This office was in existence at the revolution of 1848. Next in rank to the Palatine were the Magnates, or barons—those "nobiles," employed in the chief offices of the state. Among

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* Bonfinius Rer. Hung. † Michael Horvath.

them were a treasurer and a supreme judge. In this order were included the Magyar chiefs. Next were the inferior "nobiles," including all the freeholders of the kingdom, who sent their representatives to the National Diet, Congress, or Parliament. It will be seen that the republican government was thus entirely destroyed. The members of the nobility generally occupied seats in the Council, and the king himself was frequently present at the meetings. The counties were minor republics, and had the right of convoking periodical assemblies, which exercised a direct influence upon the general administration of the central government. This whole arrangement has been considered so wise by the Magyars, that it has been attributed to the inspiration of the Deity. The military organization was also well adapted to its purpose. There were sixty or seventy military districts, in each of which was a fortress, with a commander. For purposes of defence merely, there was a sort of militia, upon a scale suited to the habits and traditions of the people. The magnates formed the "king's army," and the nobles in general the national army, which at present is called the "*insurrection*," and was obliged to be always ready to repel foreign invasion. As a natural consequence of this, the possession of land in Hungary was more intimately connected with the rights of the nobles than elsewhere. Two general principles regulated the privileges of the nobles. First, ever after Stephen's reign, the crown was the proprietor of all the land in the kingdom. The nobles had only a possessory right, and if they failed in their duties, their estates reverted to the king. Secondly, persons who were not nobles could not possess land; and, consequently, were not called on to defend the kingdom. The entire soil was thus divided among the warriors, companions in arms of the first dukes or chieftains, just as in England after the Norman conquest. The original inhabitants met with the same fate as the Anglo-Saxons.

Stephen, during his reign, added Transylvania to the Hungarian kingdom, and in the succeeding reign Croatia and Slavonia were annexed to the Crown. The monarchy continued to be elective, but the legitimate heir was generally the

individual elevated by election to the throne. The predatory expeditions ceased from the time of Stephen. Still the leading features of the history of Hungary are wars and leagues with the neighboring countries, while at home an incessant contest raged against the extension of the royal prerogative, which the Hungarians opposed by words and force of arms until, in 1222, they wrung from Andreas II., the unfortunate leader of the Second Crusade, the *Magna Charta* of Hungarian liberty, known as the *Bulla Aurea.* This is a most important epoch in the history of the Magyars, resembling very closely the extortion of the Magna Charta from King John of England. This famous document sets forth in the preamble, that "the liberties of the nobility and certain other natives of these realms, as founded by King Stephen, the saint, had suffered great detriment and curtailment by the violence of sundry kings, who were impelled by their own evil propensities, and by the advice of certain malicious persons, and partly by the cravings of their own insatiable cupidity," that "the nobles of the country had preferred frequent petitions for the confirmation of the constitution of these realms, and violent discussions and accusations had arisen." The king declares that "he is now willing to confirm and maintain for all time to come, the nobility and the freemen of the country in *all* their rights, privileges, and immunities, as provided by the statutes of St. Stephen." In specification of these rights, privileges, and immunities, it is enacted:

"1. That the nobility and their possessions shall not for the future be subject to taxes and impositions.

"2. That no man shall be either accused or arrested, sentenced or punished, for a crime, unless he has received a legal summons, and until a judicial inquiry into his case shall have taken place.

"3. That the nobles and freemen shall be bound to do military service at their own expense; but it shall not be legal to force them to cross the frontiers of the country. In a foreign war the king is bound to pay the knights and the troops of the country.

"4. That the king has no right to entail whole counties and the high offices of the kingdom.

"5. That the king is not allowed to farm to Jews and Ishmaelites his domains, the taxes, the coinage, or the salt mines.

"6. That a Diet should be convoked every year upon St. Stephen's day."

In conclusion, the king declares that, "if he or any of his successors shall ever be found to transgress the provisions of this bill, the bishops, the high dignitaries, and the whole of the nobility, for all time to come, shall, by virtue of this bill, be entitled and empowered, jointly and severally, to oppose and contradict the king and his successors after him, as the case may be, without for so doing incurring the penalties of high treason."

Though the Golden Bull of Andreas bears unmistakable marks of its feudal origin, it has every claim to be regarded as of great and lasting value. Bela IV., the son and successor of Andrew, also contributed to the freedom of the Hungarians in an almost equal degree. He provided for the regular meeting of the county assemblies—which were among the most important of the privileges of the people. Their rights, their duties, and their connection with the central power of the kingdom, have a close resemblance to the States of the American Union. The sovereign authority was vested in the king and the diet with regard to questions of general interest only. The Magyar nation, for a thousand years, have passed through perils and disasters unparalleled in history for their number and magnitude. The explanation of their surviving the ordeal is their county assemblies. The sittings were all in public, and the eyes of the country were upon all the proceedings. The king or minister might sway or corrupt the diet, but his labor was in vain while the freely elected representatives of the people were meeting in every county to watch over the public liberty

It is at this period that the House of Hapsburg, which was destined to exercise so baneful an influence upon the future of the Hungarian nation, first appears upon the scene.

After the death of the last Duke of Austria, Ottocar, King of Bohemia, his brother-in-law, and Rodolph, Count of Hapsburg, both laid claim to the duchy. Bela espoused the side of Rodolph, expelled his rival, and gave the dukedom to the Hapsburg. It was the eagle lending the plume to wing the arrow that was to drink his own life-blood. The Hapsburg dynasty owes the position it now occupies to the valor of the people whom in later years it has deprived of freedom and nationality. The history of the relations of that family with the Magyars, Kossuth has well designated "a continued perjury." Rodolph was not able to hold the Archduchy, and Ottocar, King of Bohemia, again became possessed of the territory by force of arms, and added it to his dominions. He claimed it also on the ground of inheritance, and of money he had paid. Rodolph, Count of Hapsburg, meantime, was elected emperor of Germany, and proceeded through the German principalities and exacted obedience and homage from the princes. Ottocar, however, who considered himself a greater prince than the Count of Hapsburg, refused to accede to his demands. Rodolph, unable to cope with him in arms, summoned him before the imperial diet. Ottocar declined to appear, and he was put under the ban of the empire.

The origin of the name Hapsburg is as curious as it is appropriate. On the banks of the Aar, in Switzerland, toward the close of the eleventh century, a Christian bishop named Werner built a fortified episcopal palace among the broken crags of a lofty eminence. To those down in the valley it seemed but a speck, and the peasantry called it in their own language *Der Habichtsburg*, the Hawk's Nest. The little town which sprung up under it was also called Habichtsburg—by the natives corrupted into Hapsburg—and was made the centre of several dioceses, of which the occupant of the castle became the Count. Uniting the two kinds of sovereignty the Counts of Hapsburg soon began to attract the attention of the German states in the plain. The northeast of Switzerland had submitted to their dictation. Commanding the head waters of the Rhine, as well as one of the principal passes of the Alps,

and defended as they were by Alpine walls, they became formidable to the surrounding barons. Rodolph, who became Count of Hapsburg in 1240, spread all over Switzerland the terror of his name. After obtaining by force and fraud the territory of his two uncles and a female cousin, he acquired by ambuscade and strategem many cities, among them Zurich. He was about to batter down the walls of Basle, when he received intelligence that he had been elected emperor of Germany. The emperor by no means put off the Count. He claimed, as we have seen, the duchy of Austria, then in possession of its lawful ruler, Ottacar. Unfortunately, the Hungarian magnates were jealous of that prince, and feared him more than Rodolph. The latter grasped the sceptre of Austria which never was restored, and the provinces adjacent, Styria, Illyria, Carinthia, and Carniola, were soon annexed by this greedy, ambitious house. Bohemia, with its dependencies. Moravia, Silesia, and Lusatia, soon met with the same fate. Hungary was obtained by a marriage supported by the sword. Parts of Poland were acquired by violence. Always grasping at the imperial throne, the Hapsburgs secured at last the succession to it for their own family; and when the crown of the Cæsars had been worn by them for many generations, Francis the First ostentatiously resigned a bauble which was no longer the emblem of power, and called himself the Emperor of Austria. They had taken advantage of their position as German emperors to swallow up the empire, piece by piece, and appropriate it to themselves, and they cared not for an empty title. Hawks live upon something more substantial.

In a few years after Rodolph had obtained the dukedom of Austria by the arms of the Hungarian king, we find him declaring Hungary a fief of the German empire, in virtue of the promise made by that very king to Frederic, on condition of rendering him assistance in his war with the Mongols. But as the aid had never been given, the claim was, of course, groundless, and the successor of Bela refused to receive his crown from the emperor. The death of Rodolph, and a rebellion in the dominions of his son Albert, Duke of Austria, prevented them attempting to assert their claim by arms.

Rodolph of Hapsburg wished to place his son Albert on the throne; while Andrew, who espoused Agnes of Austria, claimed, not only in right of descent, but of election by the Magyars. It is upon this marriage that Austria afterward based her pretensions to the Magyar crown. To confirm himself in the kingdom, Andrew called a great Diet in the field of Rakos, on the left bank of the Danube. This was the first time the Magyars ever held their great assembly in the open air. This curious custom prevailed equally among the Poles and the Hungarians. The nobles of both countries met on horseback to elect a king, upon a vast meadow, clothed in their most splendid garments; a single gentleman often carrying his whole fortune in his accoutrements, and the rich housings of his steed. It was on the Rakos field, in Hungary, the election of the sovereign was ever after held. The Diet now called was very numerous, and nearly all the magnates attended. Andrew sent to all his faithful subjects to prepare for a campaign in the spring, to put down the party of Charles. But his enemies cut the controversy short by poisoning him, and he died without male issue: he was the last of the line of Arpad, and that dynasty became extinct. "The House of Arpad," says Gibbon, "reigned three hundred years in the kingdom of Hungary; the free-born barbarians were not dazzled by the lustre of the diadem, and the people asserted their indefeasible right of choosing, deposing, and punishing the hereditary servant of the state."

From their veneration for Arpad, the Hungarians suspended their right to elect their monarchs, as long as there remained a scion of his house to wear the crown. But when his dynasty became extinct they resumed the exercise of their privilege. There were now four candidates for their suffrages: Charles Robert of Naples, who had been already crowned by the Archbishop of Gran in the reign of Andrew, Otho of Bavaria, Wenceslaus of Bohemia, and the Woiwode of Transylvania, who kept possession of the crown of St. Stephen, which he had seized on the death of Andrew. The repugnance of the Magyars to the nominee of the Pope having been overcome,

they elected and crowned him with the crown of St. Stephen, which they induced the Woiwode of Transylvania to surrender. They would have elected Charles before, but that they did not wish to submit to the dictation of the Holy See; and his Legate, who was present at the election, was distinctly given to understand that Charles was their own free choice, and that they did not acknowledge the claim of His Holiness that the kingdom was held as a fief from "the Sovereign Pontiff." No country on the continent of Europe has more boldly asserted its independence of the Holy See, even in matters of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, than Hungary; and the spirit evinced on this occasion was only in keeping with the history of the Magyars. Notwithstanding the inauspicious circumstances under which he ascended the throne, the Hungarians had afterward good reason to remember with pleasure the accession of the first king of the House of Anjou, which claimed succession from Arpad, by the female line. A new era now opened upon Hungary.

Under this dynasty, the country attained the summit of its power. Its dominion extended from the Baltic to the Adriatic, while the Court of Hungary became the resort of men of learning and science from all parts of Europe. Charles Robert improved the administration of home affairs, and the resources of the country, while his son and successor, Louis, incorporated Transylvania, conquered Naples, and refused to accept the lordship of Rome, which was offered to him. In the north, he carried the Hungarian arms into Lithuania; he grappled with the Khan of Tartary; next he conquered Dalmatia, Moldavia, and Bulgaria, and was elected King of Poland. Under Louis I. Hungary was the most powerful country of Christendom. King Matthias Corvinus added to this power the weight and strength of civilization.

After some time, he left the government of Vienna in the hands of Stephen Zapoyla, and set out for Hungary, where, it is said by some accounts, he was poisoned in the palace, and by others, that he was seized with apoplexy. Though the oligarchic factions rejoiced, he was mourned by the people, who

bestowed on him the title of the Just. They said, "King Matthias died, and justice died with him."

He was followed to the grave, not only by the regrets of his own subjects, but of all Europe. His remains were conveyed with great pomp to the royal vault in the Church of Alba Regia, and the following epitaph of which he was himself the author, placed over his tomb:

"Matthias, jaceo rex, hac sub mole sepultus.
Testatur vires Austria victa meas,
Terror eram mundo; me timuit Cæsar uterque;
Mors potuit tantum sola nocere mihi."

This prince encouraged arts and manufactures, and invited góldsmiths, painters, and artists, into Hungary. The library and university of Buda were the greatest of the age. His court was the centre of learning. The following description is given of his palace and mode of life:

"Such was the splendor of the table of the King of Hungary, that the Pope's nuncio, when describing it, declared it would take fifty carriages to contain all the plate of massive gold, adorned with precious stones. When a Hungarian ambassador was sent to France, he was escorted by three hundred youths of the first families, dressed in scarlet and covered with diamonds, mounted on horses, all of the same size and color. In his royal palace of Buda, Matthias had copies of all the celebrated statues in Europe, and his greatest delight was in reading the classic authors of antiquity: he spoke Latin, French, German, and Italian, with equal fluency, and was the intimate friend of Lorenzo de Medici, and of other great men of that age. He founded the Royal Library at Buda, which was divided into three compartments, one of which contained the richest store of oriental literature then in existence, and two others, ancient and modern Latin works. He also founded the Uuiversity of Presburg, and introduced the first printing-press into Hungary in 1470. One of his great works was a college near Pesth; the principal building was divided into two spacious courts in seven stories each, and it was intended to accommodate forty thousand students, maintained at the expense of the crown. Seven great halls, furnished with lamps and desks, were destined for lecture-rooms, and the professors had also their dwelling-houses within the walls; even physicians, apothecaries

and baths, were provided for the sick, and every arrangement made for the domestic economy. The king himself was an author, and wrote several poems in which he displayed a knowledge of the classics and a deep and tender feeling."

Matthias was the last of the great native kings of Hungary. The difference between an able, upright and active monarch, and an imbecile, was soon made manifest. In the succeeding reign of Ladislaus, the kingdom dwindled down to narrow dimensions, and Hungary lost its influence.

At this period a terrible event occurred, which claims our notice. Selim, the Turkish Sultan, had been defeated by the skill and valor of John Corvinus, and a truce of three years had been agreed upon, when the Pope instigated the Hungarians, once more, to join in a crusade against the Moslems. The peasantry, under pretence of obeying the mandate of the Holy See, flew to arms; but their real object was soon apparent, when they turned them against their oppressors, the nobles. The insurgents inscribed upon their banner "God and Liberty," and swore to exterminate their masters.

There was terrible fighting, but the nobles at last conquered by their steady discipline. The peasantry were slaves before the revolt, but the yoke was laid on them now heavier than ever. They were deprived of the liberty which they previously possessed, of passing from the domains of one lord to those of another, and they had no longer any tribunals, before which they could plead their cause, except those of the nobles, who were often parties in the suit. Two centuries elapsed before their former rights were recognized. A short interval of tranquillity now permitted the collection in writing of the unwritten common law of the land, entitled—*Jus consuetudinarium Regni Hungariæ.** It was solemnly confirmed in a Diet held at Buda in 1514—the same Diet who decreed that

* This work, which is divided into three parts, and called by the compiler, *Opus Tripartitum*, is of great value, as affording a correct idea of the merits of the controversy between Hungary and the House of Hapsburg, for the last 300 years.

Louis, the son of Ladislaus, should succeed to the throne. By the death of the King, Louis II. was acknowledged King of Hungary and Bohemia, when he was only ten years of age. During his minority, the aristocracy completely recovered the influence and power which they had lost under Matthias.

Louis was only fifteen years of age when he came to the throne, and from his inexperience, coupled with great weakness of character, the ruin of the country was completed. He fought a great battle with the Turks, and was defeated and killed. Dreadful were the ravages that followed thereon. Where the foe passed nothing was left behind but a waste wilderness, without food or shelter for a living creature. Buda was plundered, the splendid library of Matthias was committed to the flames, and the bronze statues of marvellous workmanship which adorned his palace were carried to Constantinople, and there cast into cannon. Two hundred thousand Hungarians were led into captivity.* Sudden news of an insurrection in Natolia brought Solyman back, and prevented his following up his victory, otherwise Hungary might have had a different fate, and the empire of Austria never had been. With the battle of Cohacs, however, ended the government of the native princes of Hungary. To the country it was more disastrous than that of Flodden Field to Scotland. It decided her fate. She never recovered from it. Thenceforward, for more than three centuries, she has been struggling in vain for constitutional liberty, against the despotism of a dynasty of foreign rulers, whose language, race, and sympathies, were entirely different from those of the nation over whom they reigned with a rod of iron.

Louis at his death left the Hungarian throne without an heir, and now even the female dynasty of the House of Arpad became extinct. The male line had reigned for three hundred years, and the female for two hundred and seventeen years, and now a foreign family were about to succeed, who have swayed the destiny of Hungary from that time to the present.

* Knolles' "History of the Turks," and "Histoire des Revolutions de Hongrie," liv. i., p. 35.

The National Diet elected unanimously the Woiwode of Transylvania, John Zapoyla, who was crowned with the crown of St. Stephen. Ferdinand, backed by his brother, the Emperor Charles Fifth, hastened to Hungary, and assembling a small faction at Presburg, consisting chiefly of the Queen Dowager, and of some Hungarian magnates, who had been bribed with Austrian gold. They proclaimed him king, and he took the oath prescribed for him.

Ferdinand now issued a characteristic proclamation, in which he promised to drive the Turks out of Belgrade and the other border fortresses of the kingdom, and to protect the Hungarians against the future inroads of the followers of Mohammed—that he would uphold the liberties of the people, according to their constitution, and that he would not employ foreigners in the administration of their affairs. How perfidiously he falsified all these promises, the sequel will show.

The Estates of the Country, assembled in Diet at Buda, replied that they could not understand by what right, or by whose advice, Ferdinand dared to call himself the king and address them as his subjects—that they would never consent to accept him or any other than John Zapoyla; that Ferdinand's appeal to his pretended hereditary rights was vain; that the Hungarian kingdom, free, tributary to none, and subject to no foreign prince, could not be obtained by marriage, nor could any Hungarian king lawfully promise to grant the same in hereditary succession to living man, in contempt of the rights of the nation, and the fundamental, immutable law which excluded foreign princes from the throne.* A war of succession was commenced, which continued for thirteen years. Croatia supported Ferdinand, while the States of Slavonia acknowledged Zapoyla. The latter, who had been always regarded as a brave captain, now proved himself a bad general, and a weak, vacillating monarch. After the first battle, in which he was defeated, he fled with precipitation into Transylvania, and thence to Poland, which induced those who had hitherto been

* Klapka's Memoirs.

adverse to Ferdinand, to offer him their allegiance, and he gained quiet possession of the kingdom, which had only at first been presented to him by an aristocratic faction. Zapoyla now sent to ask assistance from the Sultan, offering him Hungary as a fief in return for his aid. Solyman soon appeared with 300,000 men and drove out the Austrian, and proclaimed Zapoyla king of Hungary. Meantime the Sultan retired. But the forces of the Emperor Charles V. uniting with those of his brother Ferdinand, the war was renewed and continued, till at length a treaty was concluded, by which it was agreed that Zapoyla was to retain Transylvania for himself and his heirs, and part of Hungary during his lifetime, while Ferdinand was to rule over the rest of the kingdom. After the death of Zapoyla, Sigismund, his son, was elected king of Transylvania. In the same year Charles V. retired into a monastery, and his brother Ferdinand succeeding to the imperial throne, the three crowns of Hungary, Bohemia, and Austria, were united for the first time in the House of Hapsburg. Sigismund refusing to treat with the Emperor, formed a fresh alliance with the Sultan, and assumed the title of King of Hungary. During several years a predatory warfare was carried on, until 1562, when Ferdinand, desirous of peace, concluded a truce with the Porte, and took advantage of the lull to present his three sons to the Diet at Presburg, where the eldest, Maximilian, took the oath of allegiance, and was crowned on the field of Rakos, with the crown of St. Stephen, though without any signs of rejoicing from the spectators, who lamented the past glories of Hungary, when the banners of Transylvania, Dalmatia, Sclavonia, Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Cumania, were borne before the king at his coronation. During his reign Ferdinand twelve times broke his oath and his faith to the Hungarian people, while he lost to the kingdom Transylvania, Sclavonia, and Croatia, with two thirds of Hungary, and the rest had only been preserved by the payment of an annual tribute to the Turks.

It was the policy of the Hapsburgs and the German Emperors to let the Sultan of Turkey ravage and weaken Hungary

that it might become at last their sure prey. For one hundred and forty-five years did the Crescent rule over more than half the country during the dynasty of the Hapsburgs. In 1667 the Hungarian chiefs protested in the following terms :

"It is an open question which is worse—Turkish or Austrian sovereignty. The Black Sea and the Adriatic were at one time the confines of the kingdom of Hungary. Ever since the advent of the first Hapsburgs our power has decreased and our frontiers receded; one hundred and forty years have sufficed to make Hungary a narrow strip of land, near the Carpathian and the Styrian mountains. The Danube, the Thiess, the Drave, and the Save, flow for the benefit of the Turks; three fourths of Hungary, viz., the provinces of Transylvania, Servia, and Bosnia, are tributaries to them, if not subjects. It is better to make a voluntary surrender to the Porte and to have liberty of conscience such as Transylvania enjoys."*

The result was a treaty, called the Pacification of Vienna, by which religious toleration was guaranteed, and the king pledged himself to observe the rights and immunities of the people for the future; to permit the Hungarians to select their own Palatine out of the candidates nominated by him; and to intrust the regulation of the finances, and all the offices, to natives of the country. This treaty was shamefully broken in every particular. Ferdinand II. was everywhere joined by the people; and Presburg, after a feeble resistance, fell into his hands. After removing the crown jewels to a place of safety, he made a solemn entrance into the city, and attended divine service in the Church of St. Martin, which was first performed according to the Roman Catholic ritual; secondly, according to the Calvinistic; and lastly, according to the Lutheran. The Diet deposed Ferdinand, who had broken his oath and the constitution, and they elected Gabriel Bethlen, Prince of Hungary, in his stead. For nine years he reigned, giving toleration to all religious denominations. On his demise, in 1692, George Rakoczy, universally beloved for his patriotism, was elected as his successor. Thus, by two perfectly consti-

* Klapka's Memoirs.

tutional acts of the Diet, the line of succession in the house of Hapsburg was broken and abrogated. From that day to the present, by the fundamental laws of Hungary, the emperors of Austria have been nothing more than successful intruders, whom the nation has been compelled to receive under martial force. James II., in 1688, was expelled from the throne of England; his crimes were precisely those alleged by the Magyars against the Hapsburgs. He was deposed exactly as the Hapsburgs were deposed; and, therefore, if the descendants of the latter have any legal claims to Hungary, the offspring of the Stuarts are at this moment, by a much stronger title, the rightful monarchs of the British empire.*

That Leopold, emperor of Germany, in violation of the Hungarian constitution, did afterward send a German army into Hungary and Transylvania, led by an Italian, and by a war of extermination did force the election of his son Joseph, does not improve the title of the Hapsburgs. Immediately after his accession, Leopold avowed his purpose to his confidential agents, of "exterminating the Magyar race," as the people who gave the Austrian monarchy all its trouble. He abolished their constitution. He governed them by imperial mandate, without calling their legislature together. He made the crown hereditary in his family. In short, he made himself absolute over a once free, constitutional, and independent kingdom. Foreseeing that such a spirited people as the Maygars would resist, he invented a plan of keeping them silent. It was worthy of an infernal spirit, or of the modern butcher, Haynau. In the north of Hungary he erected what has been fitly called the "Bloody Theatre of Eperies," headed by the infamous Caraffa, and provided with thirty executioners. It was the duty of this tribunal to examine the opinions of the leading Maygars, and punish such as were found guilty of any attachment to the liberties of the nation. The judge of this inquisition used to say, that "if one of his pulses should beat for Hungary, he would cut it out and burn it." Not only men,

* Smith's Parallels of England and Hungary, pp. 40–48.

but women and children, were dragged before this tribunal and executed. The land was searched for patriots. Men were beheaded for lamenting to their wives in their private chambers the unhappy condition of their country. Women were led to a similar fate for listening to their husbands. Whoever admires the subsequent success, and power and grandeur of the despotism of Austria, or whoever dares to defend it, let him remember the means by which that despotism was established.*

On the death of Leopold, he was succeeded by Joseph I., who found it necessary to pursue a more subtle course, in which he was followed by his two next successors. Charles VI. of Germany, and III. of Hungary, succeeded to the throne on the death of Joseph. His weapon was flattery. He confirmed the treaty of Szatmar, restored the crown of St. Stephen, and the jewels which had been carried to Vienna during the war, and granted complete toleration to the Protestants. He spoke in the highest terms of the Hungarians and his "dear Hungary"—*Cara Hungaria.* He told them he would govern them in person, and to show his paternal love actually went three times to Presburg and took his seat in the House of Magnates. The Maygars forgot their grievances. Twelve years of artful flattery sufficed to induce the Hungarians to confirm the Pragmatic Sanction, extending the right of inheritance to the female heirs, thus opening the way for his beautiful and accomplished daughter, Maria Theresa. The grant, however, was made on the condition that the liberties and integrity of the kingdom should be held inviolate. Otherwise the gift was null and void. Besides, notwithstanding the fair words of Charles, the gift was extorted from a nation reduced to despair by wars against it by its own kings.

Though the title of the Emperor of Germany was by the Constitution elective, yet it remained in the House of Hapsburg for upwards of four centuries. Joseph bequeathed the Austrian dominions to his brother Charles on condition that if the latter had no son to inherit the throne, then the

* Coxe's House of Austria, vol. ii., p. 1083.

daughters of Joseph were to succeed in preference to the daughters of Charles. This arrangement had been solemnly signed by the two brothers in the presence of their father Leopold, and was called the Family Compact. Charles VI. had only one son, who died in infancy. Two daughters survived, in whom the emperor concentrated his affections and his ambition. His plan was to set aside the Family Compact and transfer the right of succession from his two nieces to his own daughters. For this purpose he framed the famous treaty entitled the Pragmatic Sanction, and to secure its fulfilment either by negotiation or force of arms became henceforth the object of his life. It was guaranteed successively by Spain, England, Prussia, Russia, and Holland. Among the minor states of Germany it met with more opposition, the arrangement being contrary to the interests of the Elector of Bavaria and the Elector of Saxony. At length, however, all obstacles were overcome, and the Family Compact was annulled, and the Pragmatic Sanction, declaring Maria Theresa the heiress of the House of Austria, was finally ratified. At the time of the marriage of the Princess with the Duke of Lorraine, both signed the Pragmatic Sanction, and the Duke solemnly bound himself never to assert any personal right to the Austrian dominions. The two families of Hapsburg and Lorraine, descended from a common ancestor, were by this marriage reunited in the same stock, and hence the dynasty is called Hapsburg-Lorraine.

Maria Theresa was crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, according to the ancient custom, and excited the admiration of all by her beauty, grace, and spirit. A charming writer gives the following account of what soon followed :—

"The effect which her youthful grace and loveliness produced on this occasion had not yet subsided when she called together the Diet, or Senate of Hungary, in order to lay before them the situation of her affairs. She entered the hall of the Castle, habited in the Hungarian costume, but still in deep mourning for her father ; she traversed the apartment with a slow and majestic step, and ascended the throne, where she stood for a few minutes silent. The chan-

cellor of the State first explained the situation to which she was reduced, and then the queen coming forward addressed the assembly in Latin, a language which she spoke fluently, and which is still in common use among the Hungarians.

"'The disastrous state of our affairs,' said she, 'has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful states of Hungary the recent invasion of Austria, the danger now impending over this kingdom, and propose to them the consideration of a remedy. The very existence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own person, of our children, of our crown, are now at stake, and, forsaken by all, we place our sole hope in the fidelity, arms, and long-tried valor of the Hungarians!'

"She pronounced these simple words in a firm but melancholy tone. Her beauty, her magnanimity, and her distress, roused the Hungarian chiefs to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm; they drew their sabres half out of the scabbard, then flung them back to the hilt with a martial sound, which reëchoed through the lofty hall, and exclaimed with one accord: 'Our swords and our blood for your Majesty—we will die for our King Maria Theresa!' Overcome by sudden emotion, she burst into a flood of tears. At this sight the nobles became almost frantic with enthusiasm. 'We wept, too,' said a nobleman, who assisted on this occasion (Count Koller); 'but they were tears of admiration, pity, and fury.' They retired from her presence, to vote supplies of men and money, which far exceeded all her expectations.

"Two or three days after this extraordinary scene, the deputies again assembled, to receive the oath of Francis of Lorraine, who had been appointed co-regent of Hungary. Francis, having taken the required oath, waved his arm over his head and exclaimed with enthusiaim: 'My blood and life for the queen and kingdom!' It was on this occasion that Maria Theresa took up her infant son in her arms and presented him to the deputies, and again they burst into the acclamation, 'We will die for Maria Theresa and her children!

"The devoted loyalty of her Hungarian subjects changed the aspect of her affairs. Tribes of wild warriors from the Turkish frontiers, Croats, Pandours, and Sclavonians, never before seen in the wars of civilized Europe, crowded round her standard, and by their strange appearance and savage mode of warfare, struck terror into the disciplined soldiers of Germany. Vienna was placed in a state of defence, and Frederick, fallen from his 'pitch of pride,' began to

show some desire for an accommodation; at length a truce was effected by the mediation of England."*

It had been the favorite scheme of Maria Theresa to place the imperial crown on the head of her husband, and she was mortified to see the Elector of Bavaria receive it, by the assistance of France. Her armies under the command of her husband entered his dominions, and wasted them with fire and sword; and on the very day on which he was proclaimed at Frankfort, his capital, Munich, surrendered to the Austrians, and the Duke of Lorraine entered in triumph. Such were the strange vicissitudes of war. Within a few months the French were beaten everywhere, and Theresa, elated by her victories, rejected all terms of peace, and refused to acknowledge the new emperor. She even meditated vast schemes of conquest and retaliation; and resolved on crushing her great enemy, Frederic of Prussia, and partitioning his dominions, as he had conspired to dismember hers. "This excess of elation," says the writer we have just quoted, "was severely chastised. In 1744, she lost Bavaria. Frederic suspected and anticipated her designs against him; with his usual celerity, he marched into Bohemia, besieged and captured Prague, and made even Vienna tremble. Maria Theresa had one trait of greatness of mind—she was always greatest in adversity. She again had recourse to her brave Hungarians, and repairing to Presburg, she employed with such effect her powers of captivation, that she made every man who approached her a hero for her sake. The old Palatine of Hungary, Count Palffy, unfurled the blood-red standard of the kingdom, and called on the magnates to summon their vassals and defend their queen. 44,000 men crowded round the national banner, and 30,000 more were ready to take the field. Maria Theresa, who knew as well as Mary Stuart herself the power of a woman's smile, or word, or gift, bestowed *apropos*, sent to Count Palffy on this occasion her own charger, royally caparisoned, a sabre enriched with diamonds, and a ring, with these few words in her own handwriting:

* Mrs. Jameson's "Memoirs of Celebrated Sovereigns," vol. ii., pp. 142–145.

"Father Palffy, I send you this horse, worthy of being mounted by none but the most zealous of my faithful subjects; receive, at the same time, this sword to defend me against my enemies, and this ring as a mark of my affection for you.

"MARIA THERESA."

The enthusiasm which her charms and her address excited in Hungary, from the proudest palatine to the meanest peasant, again saved her. In the following year, Bohemia and Bavaria were recovered; and the unfortunate emperor, Charles the Seventh, driven from all his possessions, after playing for a while a miserable pageant of royalty in the hands of the French, died almost broken-hearted; with his last breath, he exhorted his successor to make peace with Austria, and reject the imperial dignity, which had been so fatal to his family.

The Hungarians are now paying a heavy penalty for their credulity and their loyalty. It is a national weakness. In modern times they had three opportunities of establishing their independence. One was in the case of Maria Theresa. They saved the queen and her family, but they lost their liberty. Maria Theresa avoided any open oppression of her liberators, but her intrigues and her aversion to the constitution, proved as ruinous as open warfare. She could not be induced to reside in Hungary. Only two parliaments were convened in a reign of nearly forty years. No palatine was appointed, and the Protestants were persecuted. As a last means of subjugation, an insurrection was fomented in Croatia. Gentle, but most effectual means were taken to suppress the nationality, and to disarm the opposition of the Hungarians. The magnates were drawn to Vienna, and there induced to discard their country's language, and all the attributes of their nationality. They became converts to *Austrianism*.

Her son Joseph, the unprotected infant of 1741, showed his gratitude in still stronger features. He refused to be crowned as king of Hungary. He seized the crown and brought it to Vienna, and declared that the Hungarian constitution was abolished, and he introduced the German language as the official language of the country. He repented at last, but it was

on his death-bed, and with the avenging thunders of the French Revolution sounding in his ears. It was then the Hungarians lost a second opportunity of becoming independent of Austria. Francis marked his advent to the Hungarian throne with deeds of blood. Yet he was cunning in his despotism. When Napoleon's armies threatened his throne, he became an advocate of parliaments, and called together the Diet six times, from 1802 to 1812. But when his treachery wrought the ruin of his son-in-law, who spared him in the hour of his weakness, he not only convoked no parliament for thirteen years, but in 1823 attempted, by force, to overthrow the Hungarian constitution.*

Under his reign fate stretched forth a helping hand to show the Hungarians the way to freedom. Napoleon, the victor of Wagram, and the conqueror of one half of Austria, summoned the Hungarians to secede from the House of Hapsburg, and elect a king on the Rakos field, as their fathers did before them. But they stood by the House of Hapsburg, lost their golden opportunity, and endangered the liberty of Europe.

Had Hungary then seceded, declared its independence, and elected a sovereign, the heterogeneous and unnatural mass of countries and nationalities, known by the name of "Austria," would have been dissolved by the very fact, and the empire would have been reduced to a second rate power. Her voice would have been silent among the nations, as it is now from the loss of half her Italian dependencies, and the danger of losing the rest. The independence of Hungary would have led to the freedom of Poland, and an enthusiastic army of 100,000 Hungarian auxiliaries, with their splendid horse, and with the large Hungarian stores of grain in the rear, would have prevented the retreat of Bonaparte from Russia, or if not, that retreat would at least have been turned in a safe and advantageous direction. Two mighty kingdoms would have formed a barrier against Russian encroachments upon the West, liberated Italy would have bridged the space between Hungary and

* See Klapka's Memoirs, vol. ii., appendix, p. 209.

France, and the aspect of Europe would have been much more satisfactory than it is now with its general state of siege and uneasiness.* The Hungarians spared Francis, and by a masterstroke of irony he bequeathed them his *love*,† after robbing them and his subjects generally, and leaving the plunder to his family.

Again, in the revolutions of 1848, a third opportunity was lost. The news of the events at Paris in February had produced great excitement, both in Hungary and at the Austrian capital. A great speech of Kossuth in the Diet at Presburg, on the 3d of March, added fuel to the flame. Its influence was not confined to Hungary, but spread to Austria, particularly Vienna. It advocated the necessity of constitutional forms of government being established throughout the Austrian dominions, that a responsible minister should be appointed in Hungary, and a national administration appointed independent of foreign influence. A motion to that effect was unanimously carried in the chamber of deputies. The Emperor conceded a constitution to Austria in March, which his successor has since revoked. He conceded all the demands of the Hungarians. But he secretly excited to revolt against them their ancient dependency of Croatia, and secretly took measures, in concert with Russia, to extinguish them as a nation, while he professed the warmest friendship. The Hungarian leaders perceiving his movements prepared for the struggle. The most horrible cruelties were perpetrated by the insurgents under his orders.

The crisis was now approaching. A revolution broke out in Vienna early in October. When the troops which had been sent from Vienna to support Jellachich in the subjugation of Hungary, were leaving the city, their departure was opposed by the people, who sympathized with the Hungarians, and Latour, the minister, was killed in the streets. The troops were ordered to fire upon the people. The fire was returned

* Klapka's Memoirs.

† "Populis meis amorem meum."—Will of Francis II.

with effect. The alarm bells tolled. Barricades were erected. The city was in the hands of the people and the Emperor had fled. The Hungarian force under Moga sent to oppose Jellachich were now on the frontier of Austria, and near Vienna; but the Hungarian Committee of Defence, under whose direction this army acted, hesitated and faltered, till it was too late. Kossuth was in favor of advancing at once, but his better judgment was overruled. The Viennese Diet did not invite the Hungarian army to come, but passed resolutions leaving it to be inferred that they would be glad if the Hungarians took the responsibility themselves. The Hungarian Committee, on the other hand, felt a false delicacy about taking a step which would have liberated not only Hungary, but Austria, and the whole German Empire. The counsels of Kossuth prevailed when it was too late. Time had been given for the troops under Auersberg to escape from the city and take up a strong position outside, under the protection of ten batteries, and the delay had also enabled the troops of Jellachich and Windischgratz to come to his aid, whereas Jellachich ought to have been attacked at Raab. The result was that when the Hungarian army crossed the frontier, it had to fight against three times its number of disciplined soldiers; and meantime the ardor of the patriots in Vienna had cooled. There was no sally out of the city to help the Hungarians—no shot fired in their aid. On the contrary, the municipal authorities had that morning determined to surrender to Windischgratz, but sent no notice of their intention to the Hungarian army. The people and the National Guards were indignant, and all was confusion. The Austrians commenced the attack under cover of a thick fog, but a young Irishman, Major Guyon, who had been in the Austrian service, and had left it for the Hungarian, charged with the advanced guard of the right wing, and gained possession of the enemy's position. This brilliant action would have been followed up by Gorgey, who was advancing with the main body of the right wing, when he received orders from General Moga to halt. Gorgey chafed under a restraint which he knew would ruin the for-

tunes of the day, and demanded counter orders. Moga refused, and soon after ordered a general retreat, upon which Kossuth interposed, and was determined to give Gorgey the command and advance, but it was too late. At that time some rockets fell among the raw troops, which created a panic, and finally a general flight. Fortunately, the Austrians did not perceive their advantage. Moga afterward acknowledged his treacherous designs, and said, in his defence before an Austrian court martial, for having led the Hungarians: "I gave the army, bound hand and foot into the power of Prince Windischgratz, and he had not sufficient wit or courage to take advantage of it."

Thus did Hungary lose its third opportunity of freeing itself from the Austrian yoke. The Viennese patriots, including the commander of the National Guard, who did not fight, were then butchered in cold blood by Windischgratz, and what the Hungarian patriots afterwards suffered, including the flogging of women, is known to all our readers.

By the retreat of Charles Albert from Lombardy, Radetzky was now free with his army to pounce upon Hungary. The immense army of Russia was also advancing, of which Lord Palmerston had full intelligence, but never interfered by word or deed. Yet for a whole year after this did the Hungarians maintain their struggle against thrice their numbers, driving out the Austrians at first, by the most glorious achievements, and again having Vienna and the fate of the Austrian empire in their hands, if the perverseness of Gorgey had permitted him to press on at that critical moment. The Hungarian troops were afterward overwhelmed by the Russians. Whether Gorgey was a traitor in the full sense of the word, as was Benedict Arnold, we have not space to discuss, neither to enter into the events of the campaign, which would require a separate article.

Ferdinand abdicated in December, 1848, in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph, then a youth of nineteen years of age. He had no right to the Hungarian crown. If any had a right it was his father, who was still living. His whole reign is

therefore a usurpation in Hungary, whose Diet declared its independence in 1849, and was as fully entitled to it as was England to change her dynasty in 1688; but Hungary was not supported by constitutional England, to whom she appealed in vain. By an imperial decree at the close of the year 1849, when the Hungarians were crushed, Croatia, Sclavonia, and Transylvania, were officially separated from Hungary, and Hungary Proper divided into districts. Her constitution is abolished, and she is dismembered and imperialized for the present; but she is not more secure to the house of Hapsburg than was Lombardy two years ago. "Time at last makes all things even."

ART. III.—1. *American Notes.* By CHARLES DICKENS.

2. *Society in America.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

3. *America: Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive.* By J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1841.

4. *The Homes of the New World: Impressions of America.* By FREDERIKA BREMER. New York: Harper and Brothers.

5. *Anglo-American Literature and Manners.* From the French of PHILARETE CHASLES, Professor of the College of France. New York: 1852.

6. *White, Red, and Black; Sketches of American Society in the United States.* By FRANCES and THERESA PULSZKY. New York: 1853.

7. *Travels in the United States, &c., during* 1849 *and* 1850. By the Lady EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1851.

8. *Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada.* By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY. New York: 1856.

"THERE are certain truths which Americans can only learn from strangers or experience," says De Tocqueville. Pleasant as it may be to individual pride to listen to commendation, it is

better for the healthfulness of the mind, to learn the truth respecting ourselves—truth as it appears to those who have no particular interest in us, or even to such as are glad to find defects in our manners, habits, or principles. This remark may be applied to nations as well as to individuals. But there are persons who shrink from knowing the truth respecting themselves, who court self-deception, believing that, in order to accomplish anything in life, they must imagine themselves acting from high and lofty motives, rather than from such as have relation to their own temporal wants, or to the ordinary interests of human life. Every man who possesses ideality in any considerable degree, is, in his own estimation a hero. The politician fancies himself the disinterested statesman, sacrificing private ease, happiness, and fortune, for his country. Let an intimate friend tell him that his patriotism is not unalloyed by ambition, or let a political adversary impeach the disinterestedness of his motives: in the one case he starts back from the picture of himself, delineated even by a friendly hand—he denies the likeness; while the accusation of his opponent he considers but another proof that he is sacrificing himself for the public weal: even his reputation must suffer, he says, for the sake of the great and good cause in which he has embarked.

We do not deny the existence of pure patriotism. In times of public calamity and distress, such as were felt in this country during our Revolutionary struggle, men's souls were tried, and they forgot self, home, and family, and hazarded all for country; aye, and women too, laying aside their helplessness, their vanity and self-indulgence, showed themselves worthy of being the wives and mothers of the heroes of the Revolution.

The lawyer, in devoting himself to his profession, thinks not solely of establishing right and promoting justice; he must care for himself, and the family who depend on his labors for support. The physician is not influenced wholly by the desire to ameliorate human suffering—his day-book and ledger possess to him an interest which would repudiate such an idea.

The educationist and divine, whose kindred duties lead them into the higher regions of the intellect and heart—are they wholly free from secular views in pursuing their ennobling professions?

We would not be understood as skeptical on the subject of human virtue. Even the private motives which influence men in their public actions may be praiseworthy; it is the self-deception to which we now refer. The real ignorance of self respecting self, proving that the human "heart is deceitful above all things," even to itself. We would call things by their right names; separate the mixed motives from which we act, placing moral debit and credit in their proper places, and showing a just balance to our own consciences.

National character is but an epitome of that of the people who compose the nation. We would, therefore, note what others have said about us, that we may the better dispel any illusions which we may have indulged to our own prejudice. Sometimes we have been indignant at the remarks so freely made of us by those who have seen us at home. "What right had they to notice our tobacco-spitting, sitting with our feet on a table or desk, or with our chairs tipped back: the use we make of our own knife in eating our own victuals? After partaking of our hospitality, they must go home and talk against us!" But we may learn a great deal by knowing what strangers think of us—and our ladies, too, should be willing to be told of their faults, however this might wound their pride.

The fathers of our American republic brought up their children to love their country, to consider it the favored land of all the world. We were taught by those patriots, who had dearly purchased their emancipation from foreign oppression, to thank God for our free government, our republican institutions, for our peculiar principles in general—for what we were, and for what we were not. Comparing ourselves with the old world, we rejoiced that "the lines had fallen to us in pleasant places"—and the enthusiastic young Americans of fifty years since, made the welkin ring with their songs of, "Hail Columbia! Happy Land," and "Jefferson and Liberty;" while

somewhat later, "The Star Spangled Banner" was proudly boasted as waving over the "Land of the Free." But we are older now. We have had our humiliations at home, if not abroad. We can read with calmness those strictures on America, which once excited our indignation, and against which the American public rose in condemnation.

In the days of our colonial dependence, English travellers, feeling that we were their humble relatives, treated us kindly. The Earl of Loudon, who was sent out to examine into the domestic affairs of the country, so that the ability of the colonists to bleed freely for the support of British extravagance might be tested, reported that there was much wealth among them; at the various places of entertainment he had seen treasures of rich silver plate, which was certainly an unreasonable possession in colonists. Alas! for the folly of our simple ancestors, who, wishing to do honor to their king's representative, borrowed of each other such articles as might help to make a respectable appearance. When the king heard of these riches, he was "exceeding glad," and laid on heavier taxes. Tradition, which tells of the progress of Lord Loudon through New-England, and of its fruits in increased taxation, also relates that his effrontery in attempting familiarities with the daughter of one of his hosts, was rebuked with the disdain which might have been expected of a virtuous Puritan maiden.

Passing on to what other travellers have said of us within the present century, Mrs. Trolloppe's work on America stands conspicuous. How indignantly did the public cry out, "*Oh! you trollop!*" what stories were told of a vulgar woman who once lived in Cincinnati, and made herself ridiculous by her oddities; who dressed horribly, with the manners of a common servant, rather than of a gentlewoman—"such a woman, indeed, write a book, finding fault with our manners—one with whom we would not have associated when she was here!" She has survived all this; she has gone on writing books which have sold well. Mrs. Trolloppe's book, doubtless, did some good in our country, notwithstanding the contempt for her

opinions so freely and coarsely expressed. Well, she came here without any suitable introduction; she was not indebted to us for hospitalities, and, therefore, we had no claims upon her forbearance in respect to saying what she thought of us; but with Charles Dickens the case was very different. He had long been a favorite in our literary and fashionable circles. We expected to like him, and thought he would go home and say, what "a delightful time" he had had in America. But in his "American Notes," he occasionally gives us a *cut*, sometimes in his peculiar vein of irony, and then in a grave tone of censure. We were naturally annoyed to think that after all our attentions and hospitalities, our guest should have treated us so shabbily. But years have gone by, and Americans can now read Dickens' book, wondering why they should have found it so very provoking. In common with many others, we have condemned the author of the "Notes," scarcely having the patience to read his book; believing he came here disliking us, and determined to see things in their worst light. Now, when all excitement is over, we take up the "American Notes," and find to our surprise, that the writer was not our enemy; he treated us as a friend who will be candid with us, even if we are offended at the truth.

The genial spirit of Boz appears in the opening chapter of his book, "Going Away," in which he humorously describes the "state-room, concerning which Charles Dickens, Esq., and lady, had held daily and nightly conferences for four months preceding." We cannot avoid a passing regret that any circumstances should since have caused a life-long separation between this husband and wife, who had for so many years shared in "daily and nightly conferences," and could be happy together, "crowded within the small compass of a very diminutive state-room."

The feelings of a kind and affectionate husband are manifest in his blessings upon the old stewardess, who tried to encourage his wife "with the prospect of a short and delightful (January) voyage," and, as he says, "in her pleasant Scotch tongue, which had sounds of Old Home for my fellow-

traveller, plainly shows that all young mothers on one side of the Atlantic are near and close at home to their little children left upon the other; and that what seemed, to the uninitiated, a serious journey, was, to those who were in the secret, a mere frolic, to be sung about and whistled at! Light be her heart, and gay her merry eyes, for years." But in this very passage which we have quoted to show the tenderness of the husband for his wife, the mother of his young children, do we not see shadowed forth a feeling that she was weak in intellect, who, like a child herself, could be soothed by the fictions of a good-natured crone! Truly "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and we should respect as sacred, domestic disquiets, when the parties themselves are silent.

But it is Dickens in America of whom we would speak. His first remark after landing in Boston is, "that in all the public establishments of America, the utmost courtesy prevails. Our Custom-House would do well to take example from the United States, and render itself somewhat less odious and offensive to foreigners." Does this look like beginning to snarl about America, or is it not an intimation of the good will and intention to be pleased, with which he had landed on our shores? But, in the next paragraph, he does intimate that before they had half finished their first dinner in America, they received, "by formal notes of invitation for the following Sunday, an oppressive number of offers of pews, and seats in churches, of various creeds and forms in religion." Now, if our people would have kept more quiet on that great occasion, it would have been in better taste. But they were ambitious of having Mr. and Mrs. Dickens appear at church with them, and did not practise a "masterly inactivity," as would have been becoming. Of Boston, he says, "the city is a beautiful one." He remarks, that "nothing national in America is exhibited for money;" that "no public officer is a show man," and hopes that, in England, they will emulate this good example. This is modest enough, surely. We meet with a reflection upon "legal solemnities," which is worthy of attention. "There is," he says, "a degree of protection in the wig and

gown of a barrister—it may encourage insolent bearing and language; but America, in her desire to shake off the absurdities and abuses of the old system, may have gone too far into the opposite extreme—and some artificial barriers against the 'Hail fellow well met' deportment, which is seen in America in criminal courts, might have its effect on the ignorant and heedless, a class which often includes both prisoners and witnesses."

The licentiousness of manners known of late years by the term *rowdyism*, which at times is rampant in various parts of our country, proves that law and order need to be hedged in by more force and greater sanctity than was thought necessary by our republican fathers. Recoiling from the cumbersome etiquette and tedious formalities in legal affairs, which, in England, so greatly obstruct the operations of justice, it is not surprising that, in the rebound, they should have gone to the opposite extreme, and so broken down fences as to leave what should be held sacred, exposed to contempt or profanation.

Re-perusing "Notes on America," free from the touchiness (if we may be allowed the term) with which this work was at first read in our country, we humbly confess that the author's remarks upon our social state seem not the carpings of one determined to find fault, but rather the admissions of a friend, who would gladly have been able to give unqualified praise. After the lapse of some twenty years, every honest patriot (we hope there are still such in our country) who has watched the movement of our great political machinery, must acknowledge that, under the sacred name of liberty and love for the people, demagogism and licentiousness have made fearful inroads upon law, order, and decency, and that property, life, and reputation, have in consequence become insecure. But we do not despair—we are not among the croakers who would assign a short life to our republic, or swift destruction to our country. Virtue, patriotism, and religion, exist in American homes, in our schools and colleges, where young men and women are being trained for heads of families, and future pillars of the republic. Let us not tell our children, "We leave to you a

worthless inheritance in the government and institutions of your native land," but rouse ourselves to greater watchfulness respecting the corruptions which would destroy the country.

Mr. Buckingham, a member of the British Parliament, and who was with Thomas Moore in the United States, when the fastidious taste of the latter, was so much offended by American manners, "concluded in 1837 to visit America." He did not think travellers had done us justice. They had come with "a political bias, which caused them to see everything through a jaundiced medium." We had been, in his opinion, "unjustifiably misrepresented and caricatured." Mr. Buckingham came with the intention "of delivering public lectures on the Scriptural and classical regions of the East." He says, "the interest he had been known to take in England in the cause of temperance, education, the condition of seamen, the improvement of the working classes, unfettered commerce, and universal peace," brought him "applications from various quarters to examine the working of different institutions, to take part in public meetings, and to offer unreserved opinions in respect to the merits or defects of what he observed." He "lectured to more than a million of persons," had opportunities of "addressing hardly less than a million more," in addition to the advantages which extensive intercourse with all classes of society gave.

While he expected Americans might complain of his free remarks and criticisms, Mr. Buckingham was sure the English journals would "fiercely condemn" him for his eulogies on "the manifold advantages enjoyed by the people of the United States over most of the countries of the Old World." But this writer is not the first who has been disappointed in finding the public attention slightly arrested by the book which it was expected would create a great sensation—for of this work little has been said in either hemisphere.

Twenty years in our *fast* country have effected great changes. Mr. Buckingham's passage to America was made in *forty-three days*. Lectures were then, as now, in fashion; the Member of Parliament was well received in New-York, as he

says, by the "opulent and fashionable families," as well as the more common people. Temperance societies were then *the rage;* and in nothing was zeal more intemperate than in the promotion of this cause. Since then it has been meekly suggested by some, that the Christian church is, in itself, a temperance, a moral reform society, that the pledges made on entering its communion are not less sacred and binding than those which are given by the members of the various associations. Peace Societies, Education Societies, Total Abstinence Societies, all found the English philanthropist a ready and eloquent advocate, from his own account, by which we also learn that attention to his addresses "of several hours in length was profound and unbroken;" that "very large collections were taken up," and "many new members added" to the various societies, who had invoked his aid. As it is evident that Mr. Buckingham was influenced by a philanthropic desire to do good, we are bound to respect the efforts which he made on all hands to help on with benevolent undertakings, and we can readily pardon the self-complacency which he displays when recounting his many speeches, before the "Half-Orphan Asylum," for the "Ladies' Home," and various other institutions. But the insatiable public would not let him rest, though he says, "I had hoped to have enjoyed some intervals of repose, but I was pressed into the service of individual and collective charity, to give some public lectures, first for the benefit of a family of respectability, who had been well off in England, and were now in great distress, and secondly for the poor English and Irish emigrants." Besides all these public engagements, Mr. Buckingham tells us, he became "personally acquainted in New-York with nearly five hundred individuals, by interchange of calls and visits." He passed a day with Daniel Webster at Newark, N. J., and was taken to the different polling-wards in New-York during an exciting election. He was moreover "invited to dine and pass the evening with many families in the first circles of society." The legal profession invited him to their club—"the clergy and ministers of the gospel" were among his frequent visitors, and attended his lectures; scien-

tific and literary men were invited to meet him at soireés, respecting which he remarks, "The legal and clerical were among the most intellectual and agreeable I ever attended, not even excepting the delightful soirées of London and Paris."

Ought we not to be satisfied with this? And then our patronizing friend adds, "Though the number and eminence of the distinguished individuals present were always greater there than here, yet in the parties of the legal, clerical, and literary men of New-York, there was a simplicity of manners, and an intensity of interest, on the subjects that engaged their attention, which was particularly charming." What delightful naïveté and unsophisticated manners they must have exhibited —these innocent celebrities, savans, and literati of New-York —with the editorial corps, too!

After this introduction of himself to us, we turn to the likeness of the writer, and there we see it all verified; the amiable and benevolent *lion* gracefully fingers his massive eyeglass, the chain of which is permitted to appear on the left side, just between the lapel of his coat and the buttons of his waistcoat. He has a complacent expression, with lips slightly parted, as if the irrepressible force of benevolence within were seeking to vent itself in words. We might have expected so genteel a man, well dressed, and a member of Parliament, besides, would have been courted in New-York—and he was a grateful lion, when he thought of the favors he had received; though he did sometimes grin and growl as his delicate sensibilities were shocked, and he met with men who were not so sweet and "charming" in their ways as the *literati* of New-York.

When shall we in America learn to respect ourselves sufficiently to avoid officious following of strangers, persecuting them with our attentions, and thrusting upon them our unwelcome civilities? Surely, after each distinguished foreigner has bid us adieu, we wish we had been a little more reserved; that we had treated him a little more as he would, probably, in his own home, have treated us. Mr. Buckingham's patronizing tone is what we object to. An out-and-out fault-finder

may, in telling us truths which we ought to know, show less of arrogance and self-complacency.

In contrast with the two heavy volumes of Mr. Buckingham, we take up the lively, sparkling, but spiteful duodecimo of Professor Chasles, of the college of France. He does not profess to give his own observations, but "to exhibit in a series of faithful pictures the details of manners, traits of character, phenomena, and singularity, observed upon the spot, by foreign travellers, or shown forth by Americans themselves. "The Americans of the United States," says this writer, "last boon of the great Anglo-Saxon race, and founders of the federal republic of the United States, have conquered in the civilized world a place which does not permit the observer to pass them by in silence." We have in Chasles the antipodes of Buckingham—the latter gives statements of the dimensions and arrangements of public and private buildings, as much in detail as might have been the original specifications of the architects. He gives details of anniversary meetings which he attended, as minute as an interested correspondent of a local newspaper—the chairman, the performers of the choir—who made the opening and who the closing prayer, the names of the clergymen present, &c., with similar details, make up this voluminous mass of printed matter. There is, however, much valuable information given us on history, geography, topography, &c., appropriated by the author from other works, and appearing as his own observations.

The French Professor says, "Americans, like all people who have not a personal literature, see vulgarity in simplicity; hyperbole is the common vice of a commencing as of a decaying literature. To this is joined the incorrectness consequent upon too rapid labor." "Many Americans," he observes, "have visited Europe, and communicated their reflections to the public." He remarks of one writer: "He has spirit and fun without good taste or good breeding;" of another, "he has changed his bad humor into philosophy;" "the rest are not above mediocrity."

"Every year," says Chasles, "fresh British travellers cross

the ocean to see the progress of their grandchildren. These latter, in their turn, pass the Atlantic, when they can get leisure from their speculations, clearings, or bankruptcies, look closely at their old mother, and hope to avenge themselves on her, and to find in her faults, vices, and absurdities. Each does his work. The aristocrats try to prove that the democracy are vicious, and *vice versa;* the young vainly battle with the old; Marryat, Hall, Martineau, Trollope, Dickens, have fired upon Americans; Cooper, Willis, and others, return it." The author seems to enjoy this pleasant picture of parental and filial affection. As is the way of the world, he congratulates himself on being able to find out the family secrets, in this talking against each other of relations. Our French friend says, "Nothing shows more clearly the bottom of the American character, and the social condition of the Union, than the singular aspect which our European countries present to these travellers of the United States, and their manner of judging us. They have incredible admirations, and unreasonable angers. They fall on their knees before a vaudeville, and take no notice of our great events, or of our great men. The most distinguished member of this still swaddled society, scarcely comprehends the social phœnix of our world, which, since 1790, writhes upon its pyre, hoping one day to be born again." We would ask Monsieur Chasles, whether this "social phœnix" is well understood by the French people? Did the brutal murder of Louis XVI., with the clustering horrors of the "reign of terror;" did the torrents of blood shed in the streets of Paris, during the three days' revolution of 1830; did the anarchy and confusion which preceded the present imperial government of France, give possession of that "social phœnix," so "well understood" by the French people?

Professor Chasles fully atones for the severity of some of his remarks, by a profound review of the principles of American government, the causes of our great national success and prosperity, and favorable predictions as to our future. Let us thank him for this, and pass on.

We have purposely deferred entering upon the subject of

the social life of women in America, until we were ready to examine some of the works of lady tourists. Harriet Martineau and Frederika Bremer! No two women could be more unlike in character and appearance. The one, cool, calculating, and philosophic; the other, dreamy, visionary, and enthusiastic. And yet, they were not so very unlike in person. Both of small stature, with nothing of the masculine in their appearance. The author of "Stories on Political Economy," had a sharp, we might say, rather a "hard" look, and manifested little emotion, except when animated on the subject of copyrights, to secure which, as was generally understood, was her principal motive in coming to America. She prided herself upon the friendship of Mr. Fox, then the great radical reformer of England, and talked familiarly to her lady visitors of corn laws, taxation, pauperism, and other matters which have so long furnished staple for political disputes among British subjects, who as well as Americans are always on the eve of revolution.

Miss Bremer's heart was on her lips; "her soul," to borrow a metaphor from a lady friend, "had no skin, the nerves lay bare to the touch." Her work consists of letters to her sister. "My innermost," she says, "to whom even the innermost might be revealed, and the most childish things be spoken."

The subjects of Miss Martineau's two volumes on America, according to arrangement of chapters, are Politics, Political Parties, and Morals of Politics, Government, the Currency. So that her book may be considered rather a treatise on political than social life in America, though occasionally seasoned with remarks on the latter. Respecting the former, she utters serious and important truths. "Politics," she says, "are morals all the world over; that is, politics universally implicate the duty and happiness of man. Every branch of morals is, and ought to be, considered a universal concern. The theory of the government of the United has grasped and embodied the mighty principle that politics are morals, that is, a matter of universal and equal concern." Mr. Madison remarked to Miss Martineau that, "The United States have been useful in proving things, before held to be impossible; they

have found a true theory of government by reasoning, *à priori*, from the principles of human nature, as well as from the experience of governments, and the capacity of mankind for self-government." Commencing with such high views, Miss Martineau began her travels in our country. She was surprised and alarmed when a gentleman informed her that she had come to the United States at a very unhappy crisis; that the institutions of the country would be in ruins before her return to England—in short, that the republic was on the verge of a military despotism. Our author was surprised to find America so veritably the daughter of England, in respect to threatened revolution. She looked around her as she went on, for signs of military despotism; she saw only some cadets at West Point, and at another place a militia training-day. She asked an explanation of a distinguished statesman at Washington, who, with a smile, told her the country had been in "a crisis" for fifty years past, and would be for fifty to come. Miss Martineau could readily understand why there should be broad oppositions of party in England, "between those who would have the people governed for the convenience of their rulers—those who would have the many governed for their good by the will of the few, and those who would have the people govern themselves;" but she could not at first comprehend how there could be such wide party differences in a country where the first principle of government is, that the people shall govern themselves.

In 1799, Mr. Jefferson thus distinguished the federal and republican parties, and the distinction will ever be found to apply to democratic and aristocratic parties: "One fears most the ignorance of the people; the other, the selfishness of ruling independent of them." It was at this period, 1799, when the antagonism between the federalist and democratic parties was at its height in America. The latter succeeded in the election of their presidential candidate—contrary to prophecy and the expectation of many, the country was not betrayed to the French, the Bibles and meeting-houses (churches were few in those days) were not burnt down, the ministers of religion were

not murdered in their beds, negro women were not set up to preside in the presidential mansion, the country was not given up to anarchy and misrule—the wheels of government moved on smoothly, and the federalists of those days were disappointed that none of the evils prophesied came to pass. And yet among these federalists were great statesmen. Some who had not faith in a republican government, sighed for monarchy, and looked to the British constitution as a pattern to be followed in America. The mass were honest men, who feared God and loved their country. The democracy of those days was the "Young America" of the present. The friendship in old age between Jefferson and the elder Adams, whose rivalry had been long and bitter, and their interesting correspondence at that period, prove the moral beauty of their characters, and afford a profitable lesson to parties who are at this period pursuing each other with fierceness and malignity.

"Americans," says Miss Martineau, "bestow their apprehensions and their wrath upon things future, and their philosophy upon things past. While they do this, it will not be in the power of any President to harm them much or long. Men will have reason to smile at their fears of the formidable personage who shall descend from the presidential chair, and their enthusiasm will then have cooled down to the temperature fixed by what the event will prove to have been his merits. They will discuss him at their firesides with the calmness which men speak of things that are past; while they keep their hopes and fears to be chafed up at public meetings, while the orator points to some rising star, or to some cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

Miss Martineau has a chapter on Office in America—let us hear what she has to say on this subject. Wishing well to our country, she was alarmed at the evidences she here perceived of political corruption. In England she had been devoted to the interests of the people's party against the aristocracy. She came hither expecting to see the perfection of a republican government. She began to find that men in office were not chosen on account of their fitness, but their "*availability*," that some circumstance, in no degree connected with moral or intel-

lectual worth, was often seized upon as a *popular* qualification, a something of which no man in a republican country need be ashamed, but which in no degree proved him to be qualified for an office of public trust.

Miss M. was pained at the trifling conversation of political men, in respect to corruption in voting. "If a citizen told another that A had voted in a particular manner, the other would begin to account for his vote. A had voted thus to please B, because B's influence was wanted for the benefit of C, who had promised so and so to A's brother, or son, or nephew, or constitnents." When Miss M. mentioned these things to men in office, they would hear with a smile or a laugh, which she says "wrung my heart. Of all heart-withering things political skepticism in a republic is the most painful. I told Mr. Clay my observations, 'Let them laugh!' cried he with an honorable warmth, 'and do you go on, requiring honesty, and you will find it.'

"He is right," continues Miss M.; "but those who would find the highest integrity, had better not begin their observations on office-holders, much less on office-seekers, as a class. The office-holder finds too often, that it may be easier to get into office than to have power to discharge its duties when there; and then the temptation to subservience, to dishonest silence, is well nigh too strong for mortal man. The office-seeker stands committed as desiring something for which he must sacrifice his business or profession, his ease, his leisure, and the quietness of his reputation."

Miss Bremer saw America through the medium of a poetic imagination. She attempts not to analyze our government and politics with the trenchant dissecting knife of Harriet Martineau. But she has a quick perception of character, with a keen sense of propriety;—observations from such a source are valuable.

Transcendentalism, socialism, and the other *isms* of that period, made a deep impression upon the imaginative mind of Frederica Bremer. She visited the Phalanstery in New-Jersey, wishing to know more about "Christian Socialism."

Here she "baked buckwheat cakes," and, in the fervor of socialism, "labored with hands and arms up to the elbows in the great kneading trough, and nearly stuck in the dough." In this assemblage of about seventy persons, "the women were," says Miss B., "allowed to vote and share in the administration of law and justice; but the candid confession of one of them was, 'we have so much to do with our domestic affairs, that we have not troubled ourselves about these things.'" Miss Bremer candidly told the community they were deficient in two things: "a profession of religion, and public divine service, that a life of labor seemed to me empty and dead, which was not allied to the service of the Supreme, which did not admit space for the holy and beautiful." "She left them," as she says, "horribly weary of her part as associate-sister."

Taking leave of the two distinguished literary ladies, we will turn to visitors of another class. They are of the English aristocracy: Lady Emmeline Stewart Wortley, and the Honorable Miss Murray, Maid of Honor to the Queen. Lady Wortley came to America in May, 1849. She found New-York to be "a fine city," though it looked as if only "half finished," on account of the rubbish which filled the streets. The ladies on Broadway troubled Lady Wortley by so generally "wearing white shawls—looking like weird women or sheeted spectres." We learn that "New-York is situated on Manhattan Island, and has extensive fortifications." "The Hudson, *minus* the old feudal castles, reminded her of the Rhine." Our English lady finds in Albany "very broad *trottoirs*, which are here," she says, "called sidewalks;" strange, indeed, that the English langnage should have been spoken in Albany! She went to Niagara, and there exclaims with enthusiasm, "what a wonderful thing can water become!" Of the spray, she says, "I think it sometimes seems celestial." "The noise of the Falls is extremely fine." "It gives the idea of a calm *kingly* defiance." (Would it not have been more loyal in her Majesty's subject to have said *queenly* defiance?) How proud would Niagara be of such a comparison, if he could understand its force and grandeur! In respect to the effect of

Niagara upon the mind of her Ladyship, she says, "I feel quite *enthralled* and fascinated by it. . . . . One becomes here, indeed, utterly *Niagarized;* and the great cataract goes sounding through all one's soul and heart and mind, commingling with all one's ideas and impressions, and uniting with all one's innermost feelings and fancies."

In gratitude we ought to admire Lady Wortley's style, since she confesses after some weeks sojourn in the country, she does "like the Americans, notwithstanding all that travellers have said of them." . . . "There seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else, in some respects," (referring to manners, though in very indefinite terms.) "They are often (which may not be believed in fastidious England) distinguished looking;" as examples, she mentions, especially, captains of steamboats! Her ladyship visits West Point, and says, "the scenery was extremely lovely, all about there." Lady W. was in Boston on the 4th of July. "We poor English," she writes, "must make up our minds to hear them Yankee-doodling and Hail-Columbiaing all day long. It will be suspected that I am exceedingly wroth against Brother Jonathan just now. But it is a spite and anger confined exclusively to the 4th of July." But the Mrs. Leo Hunters of America toadied to Lady Stewart Wortley, and she in her turn mentions them by name, or initial letters, so that we find the followers of Miss Martineau and Miss Bremer again in the train of her ladyship, in different parts of the country. In New-York, Lady W. found "pineapples and newspapers rather cheap."—"We have a great fancy," she says, "for testing and trying all sorts of unearthly, half-supernatural dishes." She liked "bear and wild-buffalo meat," and when in the prairies "would have eaten hippopotamus pie, or a leg of camelopard, or a few slices of rattlesnake, with orang-outang sauce, if these things could have been had"—she was "disappointed in not being able to taste of an alligator," which she "understood to be pretty good."

But Lady Wortley is so amiable, so disposed to make the best of us, that we almost regret the selections we have made from

her book—we confess we might have found better writing and more elevated sentiments. But we are truly glad that she does not depend for her bread on the labor of her brains. The nobility of intellect belongs to its own order of aristocracy; it has its own peculiar badges, which cannot be counterfeited, or assumed at pleasure by those who are not of this *caste*. But education and refinement we do expect from those whose rank in life presupposes the advantages of instruction and cultivated society. Mediocrity is ridiculous only, when it attempts too much—when sublimity sinks to pathos, and wit to vulgarity.

The Honorable Miss Murray's visit to America is of more recent date. She did not intend to make a book when she came to this country, but somehow, it made itself. She was a lively, bustling woman, with her eyes open, and her ears not dull of hearing. She had scientific proclivities, too, and was surprised that not a single passenger on board the ship Canada, in which she came to America, knew anything of the vegetable world, "except as regards the edible individuals belonging to it." The Custom-house officers at Boston "were civil and obliging, *bothering* us as little as possible." Miss Murray at her hotel found ice-water, which was carried to her room—but "Mr. Cushing's flower-garden and houses, which are considered the finest in New-England, are not beyond a third or fifth rate in our old country." Mount Auburn Cemetery she found "perfect in feeling and taste." The Greenwood Cemetery of New-York, Laurel-Hill of Philadelphia, Greenmount of Baltimore, all share with Mount Auburn in the admiration of strangers. In every part of our country, new and beautiful cemeteries are being laid out and embellished. Albany and Troy, in New-York, Springfield, in Massachusetts, with many others, follow in this hallowed work of consecrating beautiful and picturesque scenes to the "loved and lost." New-Haven was among the first of our cities to imitate in its burial-ground *Père la Chaise*, which the American in Paris will find in no way exceeding our own beautiful cemeteries, except in containing monuments to the distinguished of a more ancient period. We may observe, in passing, that it is a relief from party animosities, and the

turmoils of busy life, to turn to the sacred shades of a rural cemetery. It is good for us often to wend our way thither, to reflect that soon we shall pass away, and the white marble only will speak of us to the passing visitor.

Miss Murray's smattering of science appears in her analysis of the transactions of the Scientific Convention at Providence. She wishes to see "the wise sons of the West assembled together." She listened with deep interest to a paper "upon the temperature of planetary bodies, and of the space through which they travel," and an animated discussion upon the subject, carried on by Agassiz, Henry, Bache, Pierce, Rogers, &c. The question of a "lunar atmosphere," they were obliged to leave unsettled. The savans appeared "not to be certain respecting animal organisms inhabiting the planets;" Agassiz expressed "a *decided* opinion that, if there are such, they must be constituted in a manner entirely differing from terrestrial creatures." Professor Bache stated that "very little has as yet been ascertained, respecting the direction of tidal waves in the Pacific," but he did know that there "had been a great earthquake wave on the western coast of the Pacific." Professor Hall "used a lady's parasol to exemplify the forms of polypi." The Professor, engrossed with his subject, called the parasol "this tool," which was the occasion of merriment to the fair auditors. "He showed that some of the associated polypi are probably higher in the scale of organization than single individuals." How many associated monkeys would it require, according to this rule, to secure a higher scale of organization than one monkey? "The mathematical and optical sections," says Miss Murray, "were beyond my comprehension, and therefore I avoided them;" but we must bear testimony to the patient attention which she did give on one occasion, when Professor Pierce, having announced a subject which promised to lead him into the obscurest region of mathematical demonstration, most of the savans, knowing that they could not follow in such deep water (perhaps a little turbid too), dropped off until few were left; but Miss Murray, who was too polite to go, listened with profound

attention, apparently following the elucidation of the subject, step by step, without the least difficulty in comprehending the accumulated mass of mathematical reasonings and demonstration.

Miss Murray confesses she does not understand how to reconcile some of the disputes which arose between the astronomers, respecting the nature of Saturn's ring, and the two hundred and fifty careful observations upon zodiacal light, which prove it to be of the same nature as the ring of Saturn, nor how they establish the fact that, within eighty years the planet and its ring must meet. Professor Hitchcock exhibited "curious drawings from the foot impressions of a most extraordinary four-toed, two-legged kind of frog, which must have been larger than the largest elephant." The Rev. Mr. B. stated "facts, showing the fatal results which have followed upon the marriage of blood relations. This brought up Agassiz upon races." The various soirées and receptions are duly chronicled, and Miss Murray leaves Providence, feeling that she has seen the collected learning and science of America, and has had "a good time generally."

The condition of women, education, dress, manners, &c., are duly commented on by the various writers on America. Dickens does not make many observations on this subject. "The ladies of Boston," he says, "are beautiful, but as to education, there I must stop." He met with "blue ladies," "evangelical ladies," "lecture-hearing ladies," &c. He thinks there is too much courtesy paid to women in public conveyances, when men vacate seats to give them places. He likes the appearance of the factory-girls at Lowell, insists that they have a right to play on the piano, to take books from a circulating library, to dress like ladies, from the avails of their own labor, and even to publish a magazine, which he found to be a respectable performance.

The over-dressing of American ladies in the streets, at hotels, and in the churches, is a subject of general remark among travellers from abroad, as well as sensible people at home; though to little purpose it would seem, as at no period

has the love of display been more conspicuous in our country. American women are slaves to dress; it is the bane of their life, aye, and of the male victims, too, whose lives are connected with theirs. Travelling trunks, almost as large as a small house, must be carried about filled with all sorts of finery, for a summer jaunt to watering places, and for a winter visit to a city. The father or husband vainly remonstrates; flounced dresses and crinoline must have ample space, and there must be a variety too in the costumes. "Heaven save the ladies, how they dress!" may we well exclaim. Why will they not become more practical? Does the most fastidious critic of female beauty admire a young lady in full toilette more than in simple dress? If beautiful, there is no need of ornament; if plain, she should appear without pretension. We have known ladies who have travelled through the continent of Europe with only a small trunk to contain their wardrobe, and they found a wonderful relief in not having "too much to wear."

Miss Martineau, a *bas bleu*, as might be expected, paid little attention to the concerns of the toilette. Her one green silk was, however, well kept until the time of her leaving the country, according to the report of her lady friends. Miss Bremer's mind was of course little upon clothes; she tells of one good spinster, the sister of her hostess, who was often mysteriously absent from the family. Miss B. noticed it, wondering at the cause, until she accidentally discovered that her own wardrobe was under a process of repair; her muslins were found mended and washed, and in some cases where sleeves, collars, and handkerchiefs, were quite worn out, they were taken away and replaced by new ones. We fear from this, that Miss Bremer seemed to need such a friendly hand—truly was the "wind tempered to the shorn lamb" in that case.

Connected with social life in America, is the subject of visiting watering places, medicinal springs, &c. Foreigners may well be surprised at the familiarity of manners often seen there; they of course make severe remarks about us; they are

astonished to see children there and elsewhere, assuming the manners of grown people. Children's parties are a feature particularly American. They are a starting point whence proceed that freedom of manners, and disregard to older persons so characteristic of the times.

Strangers in our country are surprised to see so many families living in boarding-houses: to save expense, says one—because the women are too lazy to take care of a house, says another—because they have no domestic tastes, says a third. Let Brother Jonathan and his wife both help us to answer these questions. You say, "it is no concern of strangers where you live;" admitting this, it is surely a concern of your own, and a very serious one. What is the domestic life of a family living at an hotel? And how much is the affection of those who live in a crowd, influenced by the idea of what others may think of the beloved ones—let the marriages which result from acquaintances formed in public places, and the conjugal infelicity so often found to exist among the inmates of large boarding-houses or hotels, be the answer. Home is the obscure, quiet source from whence issue the mighty streams of political and social life. Woman is the presiding genius of home—her influence is all-potent there; it is felt in the higher tides as they flow on in the deeper channels of society and national government.

De Tocqueville, in his "Democracy in America," treating upon the different views in regard to women which prevail in the civilized world, thus remarks: "The Americans have applied to the sexes the great principle of political economy—by dividing the duties of man from those of woman, in order that the great work of society may be the better carried on. Although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of the women. It is true that the Americans

rarely lavish upon the women those eager attentions which are commonly paid them in Europe; but their conduct to them always implies that they suppose them to be virtuous and refined."

The complaints of American women of their servants, are noted by the different writers. Madame Pulszky justly remarks that the ignorance of American mistresses respecting domestic arts, render them liable to imposition from household servants, who are willing to obey those who are consistent and just in their orders; which is impossible, when the mistress herself is ignorant of the nature of the service she requires. Herein is the germ of a great truth, which cannot be too much insisted on; servants presume when they see that the mistress is herself ignorant of domestic duties; her own helplessness gives them power over her. "She cannot do without me," is the thought of many a presuming servant; or, again, another may justly think in respect to her mistress, "She never knows when I have done enough."

Madame Pulszky heard gentlemen boast that, in America, ladies rule, and are more respected here than in any other country. On inquiring how they ruled, she was answered, "Why, they have all they like, they dress and go shopping, and have no care about anything: we even live in hotels to save them the trouble of housekeeping." To this Madame P. replied: "You are as courteous as the Turks, who allow their wives every amusement in their harems, and about the shops, while they attend to graver matters. The elegantly gilded and painted parlors of your hotels, where the ladies meet to rock away and lounge in their easy chairs, are admirable harems; but what has this to do with the *rule* of your ladies?" As the gentlemen failed to give satisfactory answers to her queries, she sought them from some very intellectual ladies, and was told that their lords in general little consult the opinions of their female rulers, even in what concerns their own private affairs. That bankruptcy often unexpectedly comes upon families, when wives have been allowed to think their husbands were affluent, and could afford to support them in luxury. We will

not enlarge upon this head, but suggest to both husbands and wives some reflections upon the undeniable truths here told. Should not a man wish his wife to understand something of business, so that she might be able to comprehend and guard her own rights and those of their children?

Referring to private entertainments in America, our many visitors allow that we are hospitable, though somewhat bustling in our manners, but they think an easy flow of conversation at our parties is wanting—that eating, drinking and dancing, ratherthan an interchange of ideas, are *a l'Americaine:* we can take these opinions for what they are worth.

Of the portion of the Pulszky work devoted to the history and condition of the Red or Indian race in America, and the Black or African race, we shall only say that there is a commingling of sense and nonsense, truth and error. The writers endeavored to do too much for their limited opportunities of personal observation, and we must regard their attempts at settling grave questions as a failure. Like some of the great undefinable, inexplicable mysteries in religion, there are mysteries and complications in society, as we now find it constituted, which we cannot solve; difficulties which in theory we cannot conquer. But the same Divine Providence which so signally blessed our forefathers in the founding of our nation, and the achievement of our national independence, still watches over us. As in religion, so in politics and morals, those who reason and speculate most are not always the best *doers*—the hopeful and believing are the faithful and the good.

ART. IV.—1. *La Gerusalemme Liberata di* TORQUATO TASSO, *preceduta da un discorso critico letterario di* UGO FOSCOLO *ed illustrada da note storiche.* Firenze: Felice Le Monnier, 1859.

2. *La Gerusalemme Liberata, e L'Aminta di* TORQUATO TASSO. Paris, 1858.

3. *Il Rinaldo del Sig.* TORQUATO TASSO, *nel parto seconda del Rime e Prose del Tasso.* Venezia: Aldo, 1583.

THE production of a true epic poem seems to be the highest effort of which the human mind is capable. The dramatic, lyrical, and pastoral muses have been successfully wooed in most enlightened nations. There are few countries possessed of a literature which cannot refer to their great historians, and the same may be said of their novelists. Nor is there any great deficiency of orators, who, although they may be inferior to Demosthenes and Cicero, are still worthy of the name. In every department of science and the arts success has been attained by a goodly number. It takes ages to produce a Phidias or an Angelo; but it is not the less true that even the modern world can boast many painters and sculptors, who are justly entitled to be called great. But if we examine the history of mankind from the earliest ages to the present, how few epic poets do we find! Those who are most liberal in defining the characteristics of epic poetry declare five to be the maximum number, namely, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, and Camoens. Probably the majority of the best critics would exclude three of these if they could only divest themselves of adventitious partialities. Then Tasso would remain alone with Homer.

We are aware that this will seem a sort of heresy—something like a libel on Virgil and Milton, if not on Camoens. But it is neither one nor the other. The question is, are the Æneid and Paradise Lost true epics taking the Iliad as a model, in connection with the definitions of Aristotle? Much has been written in reply to this, but it has never been satis-

factorily answered. It will be observed that we are not now speaking of the character of the poetry but of the form and structure of the immortal productions referred to. To deny, with however much truth and justice, that Paradise Lost is an epic in the strict sense of the term, does not rob that sublime poem of a single one of its beauties. Let it be called by what name it may our admiration for its countless charms is not in the least diminished. No one sympathizes the less with Dido in her frantic grief, because the circumstances of it are not altogether in accordance with the rules of the epic. For all purposes of feeling it is sufficient that her sorrow is natural—such as may be imagined to afflict a woman of equal beauty in real life, when placed in a similar situation. It is in this sense Shakespeare has said, "There's nothing in a name," &c. There seems to be no doubt that both Virgil and Milton intended their great poems to be epics; if they are not such, the fact only shows that the authors were deficient in one of the necessary qualifications. What this qualification is it is not now our purpose to examine. Suffice it to say that it was possessed by Tasso.

But it is quite safe to regard Camoens, as well as Virgil and Milton, as an epic poet, though undoubtedly the Æneid, the Lusiad, and Paradise Lost, are each defective in form. In this respect at least they are inferior to the *Gerusalemme Liberata*—still more inferior to the Iliad—but vastly superior to all other heroic poems which are called epics. Thus, then, there are but five whom any considerable part of the enlightened world regards as epic poets. If the towering greatness of intellect necessary to the production of an epic is not sufficiently apparent from this, we have only to remember that neither Spain, France, nor Germany, not to mention any of the great nations of the East, has produced one. There are, indeed, Spanish, French, German, Persian, and Chinese poems that are called epics, but it is only at home they are regarded as such—they have not received the *fiat* of universality.

There are sufficient reasons for this paucity. Even in the inanimate world the highest order of grandeur is seldom met with. There is but one Niagara, as there is but one Homer. The

same may be said of the Amazon and the Himálaya; and we might easily extend the comparison in the world of art, noting the masterpieces of sculpture and architecture. For the composition of an epic, poetic genius alone, however transcendent, is not sufficient; it requires a combination of powers which, even singly, are possessed by very few. Profound knowledge of human nature is essential—equally essential is it to be familiar with the learning of the age in which the poem is written—to be acquainted with the recognised system of astronomy; the art of war, at least in theory, &c.; and if all this knowledge is possessed, in addition to the true inspiration which must form the groundwork, failure is still inevitable without more artistic skill than is required for the construction of the most magnificent marble palace.

There is ample internal evidence in the poem itself that all these qualifications were possessed by the author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*—than which no temple, not even the Parthenon at Athens, has exhibited finer symmetry, or will longer survive the ravages of time. But how few there are that appreciate its beauties, and how many thousands who spend days and nights poring over novels that have never read a line of it! Our object, however, in the present paper, is not so much to indicate the character of Tasso's masterpiece to those who are not already acquainted with it, as to give a general sketch of the poet himself; for of all the sons of genius his life has been most embittered by suffering and sorrow. His misfortunes alone would render him an object of interest, especially to the ladies, who, it seems more than probable, were the cause of most of his troubles; although, if they injured him, it was by their kindness and partiality, for in all his relations with them they have regarded him with solicitude and tenderness. This was true of him at all periods of life, among strangers as well as among friends—in adversity as well as in prosperity. The respect and regard which he entertained through life for the gentler sex were doubtless not a little influenced by the conduct and character of his mother Portia, who was one of the best of women. A member of a noble Neapolitan family—that of Rossi—she had received a

liberal education, and she was a woman of a superior mind. To her good sense, excellent understanding, and high culture, the poet was indebted for an important part of his education, though destined to be separated from her forever when he was only ten years old.

Even so early in his life as this the misfortunes of the family had commenced. His father Bernardo had attracted no inconsiderable attention among the great as a poet and man of letters. It was during the composition of his "Amadigi," while residing in the beautiful city of Sorrento, situated on the Bay of Naples, the future author of Gerusalemme Liberata was born. His mother continued for several years to give him daily instructions, with his sister Cornelia, from the time he reached his fourth year until her health became impaired. Then he was placed in a Jesuit seminary where, in less than three years, he not only became an accomplished Latinist, but made considerable progress in Greek. Political difficulties had now forced his father to abandon Sorrento, and what was still worse his property was confiscated. His mother was entitled to a considerable dowry, but she sought in vain to recover it from her brothers, until, bowed down with grief at being separated from her husband and children, she entered the monastery of San Festo, where she died of a broken heart. Notwithstanding this early separation and the untimely death that so soon followed, Tasso never forgot his mother. Her teachings continued to influence him through life; the precepts that she had instilled into his youthful mind afforded him consolation amid the worst of his misfortunes, as some of his finest odes testify. Twenty years after her death he laments her thus feelingly:

"Me from my mother's breast
Did cruel fortune tear;
The tears she shed, the kisses wild
She pressed in her despair
On my pale cheek; and oh! the zeal
Of her most passionate appeal
To Heaven for me, in air
Alone recorded—with regret
I yet remember, weep for yet!"

The well-known incident of his visit to his sister Cornelia, affords another interesting proof, at once of his deep affection for his friends, and of the tenderness felt towards him in return. After having been separated from her so long that she could hardly know him, he disguised himself in a shepherd's dress, and told her that her brother was surrounded by so many enemies that it was almost impossible for him to escape with his life. The result was that she fainted at his feet; and he wept with joy at the consciousness that there was at least one of whose affection he was sure.

There are few whose genius has rendered them illustrious of whose precocious talents wonderful stories are not told. But it is beyond question that Tasso wrote verses in Latin, as well as in Italian, before he reached his tenth year. Were we to put faith in the statements of the Marquis Manso we should regard him as having done so four years earlier. Be this as it may, there are some of his pieces written at Venice, between his fourteenth and fifteenth year, which few besides himself could have excelled at any age. He was only sixteen when he was placed by his father in the University of Padua for the purpose of having him instructed in jurisprudence. He was scarcely a year here when he conceived the idea of his "Rinaldo," which, although vastly inferior to his Gerusalemme, is a poem of great merit, containing many passages of surpassing beauty, and written with remarkable elegance and taste. It is a sort of metrical romance divided into twelve cantos and containing eight thousand verses, the whole of which was composed in less than ten months during hours stolen from other pursuits. Nearly the entire poem was completed before any one suspected that he had attempted anything more elaborate than an ode or a sonnet. It was by accident that his father discovered that he was engaged upon a long poem; and far from being glad when he first learned the fact he remonstrated earnestly with his son, pointing out to him how his own poetry had been a source of annoyance and injury to him rather than of honor and gain, by rendering him dependent on the great, who were ultimately the cause of his ruin.

When he had examined the "Rinaldo," however, and shown it to friends who were capable of judging of its merits, he did not hestitate to say that he who was capable of producing such a work in his seventeenth year was destined, if spared, to become illustrious. It would be foreign to our purpose to attempt to analyze the "Rinaldo"—a task which would require a whole paper. But as the poem is little known in this country and is amply worthy of perusal, we will glance briefly at the plot, but without pretending that in doing so we can convey any adequate idea of the intrinsic excellence of the poem, which to be appreciated must be read, although no English translation does justice to the original.

The poem bears the name of the hero who, in some particulars, resembles Rinaldo of the Gerusalemme. The former is a noble youth, the son of Ariosto's Amone, and consequently the cousin of the same poet's Orlando; but he is entirely different in his character and aspirations from all. Instead of setting out to fight the Saracens like Rinaldo of the Gerusalemme, he goes to the wood in search of the steed Baiardo, where he meets with Clarice and falls in love with her; but not until he has shown by his prowess that, great and fascinating as her personal charms are, he is a suitor not unworthy of her attention. The mode he adopts for this purpose is rather strange, nothing less than to seize the wild animal by the hinder legs and throw him on his back. He encounters Isoliero in single combat, and, as a matter of course, defeats him, when the antagonists become friends. Proceeding along together in quest of adventures, according to the approved custom of the time, they happen to meet with the statues of Tustan and Lancelot, which are in a fighting attitude—one giving up his lance to the other as a conquered knight. As the wandering companions proceed, they meet Galerana with Clarice; but they are surrounded by such a number of knights, as they sail down the river Seine, that Rinaldo becomes jealous, draws his lance, gives the signal to his companion, and in a few minutes all are routed save the ladies, who naturally enough become somewhat frightened, until the victor makes himself

known. At this stage, supernatural agencies are introduced. While the hero is exulting in his good fortune, a magician comes and deprives him of his beloved Clarice; and this is the beginning of a series of incidents which, in spite of their extravagance, are so worked up as to possess a strange fascination. The poem was inscribed to the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, who had already become his patron. The concluding stanzas, although by no means a fair specimen of the whole, possess more interest, for reasons which will be obvious to the reader, than any other extract of equal length which we can give:

"Thus have I sung—in battle-field and bower,
Rinaldo's cares, and prattled through my page,
While other studies claimed the irksome hour,
In the fourth lustre of my verdant age;
Studies from which I hoped to have the power
The wrongs of adverse fortune to assuage;
Ungrateful studies, whence I pine away
Unknown to others, to myself a prey.

"Yet oh! if Heaven would e'er my wishes crown
With ease released from Law's discordant maze,
To spend on the green turf in forests brown,
With bland Apollo, whole harmonious days,
Then might I spread, Luigi, thy renown
Where'er the sun darts forth resplendent rays;
Thyself the genial spirit should infuse
And to thy virtues make a worthier muse.

"But thou first fruit of fancy and of toil,
Child of few hours, and those most fugitive!
Dear little book, born on the sunny soil
By Brunta's wave! may all kind planets give
To thee the spring no winter shall despoil,
Life to go forth when I have ceased to live,
Gathering rich fame beyond our country's bounds,
And mixed with songs with which the world resounds.

"Yet ere I bid thy truant leaves adieu,
Ere yet thou seek'st the Prince, whose name impress'd
Deep in my heart upon thy front we view
Too poor a portal for so great a guest!

Go find out him from whom my birth I drew
Life of my life! and whose the rich bequest
Has been, if aught or beautiful or strong
Adorns my life, and animates my song.

"He with that keen and searching glance which knows
To pierce beyond the veil of dim disguise,
Shall see the faults that lie conceal'd so close
To the short vision of my feeble eyes,
And with that pen which joins the truth of prose
To tuneful fable, shall the verse chastise
(Far as its youth the trial can endure)
And grace thy page with beauties more mature."

Although the "Rinaldo" belongs to the same class as Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," it is by no means an imitation of that fine poem; but it is essentially different throughout. Such was the popularity of the latter, that he deemed it necessary to give his reasons, in his preface, for departing from so approved a model. Every canto of the Furioso opens with a series of moral precepts somewhat similar to those of Pope's Essay on Man, but much more poetically expressed. These introductory stanzas serve as a magnificent vestibule—always in a different style—which gives a sort of foretaste of the beauty, richness, and elegance, which may be expected in the interior of the building. Tasso did not offer to deny that this was right, or rather he did not allege that it was wrong, on the part of Ariosto; partly because the latter had to recite his cantos to the Court, from time to time, and partly because his poem consisted, not of one but of several stories. With similar modesty and deference, he gave his reasons for differing from his father's *Amadigi*, showing that what he aimed at himself was some approach to epic unity as prescribed by Aristotle, without strictly adhering to that great master's rules. In conclusion, he begged that his poem should not be judged by comparison with the Iliad, the Æneid, or the Furioso, but solely on its own merits.

The work had scarcely been a week published when the author was known throughout Italy by the endearing name of

Tassino. Several reigning princes offered to be his patron, according to the custom of the time; but although sensible that he had accomplished a great work for one of his age, he felt that he had more to learn before he could secure that immortality which he now regarded as fairly within his reach; and accordingly he entered the University of Bologna, where he had the advantage of the best teachers, not only in Italy, but in all Europe. In order to be fully prepared for his *chef d'œuvre*, which he had planned before leaving Padua, his first care on entering the new University was to prepare a series of elaborate discourses on heroic poetry; and, in his intervals of leisure, while doing so, he selected such names of personages as he thought best calculated to impart interest to the new poem, and which, at the same time, were most agreeable to himself.

It was while thus engaged he learned that the Cardinal d'Este had appointed him a gentleman of his household. This brought him at once to Ferrara, which to him proved both a Paradise and Purgatorio, if not indeed an Inferno. He was but twenty-one years old (having been born in 1544), when in November, 1565, he arrived at the scene of his greatest glory and misfortunes. Although the nuptial ceremonies of the Duke were being celebrated with great pomp—the bride being no less a personage than the Archduchess Barbara of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand I., who made her entrance into the city wearing a golden crown, and attended by a numerous and splendid retinue—the author of Rinaldo, who had scarcely a change of linen, or a second ducat in his pocket, was received by the beauty and rank of that proud city with every mark of consideration and esteem. The good Cardinal allowed him to want for nothing, and gave him full liberty to pursue his studies, and seek entertainment and pleasure in whatever way was most congenial to him. Before leaving for Rome, to take part in the election of a new pontiff, Pope Pius the Fifth having just died, he introduced him to the Princess Lucretia, eldest sister of the Duke Alphonso of Ferrara, who in turn introduced him to her younger sister, the Princess Leonora.

Both ladies were not only highly accomplished—capable of speaking several languages, and playing with skill and taste on various instruments of music—but also remarkable for their beauty. This was particularly true of Leonora, who, for the poet, possessed the additional attraction of a talent for poetry. It is easy to understand that the society of such ladies was a source of great delight to the susceptible and romantic poet; and there is every reason to believe that they were equally charmed with his. Being now engaged in the composition of the Gerusalemme, he read portions of it to them almost daily. They listened eagerly, and were quite enthusiastic in their praise. In order to afford as much variety as possible to the princesses, he took advantage of the Duke's absence at Rome and wrote his "Aminta," a delightful pastoral, which although little known in this country, has a celebrity in Italy little less than that of his "Gerusalemme." The style is truly exquisite—a very model of sweetness and melody. Although no English translation embodies the true spirit and grace of the original, those who read even the opening lines, which are by no means the best specimen of the whole, will hardly wonder that it was the "Aminta" which suggested, not only the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, but also the *Gentle Shepherd* of Allan Ramsay. The first scene introduces two fair shepherdesses:

DAFNE.

And wouldst thou wish, ah! simple that thou art,
To shun the joys that bless a loving heart,
Belov'd again? And wilt thou waste thy youth
A stranger to those names of love and truth?
Nor hear thee mother call'd, as round thee throng
The pledges of thy choice: nor from the tongue
Of one most dear, receive love's dearest name?
Fool that thou art to feel not his soft flame.

SILVIA.

Let others follow the vain hopes of love,
And if he boasts his pleasures let them prove!
Another joy is mine—and mine the care
To track the woods, and breathe the forest air

To wing my arrows at the chafing boar,
And win the prey I seek! I ask no more.

DAFNE.

Poor idle sports! if charms in these you find,
'Tis plain that love hath never blest your mind.

The "Aminta" was repeatedly represented at court, the princesses personating the shepherdesses—the author the shepherd. It were strange did not a feeling more tender than mere friendship result from so close and agreeable an intimacy; but, although the fact is denied by those best acquainted with the circumstances, it is fully proved by Tasso's writings. Indeed, the conduct of the princesses toward him, especially of Leonora, might be regarded as sufficient evidence by itself. The reason why any doubt is entertained on the subject is that the house of Este, being one of the proudest in Europe, disdained to own that one of its princesses could regard even a man destined to immortality like Tasso, in any other light than as a dependant on the bounty of their princely family. There is sufficient evidence that this is the true secret of the poet's misfortunes. Before any suspicion had been entertained on the subject, the poet had no better friend than the Duke Alphonso, who felt greatly flattered by the distinction conferred upon himself and his family in the Gerusalemme, which he was in the habit of reading according as it was composed, and which the author had promised to dedicate to him. But as soon as he was led to believe that Tasso regarded his sister as a mistress, all was changed. In order to prevent public scandal, the intercourse of the poet with the family was lessened gradually, until in two or three months it had become merely nominal, although the princesses never ceased to regard him with favor. The transition from a feeling of apparent coolness on the part of the duke toward the poet, to one of but ill-disguised hostility, was easy and natural. A reigning prince, who desires to persecute even a great poet that happens to be in his power, need be at no loss for a pretext to do so. In the case of Tasso, sufficient excuse was found in the eccentricity of his character,

his restless disposition, and the warmth with which he resented affronts, which were perhaps oftener imaginary than real; and hence the cruel captivity which the unfortunate poet had to suffer for more than seven years—the greater part of the time in a damp, dark, filthy dungeon underground, shut out from the light of heaven, and manacled like a pirate or assassin. It was in vain that kings and princes interceded on his behalf. The invariable reply was that the poet was insane—that he was under suitable medical treatment, and that as soon as his physicians pronounced him well he would be restored to full liberty.

It would extend our article far beyond the bounds we have prescribed for it to enter into details relative to the terrible sufferings to which the author of the Gerusalemme was thus subjected. There is a sort of mystery about the whole affair, which is not likely to be ever cleared up; and which has its parallel only in that in which the captivity of the Man with the Iron Mask is still shrouded. Had Tasso never written a line, the sufferings he was forced to endure by the petty tyrant of Ferrara would have invested his life with a melancholy interest; but this interest is greatly enhanced by appeals, in the finest poetry, which would have moved any heart susceptible of a generous emotion.* If ever there were "tuneful tears," it

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* The following extracts, one from a petition to the Duke Alphonso, the other from one to the princesses, his sisters, will serve as specimens of his "tuneful tears:"

"Again, yet once again,
I turn, and faint from my deep cell, my knee,
Heart, soul, and weeping eyes incline to thee;
My lips, long silent, I unclose in pain,
And unto thee, but not of thee complain.
Turn thy mild eyes, and see where a vile crowd
Throng: where the pauper pines, the sick man moans;
See where, *with death on his shrunk cheeks, aloud*
Thy once-loved servant groans;
Where, by a thousand sorrows wrung, his eyes
Grown dim and hollow, his weak limbs devoid
Of vital marrow, wasting and annoyed
By dirt and darkness, he ignobly lies,
Envying the sordid lot of those—to whom
The pity comes that cheers their painful doom."

was those shed by Tasso in his miserable dungeon; but shed in vain, except to awaken throughout the civilized world a sympathy destined to last forever! For who is there now, that admires the best poetry, that has any partiality for the gifted and great, any love for justice, or any hatred of oppression, that does not feel for the victim, although more than three centuries have elapsed since he wrote, suffered, and wept?

But nothing but death, or the loss of his great mind, which was said to be diseased, could have prevented him from completing the great epic in which he rivals Homer, who alone surpasses him in grandeur, richness of invention, and sustained elevation of thought. The poem opens with the spring of the year 1099; its subject is the recovery of the holy sepulchre from the infidels. The Christian princes are all animated with the same hope; but each has his faults. All have passions which must be subdued, or at least kept under such restraint as is necessary in carrying out a common purpose. In the "Gerusalemme" Godfrey represents the Agamemnon of the Iliad, while Rinaldo represents Achilles; in a similar manner Armida may be compared to Helen, although her character has more resemblance to that of Dido as drawn by Virgil. We might thus pass from one portraiture to another in the "Gerusalemme," finding each to correspond, more or less, with some similar portrait in the Iliad or the Æneid; yet Tasso is no servile imitator even of the Prince of Poets. He does not draw one fourth as much from him as Virgil, and, except in very rare cases, what he does draw he makes entirely his own, sometimes improving on the original. Such is the case, for

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TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

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"To you my sorrows I unfold—a scroll
Of bitterness—my wrongs, my griefs, my fears,
Part of my tale—*I cannot tell the whole*,
But my rebellious tears!

* * * * *

What then I was, what am; what wo the while;
I am reduced to beg from whence what star
Guided me hither; who, with bolt and bar
Confines, and who, when I for freedom grieved,
Promised me hope, yet still that hope deceived."

example, at the opening of the fourth book, where Satan is made to assemble his hosts in the infernal regions, in order to send them forth to aid the Turks against the Christians. No translation that we have seen does justice to the demoniac splendor of the third and fourth stanzas, which describe the frightful sounding of the Stygian trumpet, the terrible lightnings of hell, and the strange, horrible shapes of the demons:

"Chiama gli abitator dell' ombre eterne
Il rauco suon della tartarea tromba:
Treman le spaziose atre caverne
E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba:
Nè stridendo cosi dalle superne
Regioni del cielo il folgor piomba;
Nè si scossa giammai trema la terra,
Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra.

"Tosto gli Dei d'abisso in varie torme
Concorron d'ogn' intorno all' alte porte.
Oh come strane, oh come orribil forme!
Quant' è negli occhi lor terrore e morte!
Stampano alcuni il suol di ferine orme
E 'n fronte umana han chiorne d'angui attorte;
E lor s'aggira dietro immensa coda.
Che, quasi sferza, si ripiega e suoda."

The two succeeding stanzas are pretty well rendered by Wiffen, and we transcribe them in preference to the original, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the latter. They will remind the intelligent reader of some well-known passages in Paradise Lost:

"There might you hear the Harpy's clang'rous brood,
The Python's hiss, the Hydra's wailing yell,
Mad Scylla barking in her greedy mood,
And roaring Polypheme, the pride of hell;
Pale Gorgons, savage sphinxes, centaurs fell,
Geryons, chimeras breathing flakes of fire,
Figures conceptionless innumerable,
Multiform shapes conjoined in monsters dire,
To the vast hall of Dis in hideous troops aspire.

"They took their stations right and left around
The grisly king; he, cruel of command,
Sate in the midst of them, and sourly frown'd,
The huge rough sceptre waving in his hand.
No Alpine crag, terrifically grand,
No rock at sea in size with him could vie;
Calpe and Atlas, *soaring from the sand,*
Seem'd to his stature little hills, so high
Rear'd he his horned front in that Tartarean sky."

Like the fourth book of the Æneid, the fourth canto of the Gerusalemme is the best of the whole poem; it contains more passages that possess sublimity and pathos than are to be met with, within equal bounds, in any other part of the work. But there is no canto, and but few stanzas, in which one or the other of the same qualities is not to be found. Thus, for example, we turn at random to the seventh book, and our eyes fall on that part which has reference to the arming of Argantes. The hero is described as follows:

"Qual con le chiome sangirinose orrende
Splender cometa suol per l'aria dusta,
Che i regni muta e i feri morbi adduce.
E ai purpuri tiranni infausta luce." *

There is a wonderful condensation of thought and imagery in these four lines. The best translation of them is perhaps that of Hoole, which we give below, but which is little better than a pharaphrase. It is not in fits and starts that Tasso is fertile in images, elevated in conception, dignified in style, and beautifully allegorical in the conduct of his fable. It is not

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* "As shaking terrors from his blazing hair,
A sanguine comet gleams through dusky air,
To ruin states and dire diseases spread,
And baleful light on purple tyrants shed.
So flam'd the chief in arms, and sparkling ire
He roll'd his eyes suffus'd with blood and fire;
His dreadful threats the firmest hearts controll'd,
And with a look he withered all the bold.
With horrid shout he shook his naked blade,
And smote th' impassive air and empty shade."

here and there he is copious in incident, or vivid and truthful in the delineation of character. The same characteristics pervade every one of the twenty-two cantos of the Gerusalemme, and yet every succeeding page introduces us to something new in thought or feeling. Terror, love, pity, resentment, are inseparable, but pleasing sadness alternately takes possession of the mind as we turn from one incident, or character, to another. How different is Godfrey from Rinaldo, in every other feeling and sentiment than courage, zeal for the Christian religion, and indomitable resolution! The former is as insensible to the charms of Armida, as Rinaldo is yielding and susceptible in turning aside from glory itself in order to indulge the passion of love. Who need be ashamed to drop a tear over the good and beautiful Clorinda, Pagan though she be, when she receives her death wound from the hand of Tancred, her lover! But this reminds us of the famous episode of Sophronio and Olindo—that which the critics of the author's time were most unanimous in condemning—which his friends were most anxious to have removed; but which nothing could have induced him to omit. That it is a defect cannot be denied; it mars the structure of the poem, not indeed because it is wanting in beauty or grace, for in neither quality is it surpassed by any passage of equal length in the whole work. But a superfluous column, however beautiful in itself, is a defect in a building, of which all the parts should bear a certain proportion to each other, and form one harmonious whole. In no other sense could the episode in question be called a blemish. The manner in which it was introduced shows that the author was fully aware that the exigencies of the poem did not require it. What, then, was his object? The question is easily answered; in fact it is answered by the episode itself. The author desired at once to compliment and immortalize his beloved Leonora.

He makes the image of the Virgin Mary, in the Christian church at Jerusalem, the pretext for introducing the story of Sophronio and Olindo. Ismeno calls it an idol, and advises its removal. It is accordingly taken by force, by order of the king,

and placed in a mosque. But next morning it is found to be gone. King Aladin refuses to believe that a miracle has been performed; but charges his Christian subjects with having stolen it, and condemns them to indiscriminate slaughter. Sophronia, a Christian maiden, comes forward, and in order to save her people, accuses herself of the crime. Her lover hearing this, hastens to contradict her, declaring that he, and he alone, was guilty. The only effect that this has on the mind of the tyrant is to induce him to condemn the self-accusing lovers to a more cruel death than the rest of their brethren. But we must not omit to give the character of Sophronia—that which all Ferrara declared to be Leonora's—in the poet's own words:

"Vergine era fra lor di già matura
Verginità, d' albri pensieri e regi;
D' alta beltà; ma sua beltà non cura,
O tanto sol, quant' onesta sen fregi;
E 'l suo pregio maggior, che tra le mura
D'angusta casa asconde i suoi gran pregi;
E dè vagheggiatori ella s'invola
Alle lodi, Agli squardi inenlta e sola.

"Pur guardia non esser non può, che'n tutto cele
Beltà degna ch' appaia e che s' ammiri;
Nè tu il consenti, Amor; ma la riveli
D'un giovenetto ai cupidi desiri.
Amor ch' or cieco, or argo ora ne veli
Di benda gli occhi, ora ce gli apri e giri
Tu per mille custodie entro ai piu casti
Verginei alberghi il guardo altrui portasti."*

In order that all may understand this we give the best translation within our reach:

"Of generous thoughts and principles sublime
Among them in the city lived a maid,
The flower of virgins, in her ripest prime,
Supremely beautiful! but that she made
Never her care, or beauty only weigh'd
In worth with virtue; and her worth acquired

* Canto ii., stanzas 14 and 16.

A deeper charm from blooming in the shade;
Lovers she shunn'd, nor loved to be admired,
But from their praises turn'd and lived a life retired.

"Yet could not this coy secrecy prevent
Th' admiring gaze and warm desires of *one*
Tutor'd by Love, nor yet would Love consent
To hide such lustrous beauty from the sun;
Love! that through every change delight'st to run
The Proteus of the heart! who now dost blind,
Now roll the Argus eyes that naught can shun!
Thou through a thousand guards unseen dost wind,
And to the chastest maids familiar access find."

Sophronio has already been dragged to the pyre for execution, but just as she is about to be sacrificed, Clorinda, shocked at the inhuman cruelty of the deed about to be committed, hastens to save her; although she has but just come all the way from Persia, as a female warrior, for the express purpose of aiding in the expulsion and overthrow of the Christians. Her warlike appearance, resolute bearing, and great beauty combine to overawe the officers who have charge of the execution, so that they agree to wait until she has had an interview with the sultan. The latter first refuses, then takes time to reflect, but finally he comes to the conclusion that it would be neither judicious nor safe to refuse one who exercised so powerful an influence, altogether apart from her prowess as a warrior, and her zeal, as an enemy to the Franks. The lovers are naturally more attached to each other now than ever, after having been thus almost miraculously saved when about to be committed to the flames.

Whether it be right or wrong to maintain that the character of Sophronio was meant for that of the Princess Leonora—the poet himself representing Olindo—it is not difficult to understand that they could hardly have personated the two lovers of the episode without their own feelings being somewhat influenced while doing so. That Tasso was so influenced no one pretends any longer to deny. There is still some doubt as to the light in which his attentions were regarded by Leonora; but only, in our opinion because, as before intimated, the Duke

Alphonso exercised all his power and influence to prevent the publication of any version of the story which would favor the hypothesis that a princess of the house of Este could become enamored of one who, however great his genius, was still but a dependant on her father's bounty. No one has more fully investigated all that relates to Tasso's life than Ginguerié; who fully sustains the views of Serassi as to the author's design with regard to Sophronio and Olindo. The former concludes a long and interesting dissertation on the subject as follows: "Qui peut douter que le Tasse, dans les premiers transports de *cette noble passion*, n'ait voulu se representer lui même; que plus d'une fois il ne se fût une idéa cèleste du bonheur de meurir avec une femme adorée, et de s' immoler pour elle; qu'il n'ait saisi avidement cette occasion unique d'exprimer des vœus, qui peutêtre en indiquaient d'autres qu'il n'aurait osé avouer de même? · · · · Cet episode est un defaut dans son poem. Tous les amis qu'il consulta le sentirent; tous insisterent pour qu'il le retranchât; *il le sentit comme eux; il l'avoua meme et refusa toujours de consentir a* ce sacrifice; l'intérêt de la perfection de son ouvrage *se tut devant un intérêt plus cher.*"

In every other part of the poem we have evidence that the author fully understood the leading precept of Aristotle as to beauty of expression, and symmetry of form: "Οἱ μεν γὰρ σεμνότεροι, τας καλας ἐμιμεῖντο πραξεις, καὶ τας των τοιὀτων τυχας." If it be said that he has introduced into his Gerusalemme too much that is strange, horrible, and frightful he can sustain himself by the authority of the same philosopher, who says, in his book on poetry: "We see terrible animals, dead or dying men, in a picture with pleasure, objects which in nature would inspire us only with fear and sorrow. The better they are imitated the more complete is our satisfaction." True, objects are presented to us by Tasso which do not exist in nature; such as his Harpies, Gorgons, Centaurs, Geryons, &c. But there were many in his time who believed them to exist—in fact the majority of the people; nor is such belief altogether extinct at the present day. This would justify the poet; for

the epic has as much to do with what is fabulous, as with what is founded on fact, as long as the former is kept within the bounds of what, from the want of a better name, is called poetical vraisemblance. If we censure Tasso for using figures which seem to us extravagant and absurd, we must censure Homer on the same grounds—in fact it is the author of the Iliad who is most to blame, if any blame there should be, for the kind of extravagance referred to, since had he not set the example of conjuring up gods and goddesses of such wonderful dimensions we should hardly have heard even of the enormous Satan of Milton. Every student of the classics remembers the Mars of the Iliad. He does not seem to have inspired any great fear among either the Trojans or Greeks, while he marched about among them as if he was not quite sure what side he should take. He fights with Diomed but fails to conquer him. At the battle of the gods he makes no better figure, but is overthrown by Minerva. It is only in his fall that we find him great; for he covers seven acres.* In another part of the Iliad (xxi.) Tityus covers nine acres—the whole extent of what would make a pretty large park for a country town. Nor is it gods and heroes alone which are thus presented to us by Homer in a somewhat "questionable shape." He tells us that the earth shook to its centre when the army marched like the thunderbolts of Jupiter over the hills which overwhelmed the giant Typhon. In the Odyssey he is still more marvellous, if possible. He makes the wise and good Ulysses so far forget himself as to follow the chariot of a beautiful princess who goes naked to bathe; he shuts up the winds in goats' skins, turns the companions of Ulysses into swine, and finally makes him kill the numerous suitors of his wife, Penelope, with the aid of only his son and two servants; and this at a time when the old lady's head must have been gray if it was ever to become so. But he is not the less divine for all

* Had Otus and Ephialtes lived, and continued to grow at the rate they did in their youth, at the age of three score and ten they would have been larger than even Mars, since at their death, when only nine years old, they were nine cubits broad and nine fathoms (fifty-four feet) high! See Odyssey, xi., 31.

this, or the less unapproachable in epic grandeur. Nay, more, there is not one of the scenes, pictures, or incidents we have thus hastily glanced at in Homer which is not invested with peculiar interest. The same may be said of what are called the exaggerations of Tasso, though in an inferior degree. All that can be urged against the latter, is that he transcends his master in the immense size and strength which he gives his personages. Indeed, in one or two instances the charge is but too well founded. This is true of his Pluto whom he describes while sitting in counsel with the infernal assembly, within his palace, as larger than the largest mountain.* In a similar manner he describes Rinaldo as doing the work of a battering-ram.

> "Nor brass nor marble stone could stand before
> The sudden force of that tremendous blow;
> The sounding hinges from the rock it tore,
> Broke the strong locks and laid the portals low;
> *Nor battering engine*, nor *balista bow*,
> *Nor fulminating petard, death's thunderball*,
> Could have done more; in, like a deluge, flow
> Through the void pass, vast numbers, at the call
> Of the triumphant youth, the aspiring soul of all."†

But it was not for the size of his gods, demons, or men, that Tasso had to make apology to the critics when he was most violently assailed; but for mingling Christianity with Paganism, giving too much power to magicians, making his women too seductive, his warriors too susceptible, &c. The worst of it was that it was necessary to remove a portion, if not all, of the objectionable passages in order to secure the protection of the state, so that no one could infringe on the copyright of the poem when published. For this reason the author did all in his power to explain away the objections of the censors. He displays great ingenuity, learning, and critical sagacity, in his efforts to defend the characters and scenes which it was the greatest pain to him to alter, not to speak of suppressing

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* C. iv., 6. † C. xix., 36.

them. All his writings on the subject—at least such as are most important, are still extant, and are replete with interest. Flavinio, who may be regarded as the chairman of the committee of critics, to which the poem was submitted before publication, advises the author, as a friend, thus: "Remove the love scenes; blot out all about the Erminias and the Armidas; they profane the sanctity of Godfrey's camp—they diminish the grandeur of the holy enterprise which is the subject of your poem. When you have done this, and removed all about the enchanted forest,* and the magic of the Saracens, which Barga objects to still more than I do, we will not hesitate to say that the poem is greatly improved." Had this been a mere advice such as critics sometimes give in our time and country, Tasso would have cared little about it. But Flaminio spoke with authority. He was one of the judges, or rather jurymen, selected by the author himself, so that he was bound to respect his decision. The objections of Barga, were, upon the whole, not so severe. To the latter Tasso replies: "I will kill all the magicians in the last book, and put an end to that objection. I will add ten stanzas to the passage about Erminia—I will make a holy nun of her; but do not ask me to leave her out. As to Armida—why she, to be sure, is too attractive; but then, consider, the actual crusaders were guilty of the same faults as Rinaldo, without the same provocation. In increasing her seductiveness I but render Godfrey's virtue the greater, and supply a defence for such of the heroes as she has been able to wile away from the Christian camp." The committee, or rather court, sat regularly at Rome two or three times a week, for several months; but like the famous philosophers who mis-

* No one who has read his descriptions of forest and garden scenery, especially the latter, will wonder that he was anxious to defend them to the last.

"When thro' the lab'rinth they had made their way
Before their eyes the lovely garden lay,
Still lakes of silver, streams that murm'ring crept,
Hills on whose sloping brow the sunbeams slept,
Luxuriant trees, that various forms displayed
And valleys grateful with refreshing shade."

took a mouse in their telescope for an elephant in the moon, they had come to a certain conclusion, and Homer himself could not have persuaded them that their premises were erroneous. In this extremity the author was reminded of his old friends of Padua; and he went to them with all possible speed in the hope that their criticisms would be less captious, and would have some influence with his censors. But the latter pursued him with letters—writing also to those who were inclined to favor him—showing that it would be a scandal to sanction the condemned passages. To one of these epistles Tasso writes as follows, in May, 1575: "You object to my placing the muse in heaven, since the name of muse signifies only sound, or song, which in Aristotle's opinion cannot be in heaven. . . . . I deny your *major* inasmuch as Pythagoras, Plato, Tully, and Dante, say there is sound in heaven. Were I to rest there I have four to one the best of it. But Aristotle admits that there is musical proportion in heaven, from which, say I, it follows that there is a muse, or muses, and thus I justify myself as poet, philosopher, and divine. You object again that, 'I represent Godfrey, warned by a divine dream, and quote Aristotle as saying *somnia non mittuntur a Deo*.' Now, I answer by reminding you of Homer and of Agamemnon's dream, and if that will not do, then I beg of you to read St. Thomas Aquinas, who quotes Aristotle as saying that some dreams are demoniacal." This, it must be admitted, was pretty forcible logic, but it had little, if any, effect.

The author's health was now growing feeble, and the protection of the state, for the publication of the work was still unsecured. The least sensitive would have been unhappy in similar circumstances; but, in addition to his other troubles, and he had always more than his share, Tasso began to entertain fears that he would be accused and condemned of heresy. There does not appear to have been the slightest grounds for such an apprehension, although it was well known that he devoted much of his time to incantations and exorcisms. At any rate, in order to avoid all danger, he resolved to submit his

poem to a new tribunal. This, too, was composed of scholars of the highest eminence, including poets, philosophers, and divines, but instead of sanctioning the condemned passages as harmless and fit for publication, the new critics proceeded to discover new faults in his poem. This was sufficiently mortifying; but Tasso resolved not to be obstinate any longer, and accordingly invented an allegory to explain away the objections of all. This, too, failed. A work that was the subject of so much criticism might readily be supposed to be profitable as a publication. The booksellers took the hint, and while critics and author still continued to argue and wrangle with each other, spurious editions of the poem were published, which increased to no slight extent the chagrin of the author.

It would lead us too far to contemplate him in his dark, filthy, and dismal underground dungeon, where he was destined to spend more than seven years, sigh over his many fruitless appeals for his liberty, read, not without emotion, those fine odes in which, while yet a captive, he laments the death of Leonora, then, on his liberation, follow him to Naples, and thence to Rome, where, after all, he found his truest and best friends. Far from persecuting him in any form, for anything he had said in his sublime poem, the Pope (Clement the Eighth) welcomed him to the Eternal City in the most kind and affectionate manner, causing him to be met without the city by a splendid cavalcade, which escorted him to the Vatican. Next day he was received by the Pope in person, who, in an appropriate address, expressed his highest admiration of his great poem, concluding thus: "We have destined you the crown of laurel, that from you it may receive as much honor as in times past it has conferred on others." But this was not the only proof of kindness received by the poet from the head of the Church when he was most in need of aid; the good pontiff also granted him a pension of 200 scudi, which, with what he derived from Cardinal Cinthio and other friends, were sufficient to supply all his necessities. It was not long, however, that he needed any. The time appointed for his coronation had approached; in two weeks the ceremony was to have taken place

amid unusual pomp. But Tasso felt that his end was at hand, and requested permission to spend his last days in the Monastery of Onofiro, where he died in a few days, bequeathing all the little property he had to Manso and Cardinal Cinthio—his portrait to the former and his works to the latter, together with certain little trinkets of slight importance in themselves but of great value as mementoes of one who had already afforded the world so much delight, while forced himself to drink the cup of suffering and sorrow to the dregs.

No wonder that the Cardinal wept bitterly as he saw him die. Had he never seen him before, his story—what it cost him to possess genius and still be human in having faults—was a sufficient cause of sorrow, if not for Tasso, at least for the sake of humanity which was so much outraged by the long and cruel persecution of which he was the victim. We have evidence, at once melancholy and conclusive, in one of his own letters, written two or three days before his death, that he retained to the last a lively sense of the wrongs he had suffered, although he utters no reproach against the chief if not only author of his misfortunes. "What," he writes, "will my dear Constantini say, when he shall hear of the death of his dear Tasso! and in my opinion the tidings will not be tardy. The close of life I feel to be fast approaching; no remedy can be found to assuage this new distemper, which has joined my others; so that, as by a rapid torrent, I am borne away, without anything to cling to, or to oppose its spread. *It avails not now to speak of my relentless fortune, nor to complain of the ingratitude of the world, which has gained the victory of conducting me indigent to the tomb,* while I fondly hoped that the glory which (whatever it may think) this age shall derive from my writings, would not entirely leave me without reward."

It speaks well for the affectionate nature of Tasso, that the chief faults of his Gerusalemme, have their origin in his exalted opinion of the sex, both morally and intellectually. He gives most of his women superior understanding and judgment, as well as great physical beauty and captivating manners

—and be it observed that he was the first great poet to do so. As an instance, we need only mention Clorinda, who is not the less kind, generous, and compassionate, because a warrior; as we have seen from the manner in which she spared the lives of Sophronio and Olindo. For the same reason, he places all his warriors—even the most unsusceptible—more or less under the influence of love. The most objectionable female character he has drawn is Armida; but even she is a woman at heart, in spite of her magic and enchantments. Finding that Rinaldo has abandoned her, she threatens vengeance. She offers herself as a prize, according to Eastern custom, to any warrior who will avenge her wrongs; yet when she sees the object of her revenge pass her in battle, and has an opportunity of shooting him she hesitates. Two or three times her heart fails her when she goes to draw the bow: and finally, when the arrow is gone, she fondly wishes that it may not strike him. There is not a finer passage in the whole poem than that in which, Dido-like, she thus plays the woman; but in copying it, in the poet's own words, we must take our leave, for the present, of Torquato Tasso :—

" Sorse Amor contra l'ira; e fe palese
Che vive il foco suo, ch' ascoso tenne,
La man tre volte a saettar distese;
Tre volte essa inchinolla, e si ritenne.
Pur vinse alfin lo sdegno; e l'arco tese,
E fe' volar del suo quadrel le penne,
Lo stral volò; ma con la strale un voto
Gulito usci, che vada il colpo a voto.

" Torria ben ella che il quadrel punguente
Tornasso indietro, e le tornasse al core:
Tanto poteva in lei, benchè perdente,
(Or che potria vittorioso?) Amore.
Ma di tal suo pensier poi si repente;
E nel discorde sen cresce il furore.
Cosi or paventa, ed or desia che tocchi
Alpieno il colpo; e'l segue pur con gli occhi."

* Canto, xx. 63, 64.

ART. V.—1. *The English Language.* By ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M. D., F. R. S. London: 1849.

2. *The Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English Language.* By the Rev. M. HARRISON, A. M. London: 1848.

3. *Outlines of English Literature.* By T. B. SHAW, B. A., Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Institute, St. Peterburgh. London: 1849.

4. *Lectures on the English Language.* By G. P. MARSH, Professor of English Literature at Columbia College. New-York: 1860.

THE history of a people is so intimately and indissolubly connected with the history of its language, that no one who is in any degree alive to the importance of acquiring and advancing a correct knowledge of the former can be insensible to the claims which the latter has on his careful study and investigation. Nor need we demonstrate by argument that the loftier the position the more wide-spread the influence, and the vaster the power of any nation may be, the more does a correct knowledge of the growth and development of its language become an object of importance to the world at large. Regarded in this light, the history of the English language can no longer be considered as merely a necessary part of the education of youth in America and England, or a matter of interesting study and research for antiquarians and philologers; it takes a far higher ground from the lofty position held by the English race amid the nations of the earth. The careful and conscientious study of the history of our race and language will probably tend, more effectually than any other means, to the attainment of this desirable end, and it is much more under the influence of this conviction, than with any design of minutely criticising the works whose titles head our article, that we offer the present remarks.

Our leading object is to show the structure, peculiarities

and powers of the English language as it exists at the present day, and its marked adaptation to the present position and coming destiny of our race. This will involve the necessity of taking a retrospective view of its history, in which we shall not hesitate to avail ourselves of the works before us, or rather of the first two, of which, in all the more important parts, the other two are to a great extent simply adaptations or supplements.

Few have done so much for the illustration of the grammar and history of the English language as Dr. Latham, who first brought philological scholarship fully and systematically to bear upon this very important but very much neglected subject. Dr. Bosworth had indeed paved the way in 1819 by his admirable Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language, and Kemble, Garnet, Guest, and other English scholars, had opened up certain narrow paths which facilitated the formation of the broader and firmer road, that it was reserved for Latham to construct upon the principles and plan so ably and successfully carried out by the great German philologer Grimm; but still to Latham, unquestionably, belongs the credit of having been the first to compose a systematic work, on sound philological principles, upon the grammar and history of our language. And admirably qualified was he for the task, uniting as he did classical scholarship of the highest order to a very intimate acquaintance with a vast number of Asiatic and European languages, among which, however, those of the Scandinavian stock had especially engaged his attention. The high estimation in which Latham is held in Holland, Germany, and Denmark, the two birthlands of modern philology, is one of the strongest evidences of that profound and varied scholarship to which some of the later writers on the same subject have not, in our opinion, been sufficiently candid in acknowledging their obligations.

While, however, we thus assign to Latham that position of honor which we believe to be his just due, we would not be understood to acquiesce in, or endorse, all his views, by whatever ingenuity and learning they may be supported. On the

contrary, we shall presently have to instance some points in which we believe him to be in error. Before we proceed to do this, however, we desire briefly to notice the labors of some other pioneers of the path of English Philology. Mr. Marsh attributes the tardy revival of national philology in England to a cause which, at least as expressed by him, scarcely does justice to more than one distinguished scholar. The passage alluded to is as follows: "It was only when the new *political* relations between England and the important Germanic States had awakened the dormant moral and intellectual sympathies between these nations, that the literature and the learning of Germany became objects of interest and sources of instruction to British scholars. To that period we trace the first impulses, whose gradual action has led to the tardy revival of national philology in England, and the labors of Danish and German linguists form the real groundwork of all that native inquirers have since accomplished." (p. 6.) Now, the latter portion of this paragraph we allow to be in the main correct, but as to the *political* part of the cause, we claim it to have had little or no foundation, except in the writer's imagination. Moreover, it tacitly ignores the labors of BENTLEY, the illustrious forerunner and pioneer of modern Greek and Latin criticism, to which English philology is very largely indebted for the attention it has subsequently attracted both on the continent and in England; and also those of Wallis, who, however comparatively unknown or unregarded may be his name, must be allowed to have pointed out in his grammar—unfortunately for the fame of its writer written in Latin—a more correct and philosophical grammatical cultivation than was previously known. This writer not only displayed much ability in examining the peculiarities of our language on its own basis, but also gave proof of no small acquaintance with the mutual relations of Latin and Saxon. To him, moreover, belongs the credit of distinctly enunciating the sound principle, afterwards acted upon by others with so much advantage, that the labors of the etymologist must be carried on, not merely on the system of *induction*, within the bounds of

the language under consideration, but also by *historical research* into, and comparison with, other kindred languages, and by a careful study of the onomatopœic formation of others.

No sound English scholar, however, will deny the obligations we are under to the great philological writers of Holland, Denmark, and Germany. Pre-eminent among these stands JACOB GRIMM, whom Dr. Latham has avowedly taken as his model and guide, perhaps following sometimes even too closely in his steps. Grimm, by the publication of his Deutsche Grammatik, justly entitled by Latham a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, brought about what must be regarded as a complete revolution in the European idea of grammar. Distinguished beyond all his countrymen and contemporaries, by an accurate acquaintance with the principles of language in general, and having devoted long and laborious attention, more particularly to all the Scandinavian tongues, it was but natural that the result of investigations made by so keen a vision, and with such powerful lenses, should exercise an influence far beyond the focus to which they were specially directed. His researches, in fact, shed forth a light, whose beams penetrated into the dark corners of philological obscurity in all the homes of the Gothic or Teutonic race; and the "Deutsche Grammatik" is to this day sought by all philologers, as a treasurehouse of knowledge; the standard guide to sound principles, and the model of method in practical investigation.

Nor must the labors of another illustrious continental philologer be altogether passed by without notice. BOPP's researches in Sanscrit Grammar and etymology, though apparently but little connected with English, had nevertheless a very important influence and bearing upon it—an influence, whose extent is now acknowledged to be much wider and deeper than was once supposed. The intimate relationship existing between that old sacred language of India and the languages of Greece and Rome is now well understood and appreciated by all scholars, and the large infusion of Greek and Roman roots and words into our present English tongue, would of itself establish a close connection with that older language, to which

they are so nearly related, even were there not full reason (as we hope to show) for believing the original Anglo-Saxon dialect to be but one of the many branches put forth from the common old Iranian stem.

In pursuance of the plan we have laid down, we now proceed to clear the way for future investigations, by noticing certain points on which we differ from Latham, and the other writers, the titles of whose works stand at the head of our article. We differ from Dr. Latham on more than one of his grammatical analyses, but those are minor matters, on which we do not desire just now to dwell. A more important point, and, indeed, almost the only one of consequence on which we dissent from his conclusions, occurs in the historical part of his work. It is this:

He seems to regard it as an indisputable fact, that the modern English language—say, as existing at the close of the fifteenth century—developed itself naturally and wholly out of the *literate* Anglo-Saxon, by a process of regular, continuous growth, while he evidently deems the common opinion, which attributes to the Norman Conquest a considerable influence upon and modification of our language, to be founded in error. "What the present language of England," he observes, "would have been, had the Norman Conquest never taken place, the analogy of Holland, Denmark, and of many other countries, will enable us to determine. It would have been much as it is at present." Having so disposed of the common view, he can apparently discover no alternative but the one previously stated. We, on the other hand, feel more inclined to assent to the moderate and reasonable opinion advocated by one of the earliest reviewers of Dr. Latham's work, of which we can only give the substance from memory: that the intermixture of two races and two languages must at least have afforded a very powerful impulse towards obliterating the Anglo-Saxon inflections. Nor is it any disproof of this to allege that, in Holland and elsewhere, a like tendency has acted, without a Norman Conquest. To which the patent reply is, that there has been a great fusion of tribes and races in all

parts of Europe; and, accordingly, the change in organism of all the languages has been in the same direction. In Holland, according to Halbertsma, the number of dialects, within a small territory, is greater than anywhere else in Europe, except in England. But, as besides the various Teutonic races in that island, its inhabitants have had to submit to fusion with the yet more heterogeneous Norman tongue, so have its effects on the English idiom been peculiarly great; the primitive grammar having been, perhaps, nowhere else obliterated in so great a degree. Nor, again, does it seem to be a solid refutation of this idea to allege that the final changes of the language were later than the fusion of the races. Even were that clearly made out, it would be easy to reply that, after it has become hopeless to preserve the old grammar in its integrity, men will not care to struggle for its remnants. A new principle has been set at work. They will seek to perfect their speech by means of other helps, and the process of destroying inflection, once begun, is continued even after the exciting cause has ceased.

So far, then, from agreeing with Latham in considering the English language to have developed itself naturally and continuously from the *literate*, or book Anglo-Saxon, we consider even the latter, as it is generally understood, to have been largely indebted to the cognate Dutch and Danish dialects; so much so, that, familiar and fondly cherished as is the name Anglo-Saxon, we are induced to think that, as applied to the language, the term Dano-Saxon, found in several of the old writers, would be more in accordance with the facts of its formation. Among the characteristics chiefly relied upon by those who coincide in our view, may be mentioned the form of the possessive case in *s*, which is decidedly a Norman, and not an Anglo-Saxon peculiarity. This derives confirmation, also, from the *s* or *es* of the plural, which is evidently due to the Norman, or rather Norman-French element. To the Dutch and Norman (proper) may also be referred the pronouns *he*, *she*, *it*, *they*, *their*, *them*, which correspond to the Dutch *hy*, *zy*, het, 't, *zy* (they), and the German *er*, *sie*, *es*, *sie*.

These points derive importance from the acknowledged difficulty of introducing *new forms of cases*, and still more, *new pronouns*, into a language. Therefore, when these are found to be borrowed, it seems only reasonable to conclude that a considerable portion of the vocabulary and idioms have been derived from a like source; and that if, in such points as these, the modern English has adopted the Dutch or Danish form, to the neglect or rejection of the Anglo-Saxon, it has probably done so in many other particulars.

Here, however, a difficulty meets us in the extracts given by Latham, which demonstrate that the Anglo-Saxon forms of the pronouns still maintained their place in the old English of Henry III., namely, *heo* for *she*, *min* and *thin* for *my* and *thy*, *heo* for *they*, *heora* for *their*, *hem* for *them*, &c. (Latham, ed. 3, p. 121.) We cannot certainly suppose that the modern forms were brought in after that era. The evidence of history, however, is quite sufficient to afford us an explanation in the fact that, long previous to the Norman-French invasion, large districts of England were inhabited by Danish and Dutch invaders or their descendants, who, of course, retained their own dialectic forms of language, so that, in fact, the Anglo-Saxon of literature was only the predominating form of speech as used at the Saxon Court. The Norman conquest overthrew this predominance or precedence, and other several dialectic forms of Norman (proper), Dutch, and Saxon, being left to struggle among themselves, an intimate fusion was the natural result.

Before we proceed any further, in order to guard against being misunderstood, let us, in connection with the preceding remarks, observe that, as a general rule, by the term Anglo-Saxon, applied to our race and language, we do not designate that one tribe solely as distinguished from the other cognate tribes by which England was peopled previous to the time of Alfred. Especially, in tracing the rise and progress of our language, we include under that term the Dutch and Danish elements. Again, though we feel obliged to retain the word "Norman," as applied to the invasion of William, we should

prefer to use "Norman French" when defining the influence exercised by that event and its immediate consequences upon our language. Lastly, by the term "English," we desire clearly to be understood as *not* meaning the people and language of purely Anglo-Saxon descent, invidiously contrasted with those derived from other stocks. Such a usage of the term, however countenanced by the practice of many writers, who seem to regard a narrow exclusiveness as proof of a patriotic spirit, has ever seemed to us to be no less unwise and uncharitable in practice, than unfounded in fact and unphilosophical in principle. *Giving to the term the full and fair* significance stated above, we hold in as deep veneration as any the old Anglo-Saxon element, which forms at once the solid substratum of our language, and of the sturdy, dauntless, enterprising character which has helped us to win for ourselves such memorable triumphs in arts and arms in the New World. As regards our language, our feelings and opinions have undergone no alteration, since, long years ago, we thus expressed ourselves: "Many changes in language, as in all other things, have cast their shadows over the historic pathway of our race, since the banner of the 'White Horse' first waived above the plains of Britain; but the Saxon power, shaken from the grasp of the sceptre and the throne, has established for itself a nobler and more enduring sway in the household converse of the people; and now, after the lapse of fourteen centuries, the earliest words of our infant lips, and the most endearing and familiar terms of more advanced life, attest the wide diffusion and enduring power of the old Saxon stock from which they are descended." While, however, thus justly valuing and venerating the sturdy old element, to which our language, literature, and national character, are so largely indebted for their solidity and strength, we were no less careful then, than now, to do justice to the other great and numerous elements, which have entered into the formation of the English race and language of this nineteenth century. Nor can we regard as any other than the offspring of fanatical prejudice, or of a spurious pride of race, the feeling which leads so many writers of the

present day to ignore or depreciate the other valuable materials, which have combined with the solid Gothic foundation to form the grand structure of our present English language—a language which, composite as it is, and irregular and corrupt in the eyes of grammarians, in every point of adaptability to all the mental and material wants of a people, has not, nor ever had an equal, either in the earlier forms of its own development, or among all the languages of ancient and modern times. It is well observed by Harrison, in reference to the composite structure of our language:

"It is only when we enter into the anatomy of such words as these, that we become sensible of their perfect adaptation to express our ideas; and we feel that their services in the English language cannot be dispensed with. As children of softer climes and gentler aspect, they have been received into a share of the family inheritance, and add grace and elegance to the home of their adoption. If we must borrow at all, it is surely better that we should borrow from these pure fountains of antiquity, than from the polluted streams of more modern times. From intercourse and from conquest all the languages of Europe participate with each other. The modern French is a compound of the ancient Gallic—of Greek, partly derived from the Greek colony that founded Marseilles, and partly through the medium of the Latin, introduced by the long residence of the Roman legions in Gaul—of the Francic, introduced by the Franks, who entered Gaul under Faramund, and gave their name to France—and of the Norman or northern dialect, with which the peculiar pronunciation of the letter *r* is supposed to have been introduced, just as a similar peculiarity was introduced into Northumberland by the Danes. Language, in fact, is the mere child of circumstances, 'words' (as it has been beautifully said) 'being the daughters of earth while things are the sons of Heaven,'—the one changeable and perishable, the other permanent and stable. The English language has shown no wanton or capricious adoption of foreign terms or idioms. In the simplicity of its construction it has cut out a path for itself; and neither by the introduction of classical terms, nor by words or phrases derived from any other source, has it ever suffered its onward process of simplification to be impeded, or its leading principles to be overpowered."

In immediate connection with the preceding remarks we now turn to the consideration of Mr. Marsh's recently published work, "Lectures on the English Language," and, as we shall be compelled not only to dissent from many of his views, but also to object very strongly to some other features of his work, let us here promise that we shall do so simply in the discharge of what we deem an imperative duty, and not without pain. We have been led, by the report of others, to appreciate and respect Mr. Marsh's acquirements as a linguistic scholar. He has gained for himself an honorable reputation by his researches into Icelandic and other northern languages, and we believe that his "Lectures" will tend to attract a degree of attention to the study of English in this country beyond what that study has hitherto received. When, however, we observe so many reviewers, too plainly influenced by friendly feelings to the writer, and an exaggerated admiration of his previously-gained reputation, assigning to his work the character (or praise) of profound and original research, giving him, in fact, the credit of opening up the path of English philology, we must enter our protest against so unjust a decision. We have examined his work with much care and strict impartiality, and have compared it closely and minutely with those whose titles are prefixed to our article, and we unhesitatingly state, that while much credit is due to Mr. Marsh, for the methodical and agreeable form in which he has arranged and combined the material supplied by his predecessors, we have failed to discover in his volume *any proof of original research*, or *any great fact or principle which is not to be found distinctly laid down in the works* of Latham, Harrison, Trench, and Whately.

From the first he has unquestionably derived by much the greater portion of his materials, and yet we are pained to observe that, so far from generously acknowledging the obligation, he has only alluded to that writer's able work on two occasions, and then to exercise an unfair criticism. At p. 61, in a note, we find these remarks: "I must be permitted to notice what is at least an inaccuracy of expression in his [Latham's] etymology of our English word 'drake'. . . . . .

To assert that 'drake' is derived from *anas* is not only a violation of the legitimate rules of etymological deduction, but it involves the historical improbability," &c. Now, on turning to the passage in Latham, we find that he does *not give the etymology as his own*, but is simply *quoting the opinion and words of Grimm*, the great German philologer, to whom we have more than once referred. Again, at pages 645–6, he cites the concluding paragraph of Latham's preface, as follows: "I am not desirous of sacrificing truth to an antithesis; but so certain is language to change from logical accuracy to logical license, and at the same time so certain is language, when so changed, to be as intelligible as before, that I venture upon asserting that not only *whatever is, is right*, but also in *many cases* whatever was, was wrong." Upon this passage, *isolated from the preceding context, which is absolutely necessary to its comprehension*, Mr. Marsh takes no small pains to prove Dr. Latham guilty of error and absurdity! Yet we venture to maintain that our readers will be of a somewhat different opinion, or at all events consider Mr. Marsh's criticism to be scarcely fair or candid, when they read Latham's preceding observations. In explanation of the plan of his work, partly logical and partly historical, he had been pointing out the different application of logic to language and to reasoning. "Logic is in language," he observes, "what it is in reasoning—a rule and a standard. But in its *application* to reasoning and to language there is this difference: Whilst illogical reasoning and illogical grammar are equally phenomena of the human mind, the illogical grammar can *rectify itself by its mere continuance, propagation, and repetition. In this respect* the phenomena of *language* stand apart from the other phenomena of either mind or organized matter. No amount of false argument can make a fallacy other than a fallacy. No amount of frequency can make physical disease other than a predisposing cause to physical disorganization. The argument that halts in its logic is not on a par with the argument that is sound. Such also is the case with any bodily organ. No prevalence of sickness can evolve health. *Language*, however, so long as it

preserves the same amount of intelligibility is always language. Provided it serve as a medium it does its proper work, and, as long as it does this, it is, as *far as its application is concerned*, faultless. Now, there is a limit in logical regularity, which, language is perpetually overstepping; just as there is a logical limit, which the reasoning of common life is perpetually overstepping, and just as there is a physiological limit, which the average health of man and woman may depart from. This limit is investigated by the historical method, which shows the amount of latitude in which language may indulge, and yet *maintain its great essential of intelligibility*. Nay, more, it can show that it sometimes transgresses the limit in so remarkable a manner, as to induce writers to talk about *the corruption of a language*, or *the pathology of a language*, with the application of many similar metaphors. Yet it is very doubtful whether all languages, in all their stages, are not equally intelligible, and consequently, equally what they ought to be, viz., mediums of intercourse between man and man; while, in respect to their growth, it is almost certain that, so far from exhibiting signs of dissolution, they are, on the contrary, like the Tithonus of Mythology, the Strulbrugs of Laputa, or lastly such monsters as Frankenstein, very liable to the causes of death, but utterly unable to die. *Hence, in language, whatever is, is right;* a fact which, taken by itself, gives great value to the *historical* method of inquiry, and leaves little to the *à priori* considerations of logic. But, on the other hand, there is a limit in logical regularity, which language *never* oversteps; and as long as this is the case, the study of the logical standard of what language is, in its normal form, must go hand in hand with the study of the processes that deflect it. The investigation of the irregularities of language—and be it remembered that almost all change implies original irregularity—is analogous to the investigation of fallacies in logic. It is the comparison between the *rule* and the *practice, with this difference, that in language the practice can change the rule which in logic is impossible.*"

Now, with all due deference to Mr. Marsh, we beg to assert

that, if the short paragraph selected by him be read in the light of the above context, no one, who has properly studied the philosophy and history of language, will be able to discover anything incorrect, much less absurd. There is sound common sense, as well as sound philosophy in Dr. Latham's remarks. To judge solely from his observations at page 11 and elsewhere, a reader would be led to conclude that little or nothing had been done, previous to the appearance of these "Lectures," by English philologers, for the analysis and history of our common language, and yet he is plainly not unacquainted with Latham's work, *first published nineteen years since*, or with the Anglo-Saxon Dictionary of Dr. Bosworth, which appeared twenty-two years earlier! At page 12, he acknowledges a certain amount of obligation to Halliwell, Wright, Kemble, and Thorpe, but is silent regarding those to whom he is far more deeply indebted, viz., Latham and Harrison, to the latter of whom even belongs the credit, such as it is, of the remarks at page 649, on such phrases as "the house is being built" instead of "the house is building," which Marsh, following Harrison, maintains to be the correct expression. Our limits preclude us from discussing this and many other points at present, but we hope to return to them on a future occasion. Respect for the character of our national literature alone induces us to deprecate this want of candor and generous acknowledgment of obligation on the part of our authors. There was a time, when, however much so disingenuous a procedure was to be lamented, the acutely-felt inferiority in our own literature and scholastic attainments excited a species of wounded national pride, which rendered Americans averse to acknowledging their debts to the more advanced learning of England. Other causes, to which we need not allude, combined with this to produce a result, which has exposed us to the depreciatory remarks of European writers; some of whom are now unwilling to be convinced that our country and system can or does produce any sound scholars.

The best and only way of correcting that erroneous opin-

ion, is for our *educational writers* more particularly, to be even punctiliously careful in avowing the sources from which their information is derived. We can well afford to do this now, for, though our universities may not yet be able to rival those of England, Ireland, and Germany, in the higher walks of classical scholarship, yet, taking an average estimate of our national progress in knowledge and civilization, we not only claim—but are acknowledged by the highest European authorities—to be on a *full footing of equality* with the most cultivated nations of the old world. Our mathematical scholars have given proof of their ability to compete with the best "Wranglers" of Cambridge, and "Medallists" of Dublin, and if we are still somewhat behind in classical learning, that deficiency is fully compensated by our proficiency in natural and applied science. No nation of Europe, not even ingenious and highly polished France, much less England or Germany—can contest with us the palm of superiority in the application of science to the practical purposes and wants of life. Looking, moreover, less to the education of a favored few, than to that of the people at large, America, so far from feeling humbled by any sense of inferiority, may boldly claim the admiration and respect of European nations. Such being our position in regard to science and education, we stand in need of no such fictitious recommendations as can alone arise from paltry pilferings of the fruits of other men's scholarship and labor; we know that *European* writers constantly refer to our writers on those subjects in which we are confessedly superior, and *we can afford* to be equally candid, and *we ought to be so.* Americans are very apt to feel hurt on hearing or reading the derogatory criticisms of foreign authors upon our literature, but they ought not to be surprised thereat, so long as some of our leading professors publish, as the product of their own scholarship, entire series of classical works, in which all the annotations of any worth are notoriously taken from German and English editions! A better and more honorable course has, we rejoice to observe, been lately inaugurated by some of our best scholars, and, for the sake of our national character

and that of our literature, we trust the day is rapidly approaching, when plagiarism and pretension will be regarded with as much contempt in the United States, as they have long been in the United Kingdom.

There are other evidences of a narrow spirit in certain portions of Mr. Marsh's work, which we consider equally unworthy of any respectable writer, and calculated to draw down injurious reflections on our literature. We have certainly had as ample opportunities of mingling in "the best circles of English society" as Mr. Marsh, yet we are quite unable to corroborate his assertion that the rules of grammar are constantly violated by the members of those circles; and equally so in regard to his statement that "Englishmen habitually slur over their words, sputtering out one half, and swallowing the other." We can imagine, too, the cool, contemptuous sneer, that will curl the lip of every English gentleman and lady who reads this passage at page 674: "Analogous to this are two English vulgarisms, from which we are almost wholly free. No American *young lady* laments that she 'never knows when to hexasperate the haitch,' nor is any Cisatlantic Weller embarrassed as to whether he shall 'spell *veal* with a *we*.'" If Mr. Marsh *really believes* that English *young ladies* are guilty of such vulgarisms as the above, we can only say that his knowledge of "the best circles" must be peculiarly slight; and if he does *not* believe it, he has greatly demeaned himself, in thus courting a brief and spurious popularity of the most worthless kind, by pandering to the prejudices of those who blindly and ignorantly imagine that the exaltation of America is advanced by whatever tends to asperse and humiliate England. It will also, we imagine, surprise the philologers of Europe to see Charles Dickens cited as *an authority* on the English language, almost as much as it will amuse them to observe the ingenuity with which, either on the same principle of courting popularity, or under the perverting influence of a narrow national vanity, Mr. Marsh has actually made the *nasal drawling pronunciation* of a portion of our citizens a subject of compliment and congratulation:

"To the joint operation, then, of these *two causes, universal reading and climatic* influences, we must ascribe our habit of dwelling upon vowal and diphthongal sounds, or drawling, if that term *is* (?) insisted on." (!) Were this the utterance of a "smart young American" in a debating society, we should smile at the ready ingenuity, that could thus convert an opponent's weapon of attack into an arm of defence, but, coming before us as the deliberate opinion of a dignified professor of English Literature, it awakens other and more serious feelings. Surely Mr. Marsh cannot be ignorant of the fact that in certain districts of England, from which many of the settlers of New-England came, and which are by no means distinguished by superior education or practice in reading, the same peculiarity of a nasal, drawling pronunciation, with a fond dwelling on the final syllable, is, with some slight variations, as observable as in Connecticut or Massachusetts. We believe another cause also to have not a little to do with the prevalence of this disagreeable peculiarity, namely, a kind of obstinate "spoilt-child" clinging to, and glorying in that, which our English cousins have had the audacity to ridicule. We certainly think that Mrs. Trollope, and other writers of that class, would be much better employed in endeavoring to correct the faults of pronunciation, which render the language of some portions of the peasantry of England absolutely unintelligible to a cultivated ear; but still there is force in the proverb, "fas est et ab hoste doceri," and far more manly and noble—more to the credit of our national character in this, as in other things—to inquire whether the ridicule of such writers is well founded; and if it be, to try to remove that foundation, and not, on the contrary, under the influence of a morbid national vanity, to believe "whatever is American is right." We are less surprised, however, to find Mr. Marsh enunciating so absurd a theory, after having perused his chapter on the "origin of speech," in which most erroneous principles are maintained and recommended with an eloquence, which renders them all the more dangerous. Mr. Marsh's theory would *if proved to be correct, and carried out to its legit-*

imate consequences, be a powerful auxiliary to the forces of the "diversity" and "development theory" assailants of Biblical truth."

We have already alluded to the unfair and unscholarly habit indulged in by many writers on our language, who, not content with claiming for the Saxon element its just credit and respect, are ever striving to exalt it at the expense of its brethren and allies. Mr. Marsh has cordially adopted the views of these writers, and, like all thorough-going partisans, now outstrips many of his teachers in the enthusiastic ardor with which he maintains them. As a necessary preliminary to the full development of those views, he, like his predecessors, labors to depreciate the influence of the Celtic speech on our own or other European languages. "Of European languages," he writes, p. 137, "the Celtic alone has not propagated itself, and *it does not appear ever to have been employed* by any but those rude races to whom it was aboriginal, as well as vernacular. Nor has it in any important degree modified the structure or scarcely even the vocabulary of the languages most exposed to its action." This is a little more than a refined repetition of Pinkerton's words: "But the Celtic, I will venture to say, is of all savage languages the most confused, as the Celts are of all savages the most deficient in understanding. Wisdom and ingenuity may be traced among the Samoieds, Laplanders, negroes, but among the Celts none of native growth!" To read these passages, one would be led to suppose that these unhappy Celts were a wretched, outcast, scarcely human race, of an altogether different type from the Gothic, in feature, form, and language; and yet it is a fact, which every sound philologer is bound to admit, that they belong to the elder branch of the same race, and that, in the way of derivation from a common stock, our English language is very largely indebted to the ancient Celtic. Those who deny this may, with equal truth, deny that our father's brother and our mother's sister, with their children, are in any way our relatives! In a future paper we intend to discuss at some length, this question of connection between the Gothic and

Celtic languages. At present we can only say that, exclusive of any more direct influence, the Latin, Greek, and French languages contain a large number of Celtic roots, which have thus also entered into the structure of our composite English, and constitute a Celtic element of no small importance. There are, as Prichard observes, six dialects of the language denominated Celtic, five of which still continue to be spoken, while the Cornish is preserved in books. These six dialects are the Welsh, Cornish, Armorican, Irish or Erse, Gaelic or Highland Scotch, and the Manx, of which the three former are relics of the idioms of the ancient Britons, and the three latter of that spoken by the inhabitants of Ireland. It is (we may incidentally observe) the opinion of linguists that the names of *cardinal numbers*, words expressing a *kindred* or *relationship*, *personal pronouns*, and the *verb substantive*, are some of the surest criteria by which to test the affinity of languages. Let us apply this test to a very few cases of comparison.

Corresponding to our English *one*, we find Latin *unus*, Erse or Irish *aen*, Welsh *un*, German *ein*. English *two*, Irish *do*, Welsh *dau*, Sanscrit *dwi*, Persian *du*. English *three*, Irish *tri*, Welsh *tri* or *tair*, Sanscrit *tri*. English *nine*, Irish *noi*, Welsh *nau*, Sanscrit *navan*, Latin *novem*, Mæso-Gothic *nihun*. English *mother*, Irish *mathair* Persian *mader*, Sanscrit *madr*, Greek *mètèr*, Latin *mater*, German *mutter*. English *brother*, Irish *brathair*, Welsh *brawd*, Sanscrit *bhratr*, Greek *phrater*, Latin *frater*, German *bruder*. English *daughter*, Irish *dear*, Persian *dochtar*, Sanscrit *duhitr*, Greek *thugater*. Among the pronouns in Irish we find me (I) tu (thou) si (he) se (she) corresponding to the German *sie*, and Latin *se*. In Welsh we have mi=I, ni=we, analogous to the Hebrew *anu*, and the Latin *nos*, hi=she, answering to the same word in Hebrew, *hwynt=they*, represented by the termination *anti* in Sanscrit verbs, and the plural endings *ant—ent—unt*, in Latin verbs and those in—ντι, ντο in Greek. Our English verb *be* is plainly analogous and closely cognate to the Welsh *bod* and Persian *budemi;* the imperfect of the former *bydhwn* being very similar to the Saxon *beon* which is plainly of the

same stock as the Greek *phuo*, and Latin *fui*. A very few more illustrations, and we must for the present leave this part of our subject. The Celtic *salen*=salt, *dor*=door, *pairt*=part, *trist*=sad, require no comment. The English *woman* is analogous to the Celtie *femen*, Latin *femina*, Sanscrit *vámá; Day* and the cognate English words must acknowledge the relationship, *avuncular*, if not *paternal*, of the Celtic *dia*, Sanscrit *dyu*, Greek *dîos* (divine), Latin *dies:* nor must the English *ox* and Anglo-Saxon *oxa* too haughtily reject the company of the Celtic *uch*, and the Sanscrit *ucsan*. We are compelled to defer the full consideration of this very important subject to a future opportunity, but even these few facts may suffice to show the incorrectness of Mr. Marsh's views as to the "insignificance" of the Celtic element in our language.

It is not our desire to criticise Mr. Marsh, or any other writer, beyond what is absolutely necessary to our direct object, which is to maintain and promulgate correct views respecting the structure and derivation of the English language. We conscientiously believe Mr. Marsh's work, whatever may be its other merits, calculated in this respect to *propagate ideas, which are utterly opposed to the evidence of philological research—that is, to truth and fact*, and, therefore, we feel bound, in the interests of philology and truth, to refute them. Before entering on the discussion of his "Anglo-Saxon preponderance" theory, it is necessary to premise that in forming his average per-centages of the number of Saxon and (bitter and ungrateful term) "*alien*" words in the English language, Mr. Marsh, has proceeded on a principle, which, however countenanced by some other writers, bears on its very face the evidence of unfairness and absurdity. We give that principle in his own words (p. 121): "In all cases, proper names are excluded from the estimates, but in computing the etymological proportions of the words used in the extracts examined, *all other words* of *whatever grammatical* class, and all *repetitions* of the same words, are counted. Thus in the passage extending from the end of the period in

verse 362 of the VIth Book of Paradise Lost, to the end of the period in verse 372, there are seventy-two words. Eight of these are proper names, and are rejected, but *all the other words are counted, though several of them are repetitions of particles and pronouns.*" Such a principle of analysis and comparison we have no hesitation in declaring to be, in the highest degree, erroneous and unfair; and it is plain, from a subsequent passage in his work, that Mr. Marsh is not altogether unaware of the fact. On page 127 occurs this passage, by which we request our readers to test Mr. Marsh's principle of analysis: "Had words of Latin and French etymology been proportionally as numerous in the time of Johnson and Gibbon as they now are, those authors, instead of employing twenty-eight or thirty per cent. of such words, would scarcely have contented themselves with less than fifty. And had either of them attempted the æsthetical theories, so eloquently discussed by Ruskin, with the knowledge and the stock of words possessed by that master-writer, their *Saxon would have been confined to particles, pronouns, and auxiliaries, the mere wheel-work of syntactical movement.*" And yet, in forming his calculation of averages at page 124, and elsewhere, Mr. Marsh reckons each of these "particles, pronouns, and auxiliaries, the mere wheel-work of syntactical movement," as a full word, on a perfect par with others conveying full ideas of facts, conditions, or objects, and, not content with this, he counts the repetitions of such words in the same way. The consequence, as was to be expected, is that his analysis of the average proportion of Saxon and *alien* words is entirely wrong and can only convey the most erroneous impressions. Let us not be supposed to detract from the merits of any of the great writers, living or dead, whose works Mr. Marsh has thus Anglo-analyzed, when we show that the "alien," and especially the Latin element, pervades their works to a far greater extent than his tables would lead us to suppose. We have already expressed our affection for the old, sturdy, Anglo-Saxon foundation of our language, but we believe the English language of the nineteenth century to be as far grander, more

powerful, and more copious, in every requisite of a refined, civilized, and civilizing language, as the English race of America and England is superior to the ancient Anglo-Saxon tribe; and, therefore, the greater perfection and command of this, our present composite English tongue, we observe in a writer or orator, the more do we admire him.

An admission, evidently made with much reluctance by Mr. Marsh, in reference to the Latin element in our language, claims insertion here, both as supporting our own views, and as amusingly showing how blind this writer is to the chief characteristics of his own English style. "The advantage," he observes, p. 90, "or—for it is very doubtful whether it is an advantage to those who use the language possessing it—*this convenience* rather, as an educational engine, is eminently characteristic of the Latin. In the regularity, precision, and distinctness of its inflections and structure, it atones for much of the indefinite mistiness of its vocables, and it is an admirable linguistic machine for the manufacture of the coarser (?) wares of intellectual produce and consumption. For the expression of technicalities, the narration of marches and battles, the description of sieges and slaughters, the enumeration of *positive rules of pecuniary right, the promulgation of dictatorial ordinances* and pontifical bulls, the *Latin is eminently fitted.* Its words are always—

"'Sic volo, sic jubeo; stat pro ratione voluntas.'

And it is almost as much by the *imperatorial character* of the language itself—*the speech of masters, not of men*—as by the commanding position of the people to whom it was vernacular, and of the church which sagaciously adopted it, that it has so powerfully influenced the development and the existing tendencies of all modern European tongues."

We thank Mr. Marsh for these concessions, however unwillingly and ungraciously made, and we ask what language could more usefully, rightfully, and appropriately, have been admitted to a place of power and honor in the government and guidance of our English empire-tongue, than this noble

imperatorial language—"speech of masters, not of men"—the language of world-ruling Rome?

The system which we have adopted in the analysis and comparison of the language of our author is this: first, to regard as one Saxon word any combination of a word with particles which only represent the same idea, or conveys the same meaning, as one Latin word; thus "of words," Latin, "verborum," we reckon as one word, and in the same way such expressions as "have introduced," "intulerunt," &c. Perhaps a reference to a passage cited and "analyzed" by Mr. Marsh, at page 129, will best exemplify our system, which will, we are sure, commend itself to the candid judgment of every sound scholar. In this passage we shall *italicise* the particles and other "wheel-work of syntactical movement," which we decline to reckon as distinct and independent words: "In one corner was *a* stagnant pool *of* water surrounding *an* island *of* muck; *there* were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under *a* cart, among which was *a* miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out *of* all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into *a* single feather, along which the water trickled *from* his back; near *the* cart was *a* half-dozing cow, chewing *the* cud, and standing patiently *to-be*-rained-*on*, with wreaths *of* vapor rising from her reeking hide; *a* wall-eyed horse, tired *of the* loneliness *of the* stable, *was* poking his spectral head out *of a* window, with *the* rain dripping on it from *the* eaves; *an* unhappy cur, chained *to a* dog-house hard-by, uttered something, every now and then, between *a* bark and *a* yelp; *a* drab *of a* kitchen-wench trampled backwards and forwards through *the* yard in pattens, looking as sulky as *the* weather itself; everything *in* short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting *a* crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon-companions round *a* puddle, and making *a* riotous noise over their liquor."

Thus, instead of one hundred and eighty-nine words, we find this passage to consist of one hundred and forty-seven, of which thirty-one, and *not twenty-two*, as stated by Mr. Marsh, are imported. So, also, in the passage cited immediately after, there are eighty-two words, *not one hundred and six*, and of these, forty are, as Mr. Marsh says, "aliens."

In support of our system of analysis, it seems scarcely necessary to observe, that one of the chief evidences correctly adduced by grammarians in proof of the power of adaptation and amalgamation exercised by the English language, over the copious supplies which it has derived from other tongues, consists in the fact, that the inflections of nouns and verbs in those several languages have to give way to the English mode of representing the same forms by particles, prepositions, and auxiliaries; and this is justly dwelt upon as one of the most important Anglo-Saxon elements and features of our language; but when we have thus given that element credit for this "wheelwork of syntactical movement," it is manifestly unfair to reckon each of these particles over again as a *substantial, independent word.*

We desire here to guard ourselves against being misunderstood in regard to our views in defence of our composite English language, as distinguished from the views of those who so pertinaciously endeavor to decry all its valuable elements, in comparison with the Anglo-Saxon. We are as much opposed as Mr. Marsh can possibly be, to that affected, unnecessary, and excessive introduction of classical words, which threatened at more than one period of its history to denationalize our mother-tongue, and of which symptoms are still to be observed in the invention and application of various high-sounding, but very ridiculous Greek and Latin compounds, to the designation of common, matter-of-fact things, as shaving soap, shoes, and shirts. This is the corruption of *puffery*, a thing, however, not likely by any means to exercise so permanent an influence as the corruption of *affectation*, observable in the pompous and stilted *classical style* of certain former periods.

It is rather amusing, nevertheless, to notice in the protests made by many of our older writers against this Romanizing tendency, the extent to which those protests are marked by the very fault of which they complain. Thus, Evelyn, in his letter on this subject to Sir Peter Wyche, proposes as a remedy, to make a list of the new words "daily minted by our *logo-*

dædali," and to get some *touch*-stone to try them by, " that it might be *resolved* on what should be *sufficient* to *render* them *current*, *ut civitate donentur;* since without *restraining* that same *indomitam novandi verba licentiam*, it will in time *quite disguise* the *language*," in which, be it observed, the words in *italics* are all foreign!

Dryden and Johnson were among the most prominent inveighers against this Latinizing tendency, and yet their own works are standing memorials of its existence. One of the ablest living advocates of the Anglo-Saxon and German purity of English, thus writes of Johnson: " Johnson joined with the trespassers and bloated the language still more. Not that he himself brought in many Greek and Latin words, but that he mainly employed those we already had. He starved what he should have kept up, and pampered what should have been kept down, till our language became like himself, little sinew and much fat. One is almost inclined to say that (in his earlier works) Johnson, and such as he, did not write English, but a dialect of English. This," proceeds the same writer, " is pleasantly illustrated in a play (' Who's the Dupe?' by Mrs. Cowley), got up in 1779, in mockery of the craze for learning and learned words then so common. An old man and an Oxonian dispute whether the following be English or not: ' Yon lucid orb, in ether pensile, irradiates the expanse. Refulgent scintillations, in th' ambient air opaque emit humid splendor,' &c. Says the Oxonian, ' I am enrapt in astonishment! You are imposed on, sir! Instead of classical (Latin or Greek) language, you have heard a rant in English.' ' English!' quoth the old man, ' D'ye take me for a fool? D'ye think I don't know my mother-tongue? T'was no more like English than I am like Whittington's cat!' ' It was every syllable English!' ' There's impudence! There wasn't no word of it English!' ' Oh! the torture of ignorance!' ' Ignorant! come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers! I know you mean all this for a skit upon my edication. But I'll have you to know, sir, that I'll read the hardest chapter in Nehemiah with you for your ears!' "

Johnson was no doubt open to the charges thus made against him, but whatever his Romanizing tendency, we greatly question whether had the "great old Samuel" never lived, our language would to-day be so grand and flexible a form of speech. There is, if we err not, a considerable amount of unconscious affectation in the rhetorical rhapsodies of many writers on this subject; and at least, it seems very strange, that they all are at such a loss for Saxon words, to express their admiration of the power and copiousness of the Saxon element. In this respect Mr. Marsh by no means stands alone: nor will he feel otherwise than honored, by being classed in the same category with so distinguished and so pure a writer as Macaulay. Here is a passage from Macaulay's eulogy on Bunyan's style:—"The *style* of Bunyan is *delightful* to every reader, and *invaluable* as a *study* to every *person*, who *desires* to *obtain* a wide *command* over the English *language*. The *vocabulary* is the *vocabulary* of the *common people*. There is not an *expression*, if we *except* a few *technical terms* of *theology*, which would *puzzle* the *rudest peasant*. We have *observed* several *pages* which do not *contain* a *single* word of more than two *syllables*. Yet no writer has said more *exactly* what he meant to say. For *magnificence*, for *pathos*, for *vehement exhortation*, for *subtle disquisition*, for every *purpose* of the *poet*, the *orator*, the *divine*, this homely *dialect*, the *dialect* of *plain* working men, was *perfectly sufficient*. There is no book in our *literature* on which we would so readily stake the *fame* of the old *unpolluted* English *language;* no book which shows so well how *rich* that *language* is in its own *proper* wealth, and how little it has *improved* by all that it has borrowed." Here, in a passage written by one of the most brilliant and powerful of English writers of any age, in *studied commendation* of "pure old" Saxon English, omitting the particles and "wheel-work," we have one hundred and twenty-one words, of which fifty-one, or somewhat more than forty-two per cent. are classical or "alien!" In other words, this great and model English writer, in his eloquent English eulogy on Saxon, was obliged to borrow four-tenths of his words from the imported stock!

We have followed Mr. Marsh in his analysis of a large number of the works cited by him, at pages 124–5–6, more especially Shakespeare, Milton, Gibbon, Hume, Channing, Prescott, and Mrs. Browning, and need hardly say we have found his averages to be grossly incorrect; nor could it be otherwise, considering the erroneous principles on which that analysis is based.

We hope, hereafter, in connection with an historical inquiry into the rise and progress of the English language, to give the results of our analysis of these and other writers; but it is time for us now to test Mr. Marsh, himself, by his own standard, for which purpose we shall take four passages from different parts of his work, commencing at the very beginning:—"*The* severe Roman bestowed upon *the* language *of* his country *the* appellation *of* patrius sermo, *the* paternal or national speech; but we, deriving from *the* domesticity *of* Saxon life *a* truer and tenderer appreciation *of the* best and purest source *of* linguistic instruction, *more* happily name our homeborn English *the* mother-tongue. *The* tones *of the* native language are *the* medium through which *the* affections and *the* intellect *are* first addressed, and they are *to the* heart and *the* head *of* infancy, what *the* nutriment drawn from *the* maternal breast is *to the* physical frame."

To show plainly the method and principle of our analysis, we have *italicized* the "wheel-work" in this passage, not counted as words; and it will be observed that we do not strike out the verb "to be," except when it is merely an auxiliary, nor do we omit any conjunction or particle of weight, while, contrary to Mr. Marsh's own observation formerly quoted, we always reckon the *pronouns*. In this passage, then, we have sixty-three words, of which twenty-eight, or forty-four and a half per cent. are classical or "alien!"

Our next passage will be found on pages 2–3:—"*Nature* has made speech the *condition* and *vehicle* of *social intercourse*, and, *consequently*, it is *essentially* so *elementary* a *discipline*, that a thorough knowledge of the mother-tongue seems to be *pre-supposed* as the *basis* of all *education*, and *especially* as an *indispensable preparation* for the *reception* of *academic*

instruction. It is *doubtless* for this *reason* that, in our *American system* of *education*, the *study* of the English *language* has *usually* been almost wholly *excluded* from the *collegial* (*?*) *curriculum*, and *recently* indeed from *humbler seminaries*, and, therefore, so great a *novelty* as its *abrupt transfer* from the *nursery* to the *auditorium* of a *post-graduate course*, may seem to *demand* both *explanation* and *apology*."*

In this and the subsequent passages we adopt Mr. Marsh's plan of *italicising* the imported or "alien" words only. Here we have eighty-five substantial words in all, of which *forty-two*, or *fifty per cent.*, are foreign.

Our next selection shall be a passage of greater length, and challenging our special attention, because it contains, in set and studied terms, that unjust laudation of one element at the expense of the others, which we have specified as the writer's "Anglo-preponderance theory." As in Macaulay's eulogy on Bunyan, so, *surely here*, if *anywhere*, might we expect on the part of the "Saxon-preponderance" advocate a *great preponderance of pure old Saxon words!* Let us see:—"When an *intelligent foreigner commences* the *study* of English, he finds every *page* sprinkled with words whose *form unequivocally betrays* a *Greek* or *Latin origin*, and he *observes* that these *terms* are words belonging to the *dialect* of the learned *professions*, of *theological discussion*, of *criticism*, of *elegant*

* The allusion to our American sytem of education in the above passage—a system in whose development Mr. Marsh claims the credit of having taken a part of some importance—reminds us of a little incident, which has a direct bearing on the present question. On our way home from our reading-room a few days since, in passing the corner of a street inhabited by some of the poorest of our population, we observed a circle of ragged little urchins, of both sexes, gathered, or rather squatted, around a girl of some thirteen years of age, who seemed to be addressing them in reference to something on the ground before her. Curiosity impelled us to draw nearer, when we were not a little amused and amazed to hear from this bright little voluntary teacher of a truly ragged school, the terms "diameter," "chord," "sector," and to find that she was retailing the instruction she had received in the District School! Who, that looks over the text-books used in all our public schools, can fail to observe what prominence is given to the Latin element of our language; a prominence, let us remark, frequently exceeding our ideas of its value or importance.

art, of *moral* and *intellectual philosophy*, of *abstract science*, and of the *various branches* of *natural* knowledge. He *discovers* that the words which he *recognizes* as *Greek* and *Latin* and *French* have dropped those *inflections*, which in their *native use* were *indispensable* to their *intelligibility* and *grammatical* SIGNIFICANCE; that the *mutual relations* of *vocables* and the *sense* of the English *period* are much more often *determined* by the *position* of the words, than by their *form*, and, in short, that the *sentence* is built-up upon *structural principles*, *wholly alien* to those of the *classical languages*, and *compacted* and held together by a *class* of words, either unknown or very *much* less *used* in those tongues. He finds that very many of the *native monosyllables* are *mere determinatives*, *particles*, *auxiliaries*, and *relatives*; and he can hardly *fail* to *infer* that all the *intellectual part* of our speech, all that *concerns* our highest *spiritual* and *temporal interests*, is of *alien* birth, and that only the *merest machinery* of *grammar* has been *derived* from a *native source*. Further *study* would teach him that he had *overrated* the *importance* and *relative amount* of the *foreign ingredients*; that many of our seeming *insignificant* and *barbarous consonantal monosyllables* are *pregnant* with the mightiest thoughts, and alive with the deepest feeling; that the *language* of the *purposes* and the *affections*, of the will and of the heart, is *genuine* English-born; that the *dialect* of the market and the fireside is Anglo-Saxon; that the *vocabulary* of the most *impressive* and *effective pulpit orators* has been almost *wholly* drawn from the same *pure source*; that the *advocate* who would *convince* the *technical judge*, or *dazzle* and *confuse* the *jury*, speaks *Latin*; while he who would *touch* the better *sensibilities* of his *audience*, or rouse the *multitude* to *vigorous action*, *chooses* his words from the *native* speech of our *ancient* fatherland; that the *domestic* tongue is the *language* of *passion* and *persuasion*, the *foreign* of *authority*, or of *rhetoric* and *debate*; that he may not only frame *single sentences*, but speak for hours, without *employing* a *single imported* word; and, *finally*, that we *possess* the *entire volume* of *divine revelation*

in the truest, *clearest*, *aptest form* in which *human ingenuity* has made it *accessible* to *modern* man; and yet with a *vocabulary*, wherein, *saving proper* names and *terms*, not in their *nature translateable*, scarce seven words in the hundred are *derived* from any *foreign source*. In *fact*, so *complete* is the Anglo-Saxon in itself, and so *much* of its *original independence* is still *inherited* by the *modern* English, that if we could but *recover* its *primitive flexibility* and *plastic power*, we might *discard* the *adventitious aids* and *ornaments* which we have borrowed from the *heritage* of *Greece* and *Rome*, *supply* the *place* of *foreign* by *domestic compounds*, and clothe again our thoughts and our feelings *exclusively* in a *garb* of living, *organic*, *native* growth."

The above passage is a brilliant specimen of rhetorical composition, eloquent and beautiful, and affording strong evidence of the writer's command of our English tongue. It labors, however, under one serious defect. From first to last it lacks TRUTH, and is condemned *on its own evidence!* Omitting, as usual, the minor particles, but retaining all those of any weight, as well as the pronouns, we have three hundred and eighty-four words, of which one hundred and eighty-four as *italicized*, are "alien!" and this in a passage whose *studied design is to maintain the vast* "preponderance" *of the Saxon element*, and which contains such unqualified assertions as "that we may not only frame single sentences, but speak for hours, without employing a single imported word" (!) and that "we might discard the adventitious aids and ornaments derived from Greece and Rome," &c.

One more passage we must cite, not only as a specimen of Mr. Marsh's own style, but also as strongly supporting our view of the present English language, in direct opposition to his own previously declared doctrine:—"The *causes* which have led to the *adoption* of so *large* a *proportion* of *foreign* words, and at the same time *produced* such *important modifications* in the *signification* of many *terms originally* English, are very *various*. The most *obvious* of these are the early *Christianization* of the English *nation*, a *circumstance* not

always *sufficiently considered* in the *study* of our *linguistic history;* the Norman *Conquest*, the *Crusades*, and *especially* the *mechanical industry* and *commercial enterprise* of the British *people*: the former of which has *compelled them* to seek both the *material* for *industrial elaboration*, and a *vent* for their *manufactures* in the markets of the *whole* earth: the latter has made them the *common carriers* and brokers of the world. With so many *points* of *external contact*, so many *conduits* for the *reception* of every *species* of *foreign influence*, it would *imply* a great *power* of *repulsion* and *resistance* in the English tongue, if it had not become *eminently composite* in its *substance*, and in its *organization*. In *fact*, it has so *completely adapted* itself to the *uses* and wants of *Christian society*, as *exemplified* by the Anglo-Saxon race in the highest *forms* to which *associate* life has anywhere *attained*, that it well *deserves* to be *considered* the *model* speech of *modern humanity*, nearly *achieving* in *language* the *realization* of that great *ideal* which wise men are everywhere seeking to make the *fundamental law* of *political organization*, the *union* of freedom, *stability*, and progress."

In this passage, we have one hundred and sixty words, of which exactly *eighty*, or *fifty per cent.* are of foreign origin. How the writer reconciles it, however, with preceding and succeeding parts of his volume, it utterly surpasses our powers of comprehension to understand!

We have now, impartially, fairly, and fearlessly reviewed Dr. Latham's and Mr. Marsh's works. If, in our observations respecting the latter, we are thought to be severe, we can only repeat that we have not been influenced by any other feeling than a desire to promote the interests of truth, and of true and sound philology. We have assigned to the Anglo-Saxon element of our language that rank and value to which we believe it justly entitled, but we have also claimed for the other elements of our grand, composite, English speech, that degree of estimation and regard which is no less *their* undoubted right. We have also deprecated, as we shall ever deprecate, that uncatholic and ungenerous feeling which,

whether in politics, religion, or literature, unfairly seeks to exalt any one section or party at the expense of the rest. The English language, like the great people of America and England, derives no small amount of its beauty and its strength from the happy combination of many various stocks grafted on one sturdy stem. We have heartily endorsed the opinion expressed by one of the writers, the titles of whose works are prefixed to these remarks. "If it is praiseworthy (observes Harrison) in a nation to adopt useful discoveries in arts and sciences, though of foreign origin, it is not only praiseworthy, but necessary for that nation to enrich its native tongue with such terms as the progress of arts and sciences may require. When our forefathers issued from the forests of Germany and Scandinavia, and quitted the shores of the Baltic, or the stormy coasts of Norway, they possessed a language sufficient to express their wants, but not sufficient for the exigencies of a refined and scientific people. Their language was rude, harsh, and pithy, with an air of savage independence, that regarded not those nicer grammatical and syntaxical discriminations, which a more civilized state of society requires. The alterations and additions which have been introduced, have given copiousness and flexibility to our English language, without impairing its original strong texture."

Impelled by our deep conviction of the intimate and strong connection of the history of a nation and its language, and of the powerful influence which a correct knowledge of that history may and must exercise upon the peace, prosperity, and union, more especially of such a nation as our own, composed of men of so many different races, we have felt bound to acknowledge with gratitude the contributions made by each to the one common stock of English word-wealth. We should be false to our belief and principles did we not maintain the solid strength and firm support which our language derives from the old Saxon element; but we should be no less false to those principles, and unjust and ungenerous to our fellow-citizens of other races, were we not equally prompt to acknow-

ledge the advantages derived from its Celtic, French, and German benefactors. Our language, like our people, consists, as we have said, of many elements combined, for mutual convenience and support, in one mighty UNION, and the safety, success, and welfare of both depend upon a strict and conscientious observance of the conditions of that UNION. By acting upon such principles only, may we hope that as the amalgamation of so many different tongues with the rude and simple parent-stock has resulted in the creation of a language the most copious, flexible, expressive, and powerful of all the forms of human speech yet known amongst men, so the hearty, unsectarian UNION of our citizens of every race—Saxon, Celtic, French, and German—may long sustain America on that glorious eminence of fame and freedom, power, progress, and civilization, to which an All-wise Providence has, in the interests of humanity at large, permitted her to attain.

ART. VI.—1. *The Works of* WILLIAM H. SEWARD. Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER, in four vols. 8vo.

2. *The Life of* WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *with selections from his works.* Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER. New edition. New-York: Redfield. 1860.

IT is too much the habit in this country to judge men rather by their political opinions than by their intellectual and moral faculties; and those who dislike the former seek to depreciate the latter, and *vice versâ*. This is as pernicious as it is illogical and unjust. It is well known that there are many possessed of fine talents and sincere patriotism who avoid the political arena rather than submit themselves to accusations which they know they would not deserve, but which are always the penalty of advocating with eloquence, energy, and resolution, unpopular views. In proportion as fears of this kind are entertained, the mind is not free, for there are those

of a sensitive nature, for whom the gloomiest dungeon has less terror than the taunts and sneers of their fellow-citizens. Were not thinking and reading very different things, even the masses of the American people would not err so much in this way, since they have only to look back to the other great republics of the world to see how many of the truly great have been cruelly wronged. We need only remember what the Athenians did to those whom they acknowledged, when too late, to be their best men. There are few greater names in history than Aristides, Alcibiades, Themistocles, and Cymon; yet each was banished. Still greater were Socrates and Phocian, each of whom was put to death by the same people; who also condemned and executed six victorious generals. It was in vain that all these and many similar victims protested, that whatever opinions they entertained they had at heart the prosperity of the Republic and the welfare and happiness of the people. Their fate ought to prove a useful lesson to all posterity had we no other proof of their innocence than that afforded by their reputation, as handed down to us by their contemporaries; but it was subsequently admitted by the very people who had condemned them, and accordingly they did all in their power to atone for their rashness and ingratitude.

But, assuming a man's opinions to be not only wrong, but positively dangerous in their tendency, it is absurd to dislike him for them; since, if they are sincere, they are as much a part of himself as his hands or his eyes, and as much independent of his will. This is sufficiently evident from the fact that those who inculcate erroneous views with most zeal generally injure themselves more than others. But it is not the political opinions of Mr. Seward we propose to consider in this paper, or prove to be right or wrong. This we leave to others more experienced in that field, choosing for ourselves the more congenial and agreeable task of examining his pretensions as an orator and statesman. Public men who have distinguished themselves as speakers or writers are impartially treated by the critics of Germany and France, as well as those of England. In the same Paris periodical, the Legitimist, the Or-

leanist and the Bonapartist are criticised in turn as authors or orators; in a similar manner the Whig, the Tory, and the Radical may expect ample justice in the principal literary journals of London. Is there any good reason why we also should not have a neutral ground, on which the intellectual of all parties could stand side by side, and be judged not according to the popularity or unpopularity of their political opinions, but according to their own merits as authors, thinkers, &c.? There is not one of the public men of England, whose speeches have been published, that has not formed the subject of dispassionate articles in this way, even in periodicals avowedly partisan, and advocating opinions the most opposite. As examples, suffice it to mention Lord John Russell, the Earl of Derby, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. D'Israeli, and Mr. Bright; but at least a dozen more of the members of the present parliament have been similarly distinguished. And what unprejudiced man, capable of judging, will deny that men like Seward, Everett, Cass, Douglas, Cushing, Breckinridge, and several others we could mention, are worthy of comparison even with the leading members of the houses of Lords and Commons? We are ready enough to compare our horses, ships, reaping-machines—nay, even our pugilists with those of England—still more ready to decide in our own favor; but our great men we hardly admit to be great at all, at least whilst living, if they take any active part in politics, although no people in the world take so lively an interest in all that appertains to the machinery of government.

We take up the Speeches of Mr. Seward as we would the Poems of Bryant or Longfellow, the Songs of Morris, the Novels of Cooper, or the Sketches of Irving, not on account of their subjects, but the manner in which they are treated, and the intellectual pleasure they afford. There is, however, this difference: It is our privilege to be personally acquainted with more than one of the poets, whereas, further than to have heard Governor Seward deliver two or three addresses, we have not the honor of knowing anything of him except through his

speeches and the public press. It is now nearly twenty years since we read, on the other side of the Atlantic, two or three of the speeches in the volumes before us, and we have a vivid recollection of the impression they made in favor of the great Republic of the West, copied, as they were, almost universally, by the press of the United Kingdom. Those most disposed to disparage American oratory admitted that they were "characterized by most, if not all, those qualities which are best calculated to convince a deliberative assembly, or to sway the multitude." In perusing these the British people had little idea that the orator could be regarded otherwise than with admiration by his fellow-countrymen. Nor was this inconsistent with their being aware that party spirit ran high in America, and was at times carried to extremes. They had sufficient experience in such as this themselves; and, we may add, that they have still.

For more than a century "the Church" has been as much a rallying cry in England as the "peculiar Institution" has been for some ten years past in this country. The English Whigs, when out of power, would be always in favor of considerably diminishing the ecclesiastical revenues, if not of abolishing them altogether, and allowing every sect to support its own clergy. The Tories, on the other hand, would defend it to the last, not only as essential to the maintenance of Protestantism, but also to the stability of the throne. In short, they could only regard as traitors all who would meddle with an establishment involving a larger expenditure than all the other ecclesiastical systems in Europe put together. The Whigs would have a hundred reasons to feel satisfied that both Protestantism and the throne would be just as safe if the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Grace of London had not one fourth as many thousands per annum as they had, for representing the Apostles, who had no thousand at all. But as soon as they got into office their views on the subject underwent a complete change. They thought then it was best, after all, to let the Church alone; they admitted still that the establishment had some objectionable features, but, upon the

whole, they thought it would do! It was, to be sure, very wealthy, but was not England the same? And what ought she be liberal in if not in maintaining her clergy? The Tories, grown tired at length of accusing the Whigs with unholy designs against the Church, turn round themselves and deprive it of ten of its bishops!

It had long been the same in regard to Catholic Emancipation. The Whigs wished to concede it; but the Tories could see nothing in it but ruin to all that was most dear to the nation. The idea of a legislator, an officer in the army or navy, or a judge on the bench, who did not believe the Thirty-Nine Articles, and regard the Pope as Antichrist, was in their minds something not to be contemplated without horror. Yet it was they themselves who finally granted Emancipation; and both the throne and the Church have survived the event. The English people have seen too many examples of this kind; they have heard too many cries of "Wolf, wolf," when there was no wolf—to apprehend much danger from the accession to power of those accused of entertaining the worst designs against their revered institutions. And what reason have we to doubt that the American people would apprehend as little if those in power in this country changed places as often as they do in England? To deny this, is to imply that our public men are less patriotic and less to be relied upon than the public men of England—a charge which the greatest enemies of republicanism would hardly venture to make against them.

But there is quite sufficient in the works of Mr. Seward to occupy our attention without taking any notice of his peculiar views. Nor is it necessary that we should enter into any details respecting his life and career. It is sufficient to say in general terms that, according to the memoir before us, he is now in his sixtieth year, having been born in May, 1801. He is not one of those who have had to contend against the disadvantages of humble birth and poverty. Descended from respectable ancestors, his father was a physician in good practice and comfortable circumstances, able and willing not only to afford him, as he did, a liberal education, but also to found and

endow an excellent high school, called "The Seward Institute." We need hardly observe that the subject of our remarks proved himself fully worthy of a father who took so generous an interest in the cause of education. It seems he entered college at the age of fifteen, and that before he was twenty, he could say with Horace—

> "Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium.
> Dis miscent superis."

Whether we regard Mr. Seward as a lawyer, a member of the State Legislature, a senator of the United States, or as the chief magistrate of the most populous, most enlightened, and most important State in this confederacy, he presents us abundant materials for consideration. His speeches in each capacity are worthy of attention, and suggest more thoughts than could be compressed into a whole article in our journal. All we can attempt, therefore, on the present occasion, is to glance at those speeches which seem to us most important, and at the same time best calculated to give a correct impression of the author as an orator and statesman. In doing so we are not forgetful that some of his speeches are objectionable. Whatever has a tendency to create disaffection between one section of our common country and another is of this character. Mr. Seward is not blameless in this way; but on examination we find that he has said infinitely less that is aggravating, or "sectional," than the public give him credit for. Indeed, in this respect we have felt agreeably surprised in the perusal of his addresses.

Were it otherwise, we ought rather to ask, Who is without fault? than to confound the good with the bad. We ought to remember that even the Prince of orators had his weaknesses. Although Demosthenes had saved his country from the intrigues of Philip, he was not proof against the bribe of a golden cup, with twenty talents, offered him by Harpalus, one of Alexander's faithless officers, as the price of his silence when the betrayer of his master sought an asylum at Athens. There is scarcely one of Cicero's orations in which he does not

glorify himself. No one pursued an enemy with more implacable bitterness. Nor is he free from the imputation of having been influenced by money in his invectives against the public men of his time. His philippics against Antony cost him his life; but who admires his eloquence and genius anything the less on this account? Bacon was openly convicted of bribery on the judgment-seat; but as the author of the "Novum Organum," his memory will be revered as long as true philosophy continues to delight the human mind. If men who have thus committed grave crimes against their fellow-citizens are freely forgiven, how absurd it would be to condemn those on whose character there is no stain—whose only offence consists in entertaining and expressing opinions which are not popular, and doing so in the country which, above all others in the world, justly prides herself in allowing most freedom of thought and speech to her citizens. But such opinions occupy but a small portion of the volumes before us. In general it may be said that nine pages out of every ten contain facts that are confined in their influence to no latitude or longitude, but are such as are more or less interesting or instructive to all who are in favor of republican institutions, and the full development of the intellectual faculties. This is particularly true of the author's efforts in behalf of popular education—from which we now proceed to give some extracts. Let one's political opinions be what they may, he only requires to possess ordinary intelligence in order to admit the truth and force of the following remarks:—

"The aristocracy with which the world has been scourged, was never one that was produced by science and learning. That education increases the power of those who enjoy its advantages, is true; and in this best sense is education aristocratic. In this sense, science and learning always will create an aristocracy, in every country where they are cherished. Not an aristocracy of birth, for it is education that has exploded among us the prejudice in favor of birth. To it we owe our exemption from the error prevalent all over the rest of the world, that no man is so fit, or so well entitled to be a king, as he who is the son of a king; none so brave as he whose

father was a warrior; none so well entitled to the enjoyment of wealth as he whose ancestors were rich. Nor is the aristocracy produced by education that of wealth: for knowledge pays no respect to mere wealth; it humbles all pretensions except those of virtue and intellect. But the aristocracy produced by education is the increased power and influence of the most enlightened, and therefore the most useful members of society. However repugnant we may be to admit the truth, and however glaring may be the exceptions to it, it is, nevertheless, a sound general principle, that knowledge is power. Whatever there is in our lot that distinguishes us from the disfranchised peasantry of continental Europe, or the turbaned followers of the Prophet, or the mutually-warring Africans in their native deserts, or their abject offspring here, or the aborigines of our forests, all is knowledge obtained by education; and, compared with all those classes of our common race, we are aristocratic. We exercise greater power because we are wiser, and, therefore, better than they. In every stage of society, this tendency of education has been observed. He who first learned the malleable property of iron, and first shaped the axe and the ploughshare, became an aristocrat. He who first attenuated and wove the fleece, he who first smoothed and rendered pliable the skins of beasts, he who first erected the rude huts for his tribe—all these, all classes of mechanics, have, in their day been, and all who exercise their callings will be, aristocrats. They all exercise an influence, great in proportion to their knowledge. It is inevitable, because it is the wisdom of Providence that the world shall be governed by ascendant minds."*

In the same address, female education receives the attention which its importance deserves—

"There remains to be noticed an error scarcely less extensive, or less pernicious, than any I have mentioned. It is that which limits to a comparatively lower standard the education of the female sex. We may justly boast in this country a higher and more deferential regard, a more chivalrous devotion to the sex, than is exhibited by any other nation. I, myself, have compared our sentiments and customs in this respect with those of Western Europe. I have seen, indeed, in some other countries, the more ardent and impassioned

* Address at Westfield, N. Y., 1839.

devotion that marks the clime where licentiousness assumes the name of love, but is not imbued with any of its sentiment, nor elevated by any of its purity. I have seen, under colder skies, more humble homage paid to individuals, because they were distinguished by learning, accomplishments, birth, wealth, or beauty. But it is in this land only, that respect and tenderness are yielded to women, because they are women. If the vehement imagination of other countries is here subdued, and passion is modified, the romance and poetry of other lands are here converted into a real and living sentiment. There is no other country where the humblest female receives, from the highest in rank of the other sex, the surrender of the chief place in public assemblies, not more than in the social circle—in accidental meetings by the way, not less than in the ceremonials of fashionable life. In Italy, often described as the land where beauty wields a despotic sway, I have seen women rolling huge stones from the mountain-roads. In France, the land of gallantry and politeness, I have seen them performing the labor of porters; in refined England, the task of scavengers in the streets. And in all those countries, I have seen them employed in field labor, with countenances hardened by exposure to all vicissitudes of weather, and hands familiar with the spade and the plough. It reflects great honor upon our national character that such degradation of the sex is never exhibited here. But there yet remains a duty toward woman to be learned by us all, and that is to make her education equal always to that of the other sex. He, it seems to me, is a dull observer, who is not convinced that they are equally qualified with the other sex, for the study of the magnificent creation around us, and equally entitled to the happiness to be derived from its pursuits; and still more blind is he who has not learned that it was the intention of the Creator to commit to them a higher and greater portion of responsibility in the education of the youth of both sexes. They are the natural guardians of the young. Their abstraction from the engrossing cares of life affords them leisure both to acquire and communicate knowledge. From them the young more willingly receive it, because the severity of discipline is relieved with greater tenderness and affection, while their quicker apprehension, enduring patience, expansive benevolence, higher purity, more delicate taste and elevated moral feeling, qualify them for excellence in all departments of learning, except perhaps the exact sciences."

This is no mere declamation. It is more in the style of Guizot's Lectures on Civilization than in that of the educational speeches of Lord Brougham, which are, indeed, admired, but soon forgotten. The former always takes care to combine facts and suggestions with opinions, so that, altogether independently of his own views, he entertains and instructs the reader. When he tells the student what has been done, and what has produced certain results in France, he shows the operation of the same causes in other countries, ancient and modern; comparing one set of results with another, in a manner that cannot fail to make an impression, and is always agreeable. Mr. Seward pursues the same course, as may be seen from the extract just quoted. Thus, while commending the benefits to be derived from education, he incidentally gives an insight into the manners and customs of different nations, which would render the passage interesting if it contained nothing else. But there are many who deliver fine "after-dinner" addresses at educational institutions, when called upon to do so, that are very willing to forget the cause on which they have bestowed so much praise, when they are placed in a position in which, if sincere, they could render it important service. We are glad to see abundant evidence in these volumes that Mr. Seward does not belong to this class. At no time has he taken a warmer interest in the diffusion of knowledge than while he was at the head of the State government. He did not think it sufficient, as many public men both in Europe and America do, merely to establish a large number of schools; but insisted that they should be conducted by competent teachers. A passage, which occurs in his Annual Message of 1839, affords an interesting proof of this, and is worthy of perusal on its own merits, as being in a very different style, both of thought and language, from that of the generality of public documents which emanate even from our highest class of minds:—

"The colleges, academies, and common schools, constitute our system of public instruction. The pervading intelligence, the diminu-

tion of crime, the augmented comforts and enjoyments of society and its progressive refinement, public order, and the supremacy of the laws, testify that the system has been by no means unsuccessful. It must, nevertheless, be admitted, that its usefulness is much less than the State rightfully demands, both as a return for her munificence, and a guarantee of her institutions. Some of our colleges and academies languish in the midst of a community abounding in genius and talents impatient of the ignorance which debases, and the prejudices which enslave. The common school system, but partially successful in agricultural districts, is represented as altogether without adaptation to cities and populous villages. The standard of education ought to be elevated, not merely to an equality with that attained in other States, but to that height which may be reached by cultivating the intellectual powers with the aid of modern improvements, during the entire period when the faculties are quick and active, the curiosity insatiable, the temper practicable, and the love of truth supreme. The ability to read and write, with the rudiments of arithmetic, generally constitutes the learning acquired in common schools. To these our academies and colleges add superficial instruction in the dead languages, without the philosophy of our own; scientific facts without their causes; definitions without practical application; the rules of rhetoric without its spirit; and history divested of its moral instructions. It is enough to show the defectiveness of our entire system, that its pursuits are irksome to all except the few endowed with peculiar genius and fervor to become the guides of the human mind, and that it fails to inspire either a love of science or a passion for literature. Science is nothing else than a disclosure of the bounties the Creator has bestowed to promote the happiness of man, and a discovery of the laws by which mind and matter are controlled for that benignant end. Literature has no other object than to relieve our cares and increase our virtues. That the pursuits of either should require monastic seclusion, or be enforced by pains and penalties upon reluctant minds, is inconsistent with the generous purposes of both. Society cannot be justly censured for indifference to education, when those who enjoy its precious advantages manifest so little of the enthusiasm it ought to inspire. All the associations of the youthful mind in the acquisition of knowledge must be cheerful; its truths should be presented in their native beauty and in their natural order; the laws it reveals should be illustrated always by their benevolent adaptation to the happiness of mankind; and the utility and beauty

of what is already known should excite to the endless investigation of what remains concealed. If education could be conducted upon principles like these, the attainments of our collegiate instruction might become an ordinary measure of acquirement in our common schools; and our academies and colleges would be continually enjoying new revelations of philosophy, and attaining higher perfection in the arts which alleviate the cares of human life."

We can only give one extract more on the subject of education. This is brief, but it embraces within its narrow bounds more truth, philanthropy, and benevolence, than many a pretentious volume. It may be doubted whether Pericles or Leonidas ever gave expression to nobler sentiments, or sentiments more honorable to the nation whose hospitality could suggest them to one of its chief magistrates:

"The children of foreigners, found in great numbers in our populous cities and towns, and in the vicinity of our public works, are too often deprived of the advantages of our system of public education, in consequence of prejudices arising from difference of language or religion. It ought never to be forgotten that the public welfare is as deeply concerned in their education as in that of our own children. I do not hesitate, therefore, to recommend the establishment of schools in which they may be instructed by teachers speaking the same language with themselves, and professing the same faith. There would be no inequality in such a measure, since it happens from the force of circumstances, if not from choice, that the responsibilities of education are in most instances confined by us to native citizens, and occasions seldom offer for a trial of our magnanimity by committing that trust to persons differing from ourselves in language or religion. Since we have opened our country and all its fulness to the oppressed of every nation, we should evince wisdom equal to such generosity by qualifying their children for the high responsibilities of citizenship."*

This is not the language of one who, if he had the power, would ruin hundreds of thousands in order to carry out his own opinions. There are no prejudices that impel men to greater

* Annual Message for 1840.

extremes than religious prejudices. None have caused more bloodshed, or entailed more misery. The warmest partisans have seldom burned or quartered each other merely because their political opinions were different. Still less have statesmen, worthy of the name, permitted themselves to be influenced by the fanaticism which, to use the words of a French philosopher and poet, is but religion's unnatural child.* No public man of his time, possessed of equal talents, education, and influence, was more intolerant in religion than was the late Sir Robert Peel in the beginning—indeed for the greater part—of his parliamentary career; but he admitted himself, in one of his greatest speeches, as Prime Minister of England, that as long as he was so he had no just claim to the character of an enlightened statesman—referring as an example of legislative wisdom, to the Empress Catharine of Russia, who, when she collected deputies from all the provinces of her immense empire, wrote with her own hand, as president of this grand council of legislation, that "among so many different creeds the most injurious error would be intolerance." But this is not the only instance in which Mr. Seward has raised his eloquent voice in favor of religious toleration. In 1844, shortly after the riots that brought disgrace on the hitherto quiet and orderly city of Philadelphia, he condemned the spirit of fanaticism and bigotry which caused them, in language at once eloquent, manly, and truthful:

"Within a few months a portion of the American community, men, women, and children, were compelled by American citizens to flee from burning dwellings in the night-time, and found their way to the woods and fields by the light of the flames which consumed not only their dwellings, but also their libraries, their hospitals, their churches, and their altars. The offence was that they, or their ancestors, were born in Ireland, and that they worshipped God according to the creed and ritual of the Roman Catholic church. And this

* "Il vient; le fanatatisme est son horrible nom;
Enfant dénaturé de la religion;
Armé pour la défendre il cherche à la detruire
E reçu dans son sein, l'enbrasse et le déchire."

has happened in the city that was founded by William Penn, and endowed by Benjamin Franklin—in the city where the Declaration of American Independence was promulgated, and where the American Constitution was established.

"These great wrongs, the outbreak of long-cherished religious and political intolerance, were not its most fearful and alarming incident. Emboldened by popular forbearance, the spirit of proscription has approached Congress, with a demand for the full disfranchisement in America of all men not born on the American soil. I say disfranchisement—for twenty-one years' residence, which is now insisted on, as a condition of naturalization, would be virtual disfranchisement. . . . . .

"I have not heard the loud and deep-toned censures upon the Philadelphia wrongs, and upon the recent acts of British aggression, which I expected from the American press and from the leaders of mind in America. *Therefore in this hour of trial I come here freely to declare before my countrymen—and if my voice could reach the region of thrones, to declare before principalities and powers*—that the injuries inflicted upon the Irishmen in America, are a flagrant violation of law, of constitution, of liberty, and of humanity. I know indeed, what this declaration costs. It may, indeed, give comfort to the poor and desponding exile, and awaken feelings of kindness toward me in his bosom, but it will offend very many of my own countrymen. Be it so. I desire the respect and regard of my own countrymen; *but I would rather have the gratitude of one desponding and oppressed fellowman than the suffrage* of the whole American people, given to me in consideration of denying any true principle of free government, or repressing any impulse of humanity."*

No orator, either American or English, has paid a finer tribute to the Whig party. Whether it is deserved or not is another question; or rather, whether it *was* deserved, for the party can hardly be said to exist, in this country, at present. At any rate it is worth reading; and his most captious political opponent can hardly pretend that it is "sectional:"

"The inhabitants of the banks of the Nile have a tradition that the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids was built by the antediluvians,

* Address at Utica.

and they venerate that great obelisk as the only work of that mighty race that has withstood the floods that changed and deformed the face of nature. Something like this is the reverence I feel toward the Whig party. It was erected not this year, nor a few years ago. Its foundations were laid and its superstructure reared by the mighty men of ages now remote—by the Hampdens, the Sidneys, the Vanes, and the Miltons—by the presbyterians, the puritans, the republicans, the whigs, of England—those who first secured the responsibility of kings by bringing the tyrant Charles to the block, and the inviolability of parliaments by erecting, even in England, Scotland, and Ireland, a commonwealth. Then and there arose the Whig party—a party which now, under whatever name, in every civilized country, advocates the cause of constitutional, representative government, with watchful jealousy of executive power. Of that race, who feared only God, and loved liberty, were the founders of Virginia and of New-England; and the Catholic founders of Maryland, and the peaceful settlers of Pennsylvania, were worthy associates with them. Here they established governments of which Europe was not worthy, and to perpetuate them they founded institutions for the education of children and for the worship of God." *

In this passage we have a fair specimen of Mr. Seward's style, though not of his eloquence. He seldom uses ornament of any kind except that which is naturally suggested by the subject. Of all our orators, he is the most sparing of metaphors—the most chaste in his imagery. His period is always lucid; it contains no redundancy of words—no ostentatious array of fine epithets; but all is direct and to the point. In these characteristics he may be said to stand almost alone among the American orators of the present day, whose prevailing fault is a certain floridness of expression, which, though it may please for the moment, leaves no lasting impression.

The English compare his most elaborate speeches to those of Lord John Russell. There is, indeed, a general resemblance between them; though some of his lordship's prepared speeches —such for example as certain of his recent "replies" to Mr. D'Israeli—are as rhetorical and contain as many "strange figures" as an ordinary Fourth of July oration. A com-

* Speech at Auburn in 1844.

parison, therefore, with the late Sir Robert Peel—which is also occasionally made—brings us much nearer the truth. It was a favorite observation of the latter statesman, though facetiously made, that he had no ambition to excel Demosthenes, or Cicero, in seeking ornaments for his ideas. This was in allusion to the simplicity which characterizes the most elaborate efforts of the two great model orators; who, guided by the precepts of Aristotle, avoided no error more carefully than bombast. But Russell, like Peel, takes a pride in enriching his speeches with the results of his reading and observation; and like the same statesman he owns the Stagirite as his instructor in doing so.

Whether Mr. Seward is guided by the same authority or not, we cannot say; but the tutor of Alexander would have the orator well informed respecting laws, treaties, commerce, finances, fortresses, garrisons, &c., and there is scarcely one of these subjects which is not treated, in one form or other, in the volumes under consideration; and in every instance the author not only shows that he has read and thought not a little, but also gives us the benefit of his researches. This reminds us of a passage in Schlegel's History of Literature, in which that eminent critic justly remarks that "What served to render Greek culture peculiarly agreeable to the upper classes of the Romans, and gradually to the nation collectively, was Greek oratory, which was closely combined with instruction in the language itself." Did not Greek oratory contain something more than declamation—had it not something more durable to recommend it than even the charms of eloquence—in a word, did it not afford instruction as well as delight, it would not have thus continued to be agreeable for ages, not only to the Romans, but to all other civilized nations. But our space diminishes; indeed we have little left now, although we have not been able to glance at more than one tenth of the passages we had marked for quotation. We must not omit, however, to give an extract or two from the oration on the Destiny of America, which is undoubtedly one of the most eloquent, most patriotic, and most instructive addresses it has ever been our privilege to read, or listen to, either in Europe or

America. After briefly glancing at the past and future of the American nation, the orator proceeds to ask:

"Is the Union of the States to fail? Does its strength, indeed, grow less with the multiplication of its bonds? Or does its value diminish with the increase of the social and political interests which it defends and protects? Far otherwise. For all practical purposes, bearing on the great question, the steam-engine, the iron road, the electric telegraph, all of which are newer than the Union, and the metropolitan press, which is no less wonderful in its working than they, have already obliterated State boundaries, and produce a physical and moral centralism more complete and perfect than monarchical ambition ever forged or can forge. Do you reply, nevertheless, that the Union rests on the will of the several States, and that, no matter what prudence or reason may dictate, popular passions may become excited and rend it asunder? Then, I rejoin, When did the American people ever give way to such impulses? They are practically impassive. You remind me that faction has existed, and that only recently it was bold and violent. I answer that it was emboldened by popular timidity, and yet that even then it succumbed. Loyalty to the Union is not in one or many States only, but in all the States, the strongest of all public passions. It is stronger, I doubt not, than the love of justice, or even the love of equality, which has acquired a strength here never known among mankind before." *

Mr. Seward has no more fear of foreign invasion than he has of domestic treason; but for opposite reasons. Did his love of European praise exceed his patriotism, as is the case with not a few in our time, he would not have the manliness to address his fellow-citizens as follows, instead of publishing a book on his return from Europe, full of indiscriminate and fulsome adulation:

"Is an enemy to come forth from the islands in the adjacent seas? Where then shall we look for him? On the Antilles, or on the Bermudas, or on the Bahamas? Which of the conflicting social elements existing together, yet unmixed, there, is ultimately to prevail? Will it be Caucasian or African? Can those races not only combine but become all at once aggressive and powerful?

* Oration at the Dedication of Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, Sept., 1858.

"Shall we look for an adversary in Europe? Napoleon said, at St. Helena, 'America is a fortunate country. She grows by the follies of our European nations.' Since when have those nations grown wise? If they have at least become wise, how is it that America has, nevertheless, not ceased to grow? But what European State will oppose us? Will Great Britain? *If she fears to grapple with Russia, advancing toward Constantinople, on the way to India, though not only her prestige, but even her empire is threatened, will she be bold enough to come out of her way to seek an encounter with us? Who will feed and pay her artisans while she shall be engaged in destroying her American debtors, and the American consumers of her fabrics?* Great Britain has enough to do in replacing in Ireland the population that island has yielded to us, in subjecting Africa, in extending her mercantile dominion in Asia, and in perpetually re-adjusting the crazy balance of power in Europe, so essential to her safety. We have fraternal relations in Switzerland, the only republic yet lingering on that continent. Which of the despotic powers existing there in perpetual terror of the contagion of American principles, will assail it, and thus voluntarily hasten on that universal war of opinion *which is sure to come at some future time, and which, whenever it shall have come, whether it be sooner or later, can end only in the subversion of monarchy, and the establishment of republicanism on its ruins throughout the world?*"

The correctness of the prediction contained in the last sentence may safely be doubted, although it must be admitted that there is a good deal in the author's speeches which has already proved remarkably prophetic. There will be always different forms of government, as long as there are different habits of thought, and different kinds of people to be governed. It is necessary to bear in mind that other nations are as much attached to monarchy, or despotism, as we are to republicanism. If the Russians, the Chinese, or the Persians, had the power to-morrow, oppressed as each are, it is more than probable that republicanism is the last form of government they would choose. Even the English, who are more like ourselves in their ideas and aspirations, than any other nation in the world, were monarchical at heart while they enjoyed most prosperity under the Commonwealth; and as soon as an oppor-

tunity offered they were glad to throw republicanism aside and take back the king, with the many heavy burdens inseparable from his rule. But, doubtless, the audience of Mr. Seward viewed his prediction in a different light: for what will not eloquence effect in the formation of opinion.* Be this as it may, the orator is not equally sanguine as to the universal acceptance of philosophy :

"Mankind accept philosophy just in proportion as intellectual and moral cultivation enable them to look through proximate to ultimate consequences. While they are deficient in that cultivation, peace and order, essential to the very existence of society, are necessarily maintained by force. Those who employ that force, seek to perpetuate their power, and they do this most effectually by dividing classes and castes, races and nations, and arraying them for mutual injury or destruction against each other. Despotism effects and perpetuates this division by unequal laws, subversive of those of reason and of God. Moreover, a common instinct of fear combines the oppressors of all nations in a league against the advance of that political philosophy which comes to liberate mankind. Those who inculcate this philosophy, therefore, necessarily encounter opposition and expose themselves to danger; and inasmuch as they labor from convictions of duty, and motives of benevolence, with such hazards of personal safety, their principles and character are justly regarded as heroic. Adams, Hamilton, La Fayette, Knox, and Washington, although they were the champions of human nature—a cause dear to all men —were saved from the revolutionary scaffold only by the success of their treason against a king whom the very necessities of society required to reign. Milton's 'Defence of the People of England,' which was, in truth, a promulgation of the same philosophy which we have been examining, was burned by the public executioner, and its immortal author only by good fortune escaped the same punish-

* We are told that when Thucydides, the Milesian, was asked by the King of Sparta, which was the better wrestler, Pericles or himself, he replied: "It is in vain to wrestle with that man. As often as I cast him to the ground, he has as stoutly denied it; and when I would maintain that he got the fall, he would as obstinately maintain the reverse: and so efficaciously, withal, that he has made all who heard him, nay, the very spectators, believe him."—Κυρου παιδεια, lib. vi., p. 118.

ment. The American colonists derived this philosophy chiefly from the instructions of Locke, Sidney, and Vane. Locke fled into exile, and Sidney and Vane perished as felons. Cicero, an earlier professor of the same philosophy, fell on the sword of a public assassin; and Socrates, who first inculcated it, drank the fatal hemlock, under a judicial sentence, in the jail of Athens."

We have only room for another extract or two, and they must be brief. The theme of the orator is still the Destiny of America; and he grows more and more eloquent, earnest, and instructive, as he proceeds. The picture which he draws of Rome, in instituting a comparison between her Republic and our own, is not surpassed in vividness, graphic force, and truthfulness, by any sketch of equal length in the English language.

"The example of Rome is often commended to us for our emulation. Let us consider it then with becoming care. Rome had, indeed, forms of religion, and morals, and a show of philosophy and the arts, but in none of these was there more than the faintest recognition of universal humanity. Her predecessor, Greece, had, in a brilliant but brief and precocious career, invented the worship of nature, or, in other words, the worship of deities, which were only names given to the discovered forces of nature. This religion did not, indeed, exalt the human mind to a just conception of the Divine, but, on the other hand, it did not altogether consign it to the sphere of sensuality. Rome unfortunately rejected even this poor religion, because it was foreign, and because it was too spiritual; and in its stead she established one which practically was the worship of the State itself. The senate elected gods for Rome, and these were expected to reward that distinguished partiality by showing peculiar and discriminating favor to the people of Rome, and the same political authority appointed creed, precepts, ritual, and priesthood. Does it need amplification to show what the character of the creed, the precepts, the ritual, and the priesthood, thus established, necessarily were? All were equally licentious and corrupt."

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"The domestic affections were stifled in that wild society. The wife was a slave, and might be beaten, transferred to another lord, or divorced at pleasure. The father slew his children whenever their care and support became irksome, and the State approved the act.

In such society the rich and great, of course, grew always richer and greater, and the poor and low always poorer and more debased; and, yet, throughout all her long career did Rome never establish one public charity, nor has history preserved any memorable instances of private benevolence. Such was the life of Rome under her kings and consuls. She attained the end of her ambition, and became as her historian truly boasts, '*Populus Romanus victor dominusque omnium gentium.*' But at the same time, the city trembled always at the very breathing of popular discontent, and every citizen, and even the senate, generals, and consuls, were every hour the slaves of superstitious fears of the withdrawal of the favor of the gods. The people sighing for milder and more genial laws, after the lapse of many centuries recovered the lost code which the good King Numa had received from the goddess Egeria. Do we wonder that the senate interdicted its publication, lest it might produce agitation dangerous to the public peace? Or can we be surprised when we read that Cicero, whose philosophy was only less divine, when he found that the republic was actually falling into ruins, implored his new academy to be silent?

"You know well the prolonged but fearful catastrophe, the civil and servile wars, the dictatorship, the usurpation, the empire, the military despotism, the insurrection in the provinces, the invasion by barbarians, the division, and the dismemberment, and the fall of the State, the extinction of the Roman name, language, and laws, and the destruction of society, and even civilization itself, not only in Italy, but throughout the world, and the consequent darkness which overshadowed the earth throughout seven centuries. This is the moral of a state whose material life is stimulated and perfected, while its spiritual life is neglected and extinguished."

Mr. Seward fully appreciates all that is glorious and memorable in our history as a nation. He awards their full meed of praise to our statesmen, authors, inventors, and philosophers; but he is too familiar with the world's history, and too much disposed to be honest and frank rather than adulatory—to regard even the greatest of them as perfect. While claiming for us that we have accomplished much, he reminds us that we have yet to produce the equals of the giant minds that shed perpetual lustre on the principal nations of the Old World:—

"Shall we acquit ourselves of obligation if we rest content with either the achievements, the intelligence, or the virtue of our

ancestors? If so, then the prospect of mankind is hopeless indeed, for then it must be true that not only is there an impassable stage of social perfection, but that we have reached it, and that henceforth, not only we but all mankind must recede from it, and civilization must everywhere decline. Such a hypothesis does violence to every power of the human mind, and every hope of the human heart. Moreover, these energies and aspirations are the forces of a Divine nature within us, and to admit that they can be stifled and suppressed, is to contradict the manifest purposes of human existence. Yet it will be quite absurd to claim that we are fulfilling these purposes, if we shall fail to produce hereafter benefactors of our race equal to Fulton, and Franklin, and Adams, and even Washington. Let us hold these honored characters indeed as models, but not of unapproachable perfection. Let us, on the contrary, weigh and fully understand our great responsibilities. It is well that we can rejoice in the renown of a Cooper, an Irving, and a Bancroft, but we have yet to give birth to a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Bacon. The fame of Patrick Henry and of John Adams may suffice for the past, but the world will yet demand of us a Burke, and a Demosthenes. We may repose for the present upon the fame of Morse, and Fulton, and Franklin, but human society is entitled to look to us ere long for a Des Cartes and a Newton. If we disappoint these expectations, and acknowledge ourselves unequal to them, then how shall it be made to appear that freedom is better than slavery, and republicanism more conducive to the welfare of mankind than despotism? To cherish aspirations humbler than these, is equally to shrink from our responsibilities, and to dishonor the memory of the ancestors we so justly revere."

That there are literary as well as political blemishes in the speeches of Mr. Seward it is almost needless to observe; but let the latter be what they may, the former are neither numerous nor important. Few who have spoken so much extemporaneously on multifarious subjects, have done less violence to the laws of taste. In his most enthusiastic flights, or when, in the heat of debate, his feelings are most excited, he seldom offends the most fastidious ear. In other words, his most impassioned outbursts exhibit a degree of mental culture and refinement which indicate the scholar as well as the orator. Generally, he addresses himself more to the reasoning faculties than to

the imagination—not but he has great power over the latter; and what is better, he knows when to use it with most effect. His arguments, though constructed with great skill, have an air of simplicity which is more persuasive, especially with the multitude, than the most elaborate syllogisms. The chief defect in his orations is want of unity. Sometimes his digressions are too long. They divert attention from the main object; although the audience is rather pleased than otherwise even with the most lengthy of them, for they serve as agreeable episodes. It is but fair to add, however, that except in very rare instances he avoids them in debate, making use of them chiefly, if not exclusively, where his object is to please and instruct rather than convince—as before literary, scientific, or educational associations. His speeches on education, public faith, internal improvements, commerce, and railroads, are replete with information, and display not only an intimate acquaintance with, but a lively interest in, all that affects our happiness and welfare as a nation. We shall be pleased, therefore, if this hurried glance at his works will have the effect of causing them to be more read by all who believe, like ourselves, that the productions of the intellect should be like the house of Macænas—*locus unicuique suus*—a sort of neutral ground, where those entertaining the most antagonistic opinions can meet on equal terms, each selecting for his repast what is most congenial to his taste, and passing over what is unpalatable, without giving needless offence to the host.

ART. VII.—1. *The Mill on the Floss*, by George Eliot.
2. *Adam Bede*, by George Eliot.
3. *Scenes of Clerical Life*, by George Eliot.
New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

THE author of "The Mill on the Floss" and of "Adam Bede," is of a school diametrically opposite to the French, and even very different from the majority of English novelists. With extremely simple plots, and the characters, incidents, and circumstances, taken from every day life, and not only from the modern state of society, but from the middle ranks, bordering almost on the lowest grade, the writer has managed to sustain the interest of the narrative even to fascination. This is a wonderful triumph of genius. Dickens had already proved the possibility of success in this untrodden path. His writings mark a new era in the novel. He touched the popular heart, and has found wealth and fame in writing

"The short and simple annals of the poor;"

unlike Theodore Hook, who devoted his fine talents to the service of the aristocracy, and wrote for them those fashionable novels known as "Sayings and Doings," whose object was to describe manners in high life, and to ridicule persons in the middle ranks who affected them. The life and death of the author impart a sad and moral interest to his tales. He obtained the distinction he sought, the favor of the fashionable world for which he sacrificed his independence, and after a giddy round of dissipation, checkered by pecuniary embarrassments, he died a premature death, the victim of disappointment, debt, and misery. Not so Dickens; his keenest shafts of satire have been directed against the wealthy and aristocratic classes, his genial sympathy is always with the masses of the people, and he is never so much at home as when delineating

"Their homely joys and destiny obscure."

George Eliot does not take his subject from high life, nor illustrate the characters and manners of the titled and the great. The life and feelings of the lower and middle classes in a quiet English village, farmers, millers, mechanics, laborers, factory-girls, shopkeepers, the parson, the squire, and the schoolmaster, and even the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of little children, constitute the materials out of which this artist has wrought such exquisite pictures. There seems to be little that is attractive in the subject; but the touch of genius can lend attraction to anything. A novel is good in proportion as it is true to nature and pure in its morality, no matter where the scene is laid or what the characters may be. That which is false in fiction never pleases. A novel is an imaginary biography, but it must have verity, consistency, and fidelity to nature. The personages must act as they would in real life. It has been well said that what is common need not be commonplace, nor what is strange, untrue. When Charlotte Brontë startled the reading world with her "Jane Eyre," it turned out upon inquiry that the secret of her success lay in the fact that she daguerreotyped what she saw, and the scenes and persons she described were drawn from her own observation in real life.

The volumes now before us bear internal evidence of being derived from the same source; and whenever great success has attended any novel it will be found that the so-called fiction is the result of actual experience, or that the consummate skill of the author so avoids "discords of character" in the delineation of his imaginary personages that they appear to have a real existence. George Eliot's works read like a true history, and we feel that the actors could not have acted otherwise than they did. All is so natural that the author appears only to give a faithful record of what he has seen and heard, instead of the work being the creation of his own mind. Hence the action of the story proceeds without apparent plot, and without delay. "The persons grow and the events happen," and every scene has an intimate connection with the movement of the story, and every incident is a link in the chain. This is a

perfection of art, which the greatest of novelists have failed to attain. Thackeray, Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, and Goethe, are remarkable examples. Their narratives frequently stand still, and subjects and incidents are introduced which have no bearing upon it. This is a fault into which writers of the male gender are more apt to fall than the other sex, who study character principally in connection with its bearing on the happiness or unhappiness of others, and are too enthusiastically interested in the story to travel beyond it to introduce opinions, comments, and moral reflections. They let their characters describe themselves, and their acts speak for them. Hence the dramatic interest is better sustained in a first-class novel written by a woman of genius than by the best of our male writers; not but that some female novelists, who are imitators of men and do not follow the promptings of their own nature, or have something of the man in them, furnish examples of the contrary. Dickens is the only great masculine novelist who shows but little disposition to generalize on the people and things he portrays; and whenever he attempts it he fails. The type of his genius is in many respects feminine, and is characterized by the same delicate powers of perception peculiar to women, though radiated with a rich broad humor which belongs to his own sex. It is this rare combination which distinguishes the author of the *Pickwick Papers*, and has contributed mainly to his success.

And here, perhaps, is the proper place to inquire into the authorship of "Adam Bede," and the "Mill on the Floss," and to ascertain the true sex of George Eliot; for it does not follow that the author is a man because a man's name is to be found on the titlepage any more than that George Sand is of the masculine gender, or that the works of the three sisters, Brontë, published under the assumed names of Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell, which the reading public long believed to be masculine and genuine names, were not written by female hands. In the case of "Jane Eyre, by Currer Bell," the critics were all found to be at fault. They unanimously pronounced it to be the work of a man—it bore all the marks,

they said, of masculine genius, and no woman could write it. Even the publishers firmly believed it was written by a man, and Mr. G. H. Lewes, thinking its pictures were melo-dramatic exaggerations, instead of true portraits of life, exhorted the author by letter to adhere to the real, little dreaming, as in this case, that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. The same masculine vigor, together with a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics, and a knowledge of subjects considered beyond the range of the female mind, have deceived the public into the belief that George Eliot is not of the feminine gender. One critic observes: "We speak of the author as of the masculine gender, but the delicate feminine feeling conveyed in the question—'What woman was ever satisfied with apparent neglect, even when she knows it is the mask of love?' would alone suffice to make us skeptical as to whether George Eliot ever wrote it. Not this sentence only, however, but many scattered throughout the work, display such an acute and subtile perception, and delineation of the affections, and of the countless ways in which they manage to express themselves while eluding even the most vigilant of *man*-kind, that we are forced over and over again to doubt, whether, after all, George Eliot is a real person." Another critic, however, in the face of this and other evidence, takes the opposite side, and forcibly remarks: "But the hypothesis that this book is written by a woman is beset with even greater difficulties than is misbelief in George Eliot. Few, perhaps, have greater faith in woman, and what she may accomplish, than we have; but how many women are there of this generation who combine the breadth, depth, and justness of thought; the genuine catholic spirit of religion—freed from all verbal formulæ; the vigorous imagination which fashions its creations with the unity and minute accuracy of detail that belong to organic growths; the wit, humor, and rich poetic feeling, and the admirable simplicity and lucidity of exposition, which distinguish the author of Adam Bede. Considering the weighty reasons on either side, we find it difficult to determine from internal evidence whether the work is the product of a man or a woman. But

while pronouncing no decisive opinion on this point, we may remark that the union of the masculine and feminine intellect is as rare as it is admirable; that it is a distinguishing characteristic of the most gifted artists and poets, and that to ascribe it to the author of Adam Bede is to accord the highest praise we can bestow."

Miss Burney, in her amusing account of her conversation with George III., touching the circumstances attendant on her anonymous publication of *Evelina*, tells us how amused she was at the conjectures about the authorship, how it was invariably attributed to the other sex, and how Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man, for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel. *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and *Agatha's Husband* have been claimed in our own day by writers of the male sex; but it is now admitted that their maternity is due to Miss Muloch. In the case of George Eliot, the authorship has been warmly disputed. Last year Rev. Mr. Anders, rector of Kirby, wrote a letter to assure the world that the author of Adam Bede is Mr. Liggins, of Warwickshire, and that the characters he paints in the "Scenes of Clerical Life" are "as familiar there as the twin spires of Coventry."

The public are satisfied for a while till "George Eliot" writes an indignant reply about the want of courtesy in prying into the author's real name, which was obviously meant to be withheld. Next the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne puts forth a statement about a gentleman receiving subscriptions as the ill-used author of "Adam Bede." The Messrs. Blackwood, the publishers, at length come out with a declaration that "those works are not written by Mr. Liggins, nor by any one with a name like Liggins, and if any person is receiving charitable contributions on the ground of being the author of the said works, he is doing so under false pretences." The question was taken up in the *London Times*, by initials which were not unknown, and the pretences of Liggins disposed of by the announcement of another work, which, when published, would establish the identity of the authorship. That work is "The Mill on the Floss," now given to the public; and it is not neces-

sary to look at the titlepage to convince us that it was written by the author of "Adam Bede." The real name is not yet given, and George Eliot is still its substitute; but there is no longer any doubt that the writer is a lady, and her name is Evans, a native of that part of Warwickshire with which internal evidence connects the work.

"The Mill on the Floss," take it all in all, surpasses all that woman has written, and challenges comparison with any of the works of the other sex whose names have gained world-wide celebrity. She has not yet published enough to enable us to compare her writings in detail with the various kinds of novels which stand in the first rank; but what she has given us are masterpieces which are unique, containing within themselves the germs of every excellence, for truly Shakespearean is the power Miss Evans possesses of adapting her thoughts to every nature and every situation. As each successive work she has written is a decided improvement upon the last, the inference is not unreasonable that in her future novels she will attain a still higher flight. Her "Scenes of Clerical Life," consisting of three short tales, the "Good Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and "Janet's Repentance," occupying less space in all than "Adam Bede," or the "Mill on the Floss," were her first essays, and were published in "Blackwood's Magazine," from which they were afterwards republished in book form. Though these stories are independent, there is a kind of connection between them like the Leather-stocking tales of Cooper. They do not equal the two works which succeeded them, but they furnish abundant evidence of the quality of the writer's genius, which developed itself more fully in the following year in "Adam Bede," and surprised and captivated the reading-world, which had begun to vote novels a bore, and, to a great extent, had abandoned that kind of reading in disgust. Her "Mill on the Floss," published in the present year, marks the progress of her triumphant march, and, in our opinion, places her in the first rank of living novelists.

Miss Evans' sketches of animate or inanimate nature are

vivid and truthful. What can be more beautiful than the description of the seasons from *Scenes of Clerical Life?* And who that can appreciate in its perfection, the beverage that "cheers but not inebriates," will not recognize the fidelity of the picture of Mrs. Patten's happy fireside and delicious cup of tea? The narrowness of Miss Patten's soul is painted to the life. The description of Knebly Church; the clerical meeting at Milby every month, wherein the clergy discussed theology, and "cemented their brotherly love by discussing a good dinner;" the sketch of the clergyman, "Gilfil, who smoked very long pipes and preached very short sermons, the story of whose life had its little romance, as most lives have, between the ages of teetotum and tobacco," and "the popish blacksmith, who had produced a strong reaction by declaring, that as soon as the Emancipation Bill was passed, he should do a great stroke of business in gridirons;" the account of the thin-lipped countess, and large, fair mild-eyed Milby, Parson Barton's wife, of whom a lady friend used to say, that whenever she met her, she "longed to kiss her that very moment," are specimens of minute, yet not tedious description and quiet humor.

The descriptions in the first publication of Miss Evans, gave a promise to the world of greater things to come, which has been abundantly redeemed. They are greatly surpassed by many descriptive passages in her larger works; for instance, the festival and village games in Adam Bede, which are worthy the pen of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and the "Scouring of the White Horse." Her description, in the same work, of children is exquisite; for example, the account of little Totty's ways with her bald doll, ignominiously "topsy-turvied" by her insulting brother, "the sturdy fellow of five, in knee-breeches and red legs, who had a rusty milk-can round his neck, by way of drum."

But it is not in description, however graphic and true to nature, that the author excels. Her forte lies in rare original humor, in felicity of incident, in great dramatic power of narrative, in such artful construction of plot, that it appears no plot at all, and, above all, in a wonderful development of

character. As to this last, she is eminently successful, having accomplished to perfection what is regarded as the most difficult achievement of the novelist—the portraiture of the *growth* of character, a branch of the art in which Dickens has completely failed, and no masculine writers have succeeded, except Goethe and Thackeray. The David Copperfield of Dickens, admirable as a child, becomes a failure in riper years; and Paul Dombey, so finely drawn as a child, must die before he grows to manhood, death cutting the knot which it was too hard for the artist to loose. And when he drew his picture of the "child-wife," he felt that it was necessary to nip that pretty blossom before it reached maturity. Sir Walter Scott never attempted to delineate growth of character. Even Charlotte Bronté failed to develop the beautiful creation she had sketched in the Paulina of her Vilette. Her portraitures are essentially masculine, and are rather a series of photographs than a continuous moral history. In this, other female novelists have been more successful; and it seems almost a peculiar gift of the sex. Miss Yonge in the *Daisy Chain*, and Miss Sewell in the *Earl's Daughter*, are happy examples. But previous to Miss Evans, perhaps no other novelist had been so successful in this representative feminine excellence as Miss Muloch, who marks with delicate continuity the various gradations of moral experience, through which some of her fine conceptions grow to maturity. The delineation of the heroine, in her *Agatha's Husband*, is a striking evidence of this power. Miss Evans possesses it in a far higher degree. Her pictures of Tom Tulliver and his sister Maggie, as children, have never been equalled. But their gradual mental and moral development, in which their identity is beautifully preserved all through, and "the child is father to the man," is so natural that you think you see the powerfully contrasted characters grow before your eyes, till at last they sink to rest together.

Again, Miss Evans excels all her female rivals, except Miss Austen, in giving full portraits of all the characters in her story. Miss Bronté, Miss Muloch, and others, paint with

depth and detail one central character, but, generally, give superficial sketches of the rest. The result is a disproportion and a want of harmony; to remedy which, Miss Brontë adopted the autobiographical form in all her novels except "Shirley," which is therefore the least successful. Since she set the example, it has become common in fiction, inasmuch as it suggests the only good reason for the elaboration of the central figure, and a minor treatment of all the others. Miss Muloch follows this form in "John Halifax," and substantially in "Olive," and "Agatha's Husband," which are consequently her three best works. Miss Evans, on the contrary, avoids that form, and scarcely permits herself to be heard or seen in her works. In her last book, which is highly dramatic, and in which all the characters are so thoroughly delineated, she makes them revolve around an inanimate object as their centre—"The Mill on the Floss." They are carefully introduced to us at the outset, and not till we are well acquainted with them is the story permitted to proceed. The result is, that they are distinctly in our mind's eye till the last; and the interest in the narrative, after it is fairly started, never flags. There is a difference in structure between this novel and "Adam Bede," in which the story was, to some extent, rendered subordinate to delineation of character; whereas, in the "Mill on the Floss" the story is its greatest attraction. But let us give some account of their respective plots. In both love, as of old, is the substratum; for what else is so proper? And in both, comedy and tragedy are united, after the manner of Shakespeare.

The scene of "Adam Bede" is laid in the villages of Hayslope and Snowfield, in a north midland county of England—"Loamshire," bordering upon "Stonyshire," which is probably Derbyshire. The dialect in which the characters speak, and other circumstances, show that this is the region. The time is the beginning of the present century. The chief personages of the story are two journeymen carpenters, Adam Bede and Seth, and their mother Lisbeth; a farmer, residing at Snowfield, named Poyser, and his wife and family, inclu-

ding two marriageable nieces, Hetty Sorrel and Dinah Morris, and Mr. Irwine, the rector, and Donnithorne, the young Squire of Hayslope. The principal character is Adam Bede, who in every respect forms a strong contrast to his brother Seth, as does Dinah to Hetty. Adam is a tall, broad-chested Saxon, but with "thick, black hair, tossed about like trodden meadow grass, whenever he raises his cap;" keen dark eyes and prominent brows, "indicating a mixture of Celtic blood." Seth closely resembled him in the large rugged features, and in the hue of the face and hair; but "the strength of the family likeness only served to render more conspicuous the remarkable difference of expression, both in form and face." Adam is straight; "Seth's broad shoulders have a slight stoop;" he "has blue dreamy eyes; his hair is thin and wavy," and his glance, instead of being keen like his brother's, is "confiding and benignant." Hence "the idle tramps always felt sure they could get a copper from Seth; they scarcely ever spoke to Adam." Their mother remembered how, when a child, "Seth 'ud allays lie i' the cradle wi' his eyes open;" whereas "Adam ne'er 'ud lie still a minute when he wakened." Adam was practical; Seth was dreamy as he looked. When Methodism invaded the place Seth was carried away with the new religion, but Adam, who was a sound churchman, continued firm. From a principle of reverence, he read the Bible only on Sundays, and among his other books we find "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Poor Richard's Almanac." He did not care to pry into mysteries of religion. He thought "good carpentry was God's will—that form of God's will that most immediately concerned him." At one time in the carpenter's shop when Seth betrayed absence of mind in reference to his work, his fellow-workmen ascribed it to the influence of religion. He gave himself a true account of the matter: "It is na religion," he said, "as was o'fault there; it was Seth Bede, as was allays a wool-gathering chap, and religion has na cured, the more's the pity." The mutual affection between the brothers, which is only knit the more firmly by the consciousness of their points of differ-

ence, is one of the most delicately handled and charming portions of the book.

The contrast between the cousins Hetty and Dinah is drawn with equal skill. Dinah was a Methodist, of the enthusiastic and devout missionary school of John Wesley and Whitefield, and believed she had "a call" to minister among the poor miners of the district. The fair young preacher had "a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low perpendicular brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting, between smooth looks of pale reddish hair." She was of the ecstatic type of Madame Guyon. Our author has preserved one of her street sermons, and if Methodism could boast of many such female preachers it had reason to regret the decree of Conference which suppressed women preachers, and soon cut short the ministrations of Dinah. Seth Bede, being a Methodist, saw in Dinah both a saint and an angel. He worshipped her, but pleaded his cause in vain. She resisted even his tears. "Her life," she said, "was too short, and God's work too great, for her to think of making a home for herself in this world." Our author's description of love is a gem:

"He was but three-and-twenty, and had only just learned what it is to love—to love with that adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself. Love of this sort is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is so? whether of woman or child, or art or music. Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm, majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty: our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery. And this blessed gift of venerating love has been given to too many humble craftsmen since the world began, for us to feel any surprise that it should have existed in the soul of a Methodist carpenter half a century ago."

In poor Seth's case the adage of Shakespeare that "the course of true love never did run smooth," was destined to have a remarkable verification. Yet Dinah was of an excellent nature, and a loving heart; "one of them things," said Mrs. Poyser, "as looks the brightest on a rainy day, and loves you the best when you're most in need on't." A strong sense of duty was the ruling principle both with her and Adam Bede. Hetty Sorrel was entirely different, and strange to say, she was the object of Adam's affection, and here again the current of true love was checked and turned awry. Hetty did not respond to his suit, nor yet did she positively reject it. She was a thorough coquette, and had higher aspirations than Adam. Our author gives the following account of her demeanor in the dairy, and her extraordinary beauty:

"Hetty blushed a deep rose-color when Captain Donnithorne entered the dairy and spoke to her; but it was not at all a distressed blush, for it was inwreathed with smiles and dimples, and with sparkles from under long curled dark eyelashes; and while her aunt was discoursing to him about the limited amount of milk that was to be spared for butter and cheese so long as the calves were not all weaned, and the large quantity but inferior quality of milk yielded by the short-horn, which had been bought on experiment, together with other matters which must be interesting to a young gentleman who would one day be a landlord, Hetty tossed and patted her pound of butter with quite a self-possessed, coquettish air, slyly conscious that no turn of her head was lost.

"There are various orders of beauty, causing men to make fools of themselves in various styles, from the desperate to the sheepish; but there is one order of beauty which seems made to turn the heads, not only of men, but of all intelligent mammals, even of women. It is a beauty like that of kittens, or very small downy ducks making gentle rippling noises with their soft bills, or babies just beginning to toddle and to engage in conscious mischief—a beauty with which you can never be angry, but that you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you. Hetty Sorrel's was that sort of beauty. Her aunt, Mrs. Poyser, who professed to despise all personal attractions, and intended to be the severest of mentors, continually gazed at Hetty's charms by the sly, fascinated

in spite of herself; and after administering such a scolding as naturally flowed from her anxiety to do well by her husband's niece—who had no mother of her own to scold her, poor thing!—she would often confess to her husband, when they were safe out of hearing, that she firmly believed 'the naughtier the little hussy behaved, the prettier she looked.'"

If poor Hetty had been only as good and wise as she was beautiful. But, alas! that was not the case, for Dinah's heart yearned "over the poor wandering lamb." She was ignorant, vain, and wrapped up in herself. But Adam Bede, blinded by love, thought the inward nature of a being so exquisitely formed must be equally beautiful. That was an error common to greater philosophers than the humble carpenter. Young Captain Donnithorne, who was at heart "a good fellow," was captivated by her charms, and sought opportunities of meeting her in secret. She was in the habit of going to the house of his father, the old Squire, to take lessons from the lady's maid in tent-stitching, lace-mending, and other womanly arts. The captain met her the first time as if by accident, but afterwards by appointment. Her vanity was flattered and she encouraged his advances. He gave her ear-rings and a locket containing their hair intertwined. The foolish creature dared believe that he would marry her. Adam knew nothing of these interviews till one day she dropped the locket, which shocked him, but after much discussion with himself he concluded she did not love anybody else. His eyes were opened at last, when one day, by accident, he saw Hetty and Donnithorne standing together under some birch trees, the young Squire kissing her and clasping her in his arms. Hetty ran home. A terrible scene ensued between Adam and the captain, which resulted in the moral triumph of a poor but honest mechanic, over a guilty man of superior rank. Donnithorne denied that anything but trifling flirtation had taken place between them, and consented to write a letter to Hetty to say that he could never marry her. The withering effect of that letter upon her may be easily imagined.

Arthur Donnithorne, who was now about to join his regi-

ment, reconciled to himself the abandonment of Hetty by the vague promise, in his own mind, of making her a recompense hereafter. Our author pertinently asks:

"Are you inclined to ask whether this can be the same Arthur who, two months ago, had that freshness of feeling, that delicate honor which shrinks from wounding even a sentiment, and does not contemplate any more positive offence as possible for it? — who thought that his own self-respect was a higher tribunal than any external opinion? The same, I assure you; only under different conditions. Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds; and until we know what has been or will be the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts, which constitute a man's critical actions, it will be better not to think ourselves wise about his character. There is a terrible coercion in our deeds which may at first turn the honest man into a deceiver, and then reconcile him to the change; for this reason—that the second wrong presents itself to him in the guise of the only practicable right."

Adam kept Hetty's secret, and fondly hoped that her intimacy with young Donnithorne was of too slight a character to prevent her returning his (Adam's) affection at no distant day, and soon the deluded young man became her acknowledged lover. Mrs. Poyser, perhaps one of the best portraits of a woman ever drawn, was the first to see through the heartlessness of Hetty. In comparing the two clergymen of the village, she used to say: "Mr. Irwine was like a good meal o' victuals, you were the better for it, without thinking on it; and Mr. Ryde was like a dose of physic, he griped you and worrited you, and after all he left you much the same." It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the "dear deceit" of beauty; so it is not surprising that Mrs. Poyser, with her keenness and abundant opportunity for observation, should have formed a correct estimate of what might be expected from Hetty in the way of feeling.

"'She's no better than a peacock,' she said, 'as 'ud strut about on the wall and spread its tail when the sun shone if all the folks i' the parish was dying; there's nothing seems to give her a turn i' th' in-

side, not even when we thought Totty had tumbled into the pit. To think o' that dear cherub! And we found her wi' her little shoes stuck i' the mud an' crying fit to break her heart by the far horse-pit. Hetty niver minded it, I could see, though she's been at the nussin' o' the child iver since it was a babby. It's my belief her heart's as hard as a pibble.' "

Miss Evans, with her keen insight into human nature, apologizes for the apparent want of sagacity in a sensible man like Adam, who "fell in love with a girl who had nothing but her beauty to recommend her, and even condescending to cleave to her after she had fallen in love with another man—waiting for her kind looks as a trembling dog waits for his master's eye to be turned upon him." She says, "Every rule has its exception," and adds—

"For my own part, however, I respect him none the less; nay, I think the deep love he had for that sweet, rounded, blossom-like, dark-eyed Hetty, of whose inward self he was really very ignorant, came out of the very strength of his nature, and not out of any inconsistent weakness. Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought on by exquisite music? to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life where no memory can penetrate? . . . For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music; what can one say more? Beauty has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes, as the words of genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them; it is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eyes—it seems to be a far-off, mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there. . . . The noblest nature sees the most of this *impersonal* expression in beauty, and, for this reason, the noblest nature is often the most blinded to the character of the one woman's soul that the beauty clothes. Whence, I fear the tragedy of human life is likely to continue for a long time to come, in spite of mental philosophers who are ready with the best receipts for avoiding all mistakes of the kind."

Hetty, on pretence of paying a visit to Dinah at Snowfield, left Hayslope to see her former lover and avoid her *shame*, after allowing Adam to fix the day of their marriage. She

was expected back in ten days, but did not come. Adam went at last in pursuit of her, and found she had not been seen at Snowfield. The fearful truth was soon revealed. Hetty followed her seducer, who had gone with his regiment. She could not find him, and having become a mother in the house of a poor woman, she abandons her child in a field near Stoniton, thinking it would be found alive. But it was not found till it was dead. She was arrested and convicted of child-murder, and sentenced to death, which was commuted to transportation for life, Captain Donnithorne arriving with the reprieve at the last moment. The faithful Dinah was found by her side in prison, giving her the consolations of religion. This outline is filled up by the hand of an artist, and we must refer the reader to the succession of beautiful pictures in the work itself. Donnithorne suffered the severest anguish, and repented sincerely of his sin, when it was too late to remedy the wrong, or even atone for it. He was not only the cause of Hetty's tragic fate, but plunged her family and Adam Bede into the deepest anguish. Such is one of the morals of this suggestive tale. The lot of poor Hetty is the story of thousands whose doom is influenced by the social condition of England, and the local circumstances by which they are surrounded. Adam, after his sorrow subsided, offered himself to Dinah, who said she must wait for clearer guidance from Heaven. At last she made him happy by this speech: "Adam, it is the Divine will. My soul is so knit to yours that it is a divided life I lead without you."

The date of the story of "The Mill on the Floss" is a little later than that of "Adam Bede." It is of the generation that has just passed away, when "the Iron Duke" was in his palmy days. The scene is Dorlcote Mill; the *dramatis personæ* are of the lower and middle class, even more exclusively than in the previous story; no full-blooded "gentleman" or "lady," in the English conventional sense, among them. Even Stephen Guest, the rich young banker, must have risen from the ranks. The rest are Tulliver, miller and malster, owner of Dorlcote Mill, well to do in the world and believed richer than he is; his

wife and his two children, Tom and Maggie; his wife's three sisters of the Dodson family, exceedingly snobbish—married, one to Mr. Clegg, a retired wool-stapler, another to Mr. Pullet, a so-called *gentleman* farmer, and the third to Mr. Deane, a junior partner in the ship-owning house of Guest & Co., to which position he had won his way up; a charming daughter of Deane's named Lucy, and Lawyer Wakem and his son Philip, all residing in or near the town of St. Ogg's. These people are, for the most part, very different from the simple villagers of Hayslope. They are vulgar; there was no taint of vulgarity in the Poysers or the Bedes. That feature belongs to the servile shopkeeping class, who ape the nobility and gentry, while they are ignorant, low, and free of all sympathy with human kind. Of this class are the Dodsons, who consider Tulliver rather a poor match for their younger sister. Tulliver is an honest, outspoken, stubborn man, of the country farmer type. From the sayings and doings of these persons our author weaves a story of surpassing beauty and interest. The characters are drawn with incomparable skill. Mr. Tulliver made up his mind to take his son Tom from the academy, and give him "a good eddication—an eddication as 'll be bread to him;" his son was now thirteen years old. In the academy "the lads spent their time blacking the family's shoes and getting up the potatoes." He wanted to retain the Mill himself, and to carve out some mode of livelihood for Tom through an education which would at the same time qualify him to be a help to him in his numerous lawsuits and arbitrations. But though he should like to be "a bit of a scholar," so as to be up to the tricks of the lawyers, "he would not, he said, make a downright lawyer of the lad, for he should be sorry to make him a rascal, but a sort of engineer or a surveyor, or an auctioneer and valuator, like Riley, "some smart business which was all profits and no outlay, more than a big watch chain and a high stool." Such men, he thought were even with the law, and "Riley looked Lawyer Wakem in the face as hard as one cat looked another," and was not afraid of him. But Tulliver was puzzled about what school

he should send Tom to, and consulted his wife, "a blonde, comely woman, nearly forty, in a fan-shaped cap." She was "what is called a good-tempered person—never cried when she was a baby, on any slighter ground than hunger and pies; and from the cradle upward had been healthy, fair, plump, and dull-witted—in short, the flower of her family for beauty and amiability." The only opinion she could give was that the school should not be too far away, for she wanted to "wash Tom and mend him;" but as there were "a couple of fowl which *wanted* killing," she proposed to invite the uncles and aunts next week to dinner, so as to hear what sisters Glegg and Pullet had to say. Tulliver had no objection to inviting them, but he would ask neither uncle nor aunt what he would do with his lad. In the meantime he thought he would have a talk with Riley, who was to be with him that evening about an arbitration touching the dam. As to Riley's personal appearance we are told:

"The gentleman in the ample white cravat and shirt-frill, taking his brandy and water so pleasantly with his good friend Tulliver, is Mr. Riley, a gentleman with a waxen complexion and fat hands, rather highly educated for an auctioneer and appraiser, but large-hearted enough to show a great deal of *bonhommie* toward simple country acquaintances of country habits. Mr. Riley spoke of such acquaintances kindly as "people of the old school."

In a long conversation over the supper table it is decided by the advice of Riley, that Tom is to go to the school of Rev. Mr. Stelling of Mudport, one of those unfortunate country curates in England who are compelled to teach to eke out an existence, while bishops and rectors who do little or nothing, wallow in wealth and luxury. Meantime the Dodson family are coming to dine at the Mill, and as it was Easter, great preparations were made. Of the Dodson family in general our author says:

"The Miss Dodsons had always been taught to hold up their heads very high, and no one was surprised the two eldest had married so well—not at an early age, for that was not the practice of the Dod-

son family. There were particular ways of doing everything in that family—particular ways of bleaching the linen, of making the cowslip wine, curing the hams, and keeping the bottled gooseberries, so that no daughter of that house could be indifferent to the privilege of having been born a Dodson, rather than a Gibson or a Watson. Funerals were always conducted with peculiar propriety in the Dodson family: the hat-bands were never of a blue shade, the gloves never split at the thumb, everybody was a mourner who ought to be, and there were always scarfs for the bearers. When one of the family was in trouble or sickness, all the rest went to visit the unfortunate member, usually at the same time, and did not shrink from uttering the most disagreeable truths that correct family feeling dictated: if the illness or trouble was the sufferer's own fault, it was not the practice of the Dodson family to shrink from saying so."

Tom who had learnt little at the academy, and "couldn't abide books," had taught himself a great many things: the making of whipcord, fishing, throwing stones, and fighting, in which last accomplishment he was highly distinguished. He was a Rhadamanthine in justice, always punished culprits as they deserved, particularly when they did anything unfair. He was of great determination and obstinacy, showing a strong desire for "mastery over the inferior animals, wild and domestic, including cockchafers, neighbors' dogs, and small sisters." He had "blue-gray eyes," and was very different from what he looked.

"He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and, at twelve or thirteen years of age, look as much alike as goslings—a lad with light-brown hair, cheeks of cream and roses, full lips, intermediate nose and eyebrows—a physiognomy in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the generic character of boyhood; as different as possible from poor Maggie's phiz, which Nature seemed to have moulded and colored with the most decided intention. But that same Nature has the deep cunning which hides itself under the appearance of openness, so that simple people think they can see through her quite well, and all the while she is secretly preparing a refutation of their confident prophecies."

Maggie, who is not nine years of age, is described as "incessantly tossing her head to keep the dark heavy locks out of her gleaming black eyes—an action which gave her very much the air of a small Shetland pony." As to her habits:

"Maggie loved to linger in the great spaces of the mill, and often came out with her black hair powdered to a soft whiteness that made her dark eyes flash out with a new fire. The resolute din, the unresting motion of the great stones, giving her a dim delicious awe as at the presence of an uncontrollable force—the meal forever pouring, pouring—the fine white powder softening all surfaces, and making the very spider-nets look like a fairy lacework—the sweet pure scent of the meal—all helped to make Maggie feel that the mill was a little world apart from her outside every-day life."

The attic of the house was another favorite resort of this dreamy, impulsive child. She had then the trunk of a large wooden doll which represented her aunt Glegg, and like Jael destroying Sisera in the old Bible, she drove a nail into its head as "a luxury of vengeance," which was suggested by her mother threatening to tell her aunt Glegg that she had been very bold. Maggie was always in mischief and never out of trouble, for she was too sensitive to bear scolding. She was her father's pet, while Tom was the mother's darling, a Dodson in his appearance, she thought, though the obstinacy came from the father's side. Maggie was as brown as a gipsy, which her aunt Pullet feared would "stand in her way in life." Her mother used to complain of the dispensations of Providence, for "folks would think she had done something wicked, and that it was a judgment on her that she had such a child." The moral characteristics of the two children are as different as their physical. Maggie "rushes to her deeds with passionate impulse, and then sees not only their consequences, but what would have happened if they had not been done, with all the exaggerated circumstance of an active imagination," which was fed by her solitary reading of books that were comfort for her, such as Defoe's "History of the

Devil." "A bitter sense of the irrevocable is almost an every-day experience of her little soul." She was "always wishing she had done something different." With Tom it was quite the contrary. He "would just do the same again," was his usual observation on reviewing his actions. Tom loved her, but she loved him far more passionately, and suffered extreme distress when he was not friends with her, and called her "Spitfire" and similar names. The account of their strolls together along the river, and their quarrels and reconciliations, is most graphic and true to nature. The oldest of us cannot fail to be delighted with Tom and Maggie, because these children say and do just what we remember to have said and done when children ourselves, or have known other children to say and do. The source of all good fiction is personal knowledge, experience, with a vivid remembrance of the past, and the power to present it vividly to the reader.

The Dodsons arrive at the mill with their money-worshipping spouses who married them from a due appreciation of kindred virtue, it being a principle of the Dodson religion that poverty is the one sin never to be forgiven, and the highest merit of a Christian is to die "leaving more money out at interest than other folks had reckoned." Mrs. Glegg, the eldest sister, is a large, handsome woman of fifty, severely virtuous, and though rich enough to wear the best dresses, never put on the best till the old were used up, and kept her fine garments in oak chests till they were spotted with mildew or out of fashion. She had a very long tongue, and whenever she quarrelled with her husband, which was rather frequently, she retired to her room, pulled down the blinds, and for the rest of the day fed upon water gruel, and Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest." Mrs. Pullet was more thin-skinned, and was always weeping about all the ills that flesh is heir to, though she would hardly part with five pounds to save the life of any human being.

Mrs. Tulliver introduced the subject of Tom's going to school to the uncles and aunts, which resulted in a severe

comment by Mrs. Glegg on foolishly spending money in having him taught Latin and Greek which was of no use to him. Tulliver, who was very impetuous, replied that he would just do as he pleased with his children, when Mrs. Glegg retorted with a hint about her money which she had loaned to Tulliver on interest. This was too much for Tulliver, and the family party ended in a rupture, Mrs. Glegg leaving the house abruptly, and Tulliver expressing his determination to return her money—a determination which he found difficult of accomplishment, but succeeded in carrying out at last; and on this turns the terrible tragedy which is to come. Tulliver found it necessary to give a mortgage on the Mill in order to raise the money, which he could only get from a client of Lawyer Wakem, and against Wakem he had a mortal antipathy. Tom went to the classical school at Mudport as a boarder, and to the same school went Philip Wakem, the lawyer's son, who was a hunchback, but a very intelligent boy, and with a tolerably good disposition, soured a little by the accident to his spine. "Mr. Tulliver," we are told, "was proud of the fact that his son was to have the same advantages as Wakem's, but Tom was not at all easy on the point; it would have been much clearer if the lawyer's son had not been deformed, for then Tom would have had the prospect of pitching into him with all that freedom which is derived from a high moral sanction." Tom soon found Philip very obliging in helping him with his lessons and telling him stories from his historical reading about ancient warriors; but Tom was continually creating quarrels with Philip by offering him some indirect slight about his physical inferiority, which was at last retaliated with fierce sarcasm about Tom's brutal stupidity. Tom found Latin and Euclid rather up-hill work, and his teacher very strict. He used to pray to God to "enable him to remember his Latin," but when he thought of the mathematics he added, "And make Mr. Snelling say I shan't do Euclid any more. Amen." His sister Maggie was invited on a visit by the teacher's wife, and the account of her hold-

ing Tom's Latin books and hearing him say his lessons is highly amusing. While here, she formed an acquaintance with Philip, with whom she sympathized strongly on account of his deformity, Tom's harsh treatment of him, and also on account of his knowledge of books. The sympathy was mutual, and a strong attachment sprung up between them, despite of the antipathies of the two families. Maggie went to a boarding-school with her cousin Lucy, and both her physical and intellectual growth were rapidly developed. Her dark hair had grown long, and her lustrous eyes eloquent. She was thirteen when she was summoned home by family embarrassments, "strangely old for her years in everything but prudence and self-command."

A lawsuit, in which Tulliver was engaged for years, now went against him. The mortgage on his land, given to raise money to pay Mrs. Glegg, was sold to Wakem, a bill of sale had been given on his furniture, and all must be auctioned. He was a broken, ruined man. The news so affected Tulliver that he fell from his horse and was very sick. Tom was called home. A family council was held of the uncles and aunts, and all that they did was to abuse poor unfortunate Tulliver for disgracing the Dodson family. Maggie fired up with indignation, but Tom, who was more practical, prevented her from speaking.

"'Then, aunt,' he said, looking straight at Mrs. Glegg, 'if you think it's a disgrace to the family that we should be sold up, wouldn't it be better to prevent it altogether? And if you and my Aunt Pullet,' he continued, looking at the latter, 'think of leaving any money to me and Maggie, wouldn't it be better to give it now, and pay the debt we're going to be sold up for, and save my mother from parting with her furniture?'"

This astonished and silenced the whole Dodson family. It was a sudden home-thrust they were not prepared for. As soon as Mrs. Glegg recovered her speech, she very emphatically declared she would do no such thing, and so of all the rest—no one would do anything. Maggie's smothered fire now flamed

out, her eyes flashing like the eyes of a young lioness, as she stood in front of her aunts:

"'Why do you come, then,' she burst out, 'talking and interfering with us, and scolding us, if you don't mean to do anything to help my poor mother—your own sister—if you've no feeling for her when she's in trouble, and won't part with anything, though you would never miss it, to save her from pain? Keep away from us, then, and don't come to find fault with my father—he was better than any of you—he was kind—he would have helped *you*, if you had been in trouble. Tom and I don't ever want to have any of your money, if you won't help my mother. We'd rather not have it; we'll do without you.'"

The result of this family council was that the auction was allowed to proceed, and the sale took place while Tulliver was lying almost in a dying state. Wakem purchased the bill, and Mrs. Tulliver and all the Dodson family, except brave, self-reliant Tom, urged Tulliver to accept the situation of manager under Wakem. It was wormwood to the miller, who was slowly recovering from his illness; but it was more galling to listen to the reproaches of his wife and the Dodsons, and he accepted the bitter cup, while he mournfully said, "I'm an honest man, though I shall never hold my head up more. I'm a tree as is broken—a tree as is broken. This world's been too many for me." He then called for the old quarto Bible, and directed Tom, in the presence of the whole family, to write on the same fly-leaf on which was registered the family history, what he now directed:

"'Write as your father, Edward Tulliver, took service under John Wakem, the man as had helped to ruin him, because I'd promised my wife to make her what amends I could for her trouble, and because I wanted to die in th' old place, where I was born, and my father was born. Put that i' the right words—you know how—and then write as I don't forgive Wakem for all that; and for all I'll serve him honest, I wish evil may befall him. Write that.'

"There was a dead silence as Tom's pen moved along the paper. Mrs. Tulliver looked scared, and Maggie trembled like a leaf.

"'Now let me hear what you've wrote,' said Mr. Tulliver. Tom read aloud slowly.

"'Now write—write as you'll remember what Wakem's done to your father, and you'll make him and his feel it, if ever the day comes. And sign your name Thomas Tulliver.'

"'Oh no, father, dear father!' said Maggie, almost choked with fear. 'You shouldn't make Tom write that.'

"'Be quiet, Maggie,' said Tom. 'I *shall* write it.'"

"Of those two young hearts," says our author, "Tom's suffered the most unmixed pain, for Maggie, with all her keen susceptibility, yet felt as if the sorrow made larger room for her love to flow in, and gave breathing space to her persistent nature. No true boy but feels that he would rather go and slay the Nemean lion, or perform any round of heroic labors, than endure perpetual appeals to his pity for evils over which he can make no conquest." Tom went heroically to work, and obtaining employment from the firm to which his Uncle Deane belonged, he saved his earnings, which he magnanimously resolved to appropriate to the payment of all his father's debts. Such was his industry and energy, that his salary was soon raised, and his Uncle Glegg, finding that he was of the right stamp, lent him some money to trade with. Tom was successful, and gave his father the entire amount of the debts. On the day of the payment, the old man met Wakem, who insulted him. A struggle ensued. From the effects of passion, poor Tulliver took ill and died, enjoining on Tom, with his last breath, to try to get the old mill back, and take care of his mother and Maggie. "And poor Tulliver's dimly-lighted soul had forever ceased to be vexed with the painful riddle of this world."

Maggie was now seventeen years of age. Her life at the mill for the last four years tended to stimulate her excitable mind into diseased activity. "A creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge, with an ear streaming after dreamy music that died away, and would not come near to her—with a blind, unconscious yearning for something that would link

together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it." She has recourse to books. She meets with a well-worn, antiquated copy of "The Imitation of Christ," a wonderful book, attributed to Thomas a Kempis, but of really unknown authorship, "the most beautiful," observes Fontenelle, "that ever came from the hand of man, since not from his hand came the gospel." "This voice, out of the far-off middle-ages," says George Eliot, "was the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message." From this book she learned lessons of renunciation, which were entirely new, and to which she was guided by old faded ink-marks in the margin, made by some hand long since cold. She thought she had now gained a secret of strength against the conflict to which her high-strung nature exposed her.

Three weeks previous to her father's death Tom had discovered that for the last year, during her walks in the "Red Deeps," on the banks of the Floss, she had frequently met Philip Wakem, and on being questioned by her father she admitted the fact, and that on the last occasion he had avowed his love to her, and she had declared hers for him. Tom's rage knew no bounds, and by a threat of telling her father all about it, he compelled her to swear, by laying her hand on the Bible, opened at the page of manuscript which he had written into it by his father's direction when the old man accepted the situation from Lawyer Wakem—to swear that she would not write or speak to Philip without Tom's knowledge. Not satisfied with this, Tom conducted her to the spot where he knew Philip was waiting for her. A scene followed which must be read in the author's own words to be appreciated. Tom's violence and harshness to Philip, whose refined and cultivated mind and warm devotion to herself she knew how to appreciate, only endeared him the more to her, though she was compelled to submit to her destiny. On the death of her father, Maggie for two years supported herself by teaching as an assistant in a school at some distance. She would not be dependent on any of her relations, not even Tom. Her mother

went to live with Aunt Pullet, and Tom had taken up his quarters at Bob Jakins, who was now married, and whose wife let rooms. Maggy was leaving her dreary situation and was coming for a month or two on a visit to her cousin Lucy Dean, whose mother had been for some time dead. Lucy had become a charming, innocent, neat little creature, with light-brown ringlets and soft hazel eyes, and slight aerial figure. She was highly accomplished, and she was as good as she was beautiful. By her influence with her father she had helped her cousin Tom, and she cherished the warmest feelings for Maggie, whom she desired to live with her. Stephen Guest, the son of the older member of the firm of Guest & Co., paid her the most marked attention. But on seeing Maggie, his whole soul was fired with an indescribable passion. She was but nineteen years of age, tall, and of an uncommon, striking, fascinating appearance, with "deep, deep eyes—far off and mysterious, as the starlit blackness, and yet very near and timidly loving." She could not help perceiving the flame that she had kindled in the breast of Stephen Guest, and in spite of every effort to smother and conceal her own growing passion for him, it would flash out now and then. There was a spell upon her, and she was scarcely conscious of its power. They were mutually attached, and hurried on step by step, till at last they made avowals of love to each other, but agreed that it would be dishonorable to both to proceed further. But how weak is human resolution when the soul is under the control of an absorbing passion. Stephen was impliedly engaged to Lucy, and Maggie was pledged to Philip, if ever she could get Tom's consent, and Lucy was so kind and confiding. Poor Maggie was mentally intoxicated.

One day he induced her to get into a boat to take a sail. He brought her far down the river near to the sea. They could not get back that night, and he proposed to take her to Scotland to get married. She resisted every entreaty, though strongly under his influence. On landing at a distance from home she left him. In despair, he went abroad, though without her knowledge, and she returned home alone, self-con-

demned and humiliated. What would Lucy, what would the world say? This question was suggested to her by Stephen as the best reason for their immediate marriage, but it had little weight with a nature like hers. She determined to go to her brother and tell him all. During her absence, which was now five days, Tom had regained possession of the Old Mill, had his mother there, and would have been completely happy but for Maggie. On making her appearance he repulsed her, as a degraded being, and told her how Lucy had been seized with dangerous illness from her conduct. This was terrible reality; but it was only "the hard rind of truth, which is discerned by unimaginative, unsympathizing minds." The result was that she parted from him in despair, and proceeded to the house of poor old Bob Jakins, further up the Floss. The whole world censured her; but she found one kind sympathizing friend in a good clergyman who had seen a letter from Stephen Guest acquitting her of everything that was wrong. She applied to him to get her a situation, and he promised to aid her. She had refused shelter offered to her by Aunt Glegg. Rumor with its hundred tongues at St. Ogg's was busy against her; but little these people could appreciate the heroic struggles of such a mind.

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."

So soon as poor Lucy recovered she stole to see Maggie, and the interview was most affecting. Maggie, suffused with tears, told her the whole truth, and Lucy believed her. They were the same loving friends as ever, and on parting Maggie assured her that Stephen would yet return to her. But scarcely had Lucy gone when a letter reached Maggie from Stephen, who had returned from Holland to Mudport unknown to his friends. He entreated her passionately to reconsider her refusal to marry him. Here was a new trial, but it was to be of short duration. She sat up late that night pondering over the letter, and resolved to conquer temptation and be true to Lucy and Philip. While she was sitting in her room, she felt

a rush of cold water under her feet. It was the Floss which had risen by recent rains, as it sometimes did, and inundated the whole country along its banks. There were two boats moored at the house, and she saw one of them driven against the window by the flood. She roused Bob Jenkins and his wife. They got into the boats, and in the confusion Maggie's boat was separated from the other, and drifted down to the Mill. The water was high up on the building. Tom escaped into this ark of refuge. The mother was not at home. They drifted down the current till they came opposite Stephen Guest's father's house by sunrise, when a large, floating mass of timber was seen above them, which soon struck the boat, bore it under the water, and "brother and sister went down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment, the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together."

Such is the bare outline of this beautiful tale, so full of wit and humor, of pathos and glowing description, of the philosophy of life, of deep knowledge of the human heart in all its intricacies, of lofty moral principles, and moral instruction, conveyed in the most attractive form, realizing the canon of Horace:

> "Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
> Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

Yet is this writer not without her faults, though they are neither numerous nor of great magnitude. In the dialogue there is too much of scarcely intelligible local dialect, as, for instance, "allays" for always, and too much slang to be agreeable to the general reader. The language when the author speaks herself is of the opposite kind, and is occasionally too florid, and wanting in the chasteness of female writers who, in other respects, are greatly inferior to her. When she attempts the sublime, she is out of her element, and sometimes closely borders on the ridiculous. She occasionally makes her characters talk too much "shop." Adam

the carpenter speaks of Dinah as "a rare bit of workmanship—you don't see such women turned off the wheel every day;" when he puts off a visit to the school, he observes "that screw can wait;" and again, "a pretty building I am making, without either bricks or timber," "I seem as if I had been measuring my work from a false line." It is all right to make the personages in a novel, as in a drama, speak in character, but our author seems to have carried this to excess. Her descriptions are sometimes rather tedious, and too minute in details. Her delineations of the operations of love are now and then too sensuous, and that dangerous passion is not always handled with sufficient delicacy. One of the scenes, in which Donnithorne and Hetty are actors, will occur to the reader; also the scene in the garden between Maggie and Stephen, on the night of the ball. The writer is not sufficiently severe in dealing with the plausible, self-complacent scoundrel, Donnithorne, the type of thousands of "captains" and young squires in the British islands, who ruin village maids, and escape unwhipt of justice. She leaves him to the remorse of his own conscience, but it is rarely such men are troubled with its compunctious visitings. It would have been more satisfactory to the reader, to have had some account of the subsequent life of Donnithorne, and of the fate of Hetty after her transportation. The ending does not seem complete. In neither of her novels does our author pay due attention to the claims of poetic justice; but in this respect she only more closely imitates real life. She does not obtrude her moral, but for the most part leaves the reader to point it himself. In both *Adam Bede* and the *Mill on the Floss*, however, a powerful moral is indirectly inculcated, and that is, that amends can never really be made for moral wrong, and that "life is a reckoning we cannot make twice." We may reform ourselves, but the consequence of our evil actions, as they affect others, we cannot undo. The value of sound education and moral training is also pointed out, by showing that ignorance and inexperience lead to the most unhappy results. The im-

portance of resisting the first approaches of temptation before it has time to gain strength, is finely illustrated in the history of both Hetty and Maggie.

But the works of Miss Evans are more novels of character than of action. In describing the state of religious feeling in the vicinity of the scene of her story, she is most happy and faithful, but the reader cannot find out what her own opinions are, and whether she is not even a Pagan. This is very different from Miss Brontë, in her "Professor," who betrays no small amount of religious bigotry. Miss Evans wants the depth and strength of passion of "Currer Bell," but she is more genial, and a larger charity characterizes her writings. Miss Evans has been compared with Thackeray for her satire; but the two writers are very different. In Thackeray there is no tenderness—he remorselessly plunges his lancet into character as if he had no feeling, no sympathy with human weakness or pain. He has never drawn one good female portrait. All his women are either intellectual and vicious, or virtuous fools. It is not so with the heroines of Miss Evans, and not so in real life.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Political Text-Book; or, Encyclopædia.* Edited by M. W. Cluskey. Twelfth edition, 8vo. Philadelphia: James B. Smith & Co. 1860.

2. *Our Living Represeatative Men*, by JOHN SAVAGE, 12mo. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson.

"THEY that govern most make least noise," says Selden; to which it may be added, that they that are governed least make most noise. But as silence is not always a proof of content, neither is noise always a sign of danger. This is particularly true of Republics, where the press and the tribune are free. There never was a State yet without parties and factions, and there never were parties and factions which did

not misrepresent each other. On each side there are generally men of talent—both orators and writers, capable of influencing the multitude. If these have not real dangers to warn the people against, and thereby manifest their own patriotism, they conjure up imaginary ones, which answer their purpose just as well. In either case, it is their opponents that are to do all the evil; from which it follows, as a matter of course, that they should have as little hand in the government as possible. The party thus charged feel all the indignation of injured innocence; they refer triumphantly to the great deeds they have accomplished for their country, while all the time their opponents have been studying only their own aggrandizement, and trying, by some means or other, to bring ruin on their country.

History tells us that it has been the same under similar circumstances, for more than three thousand years; yet the people remain undeceived. They are as much guided by the heads of parties to-day as were the Athenians, when Plato wrote his *Republic*, or the Romans, when Mark Antony delivered his famous oration over the dead body of Cæsar. Education has, indeed, a powerful effect in restraining party excitement; but all the schools that were ever established would not make thinkers of the masses. Let the children of toil read ever so many newspapers and novels, they are not capable of analyzing the motives of public men. This is not the less true, because men engaged in the most menial employments sometimes become leaders of thought themselves. As a general thing, the people everywhere believe in this or that political dogma, or think this or that accusation, or prediction, is what it is represented, or otherwise, according as it does or does not receive the sanction of those in whose opinions they have confidence. Thus it is that "those who think govern those who toil," however intelligent the latter may be.

The people are credulous everywhere, and their fears and resentments are easily excited in proportion as they are ignorant, and *vice versâ*. Hence it is that, let the form of government be what it may, it is the interest of the State that

at least the rudiments of education be within the reach of all; although it is but recently the fact has been generally recognized. Philosophers have, indeed, in all ages, advised kings and emperors to promote the diffusion of knowledge as the surest means of giving stability to their governments, but they have rarely succeeded in convincing them that the ignorant are not more easily governed than the intelligent. Happily, it is otherwise at the present day. No government, having any pretensions to enlightenment, tries any longer to keep the people in ignorance. The two principal despotisms of Europe have devoted an amount of the public money to the purposes of popular education, within the last ten years, which seems almost fabulous. Even Russia has established schools for the benefit of the poor throughout all parts of her immense empire; at the same time elevating the standard of collegiate education; inviting the learned to professorships in her universities, without regard to their country or nationality. Germans, French, English, and Americans, when found to be qualified as educators, are made equally welcome; and receive salaries proportioned to the amount of knowledge they are capable of communicating. Nor has Austria been neglectful of the same great cause. Within the period mentioned, she, too, has established a good system of public schools. As for the system of Prussia, it is the best in Europe. Nor is any Frenchman so poor but that he can secure for his children at least the rudiments of education; and these rudiments once learned, the student, if possessed of talent and eager to become a scholar, need not despair, however poor, of being admitted into the best universities, or of becoming a member of the famous Academy itself.*

* M. De Pradt in his *Sistema de l'Europa*, regards civilization as the most essential requisite of a people; and it is needless to observe that without intelligence civilization can make no progress. In proportion as the former is neglected, the latter is imperfect. M. De Pradt asks, in the purest Castilian:—"¿Cual es hoy dia la necesidad esencial de todos los pueblos? *La civilizacion.* ¿Cual es el manantial del aumento de sus fortunas? *La civilizacion.* ¿A que sirven á la humanidad entes que, por defecto de civilizacion, son del todo ex-

But what is desirable and salutary in a despotism becomes essential in a republic. It needs no argument to prove that those who enjoy the privilege of self-government require more knowledge and intelligence than those who have to own an hereditary master, who can impose what taxes he likes upon them, consigning them to the dungeon or to exile if they attempt to question his authority. Were we to examine the republics of the world, we should find that their greatest errors had their origin in the ignorance of the people. Had the Athenian masses been intelligent, they would not have put their greatest philosophers to death. Not to mention Socrates, we have sufficient evidence of this in their conduct towards their five victorious generals, whose only crime was, that, being prevented by a tempest, they omitted to bury their dead, after the victory. Here we have proof of the same superstition recorded by Homer—namely, that which represents the souls of the departed as wandering in the air until they received the honors of sepulture. When, subsequently, more attention was paid by the state to popular education, these barbarous excesses were atoned for as much as possible. In the history of the Roman Republic we see the fatal consequences of the same neglect. The people were orderly and willing to obey the laws in proportion to their intelligence, and in proportion as education was unattended to demagogues became more and more powerful, until finally they excited civil war, tore the Republic asunder, and, according as they were successful, established their own power on its ruins.

The strongest argument against modern republicanism is found in the scenes that followed the first French Revolution. These are indeed frightful to contemplate even at the present day; but despotism, not republicanism, was the cause of them. No pains had been taken to instruct the people; for it was then the fashion with kings to discourage rather than

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traños á las communicaciones establecidas entre los demas hombres? Para nada; mucho mênos aun que los animales cuyos despojos sirven para usos útiles a hombre?" Tomo i., p. 126.

promote popular education. When a people, debased by ignorance and infuriated by oppression, get absolute power into their hands, it is not to be expected that they will act with moderation or humanity towards those whom they regard as, at best, the cause of their poverty and destitution. Hence it was that the French *noblesse* suffered as they did at the hands of the enraged populace, who, in the violence of their paroxysms, deemed it almost a crime worthy of death to wear clean linen. After the Revolution, education became more general. Napoleon I. was too profound a thinker not to see that no country can be truly great as long as its people are kept in ignorance; and accordingly he gave large grants of money, when he required it most for other purposes, in order that facilities of instruction might be afforded to the poor. The restored Bourbons pursued the same course, on a more extensive scale; so that the revolution of 1830, which expelled Charles X., presented in every respect in which humanity is concerned, a contrast to that of 1793; and still greater was the improvement in 1848, because increased pains had been taken with popular education.

The Swiss, surrounded as they are by powerful despotisms, would long since have fallen a prey to the strongest, had they been unmindful of the fact that "Knowledge is power." But so early as the time of William Tell, they had their parochial schools. They have had the benefit of a national system of education for nearly three hundred years—long before any similar system was established in any monarchical country of modern Europe; a system the improvement of which has always been an object of no secondary solicitude to the government. Had they been an ignorant people, they would long since have fallen under the yoke either of France or Austria, each of whom has tried, time after time, to subdue them. Napoleon acknowledged at St. Helena that the Swiss were too intelligent and too firmly united to be ever wholly subdued, as long as they maintained the same character, by a nation of four times their numerical strength. And no one had a better opportunity of knowing than he; for they offered a more

powerful resistance to his invading armies than any other nation, and finally compelled him to restore them their revered institutions. And what is the extent of the country whose people have thus maintained the republican form of government for ages? It seems incredible that it is scarcely one third the size of the State of New-York; nor has it as large a population; but at least half a million less. We dwell on the Republic of Switzerland because its history affords, at once, an encouragement and a useful lesson to ourselves, and a complete refutation of the charge that republics have no stability. Thus we see a population of not over two and a half millions, at the last census, capable not only of maintaining their independence and their cherished institutions against the most powerful monarchies in the world, but also of affording important aid to any other nation in need of faithful men and brave soldiers.

A still more convincing proof, if possible, of the strength and vigor of republics, when the people who compose them are intelligent, patriotic and united, is to be found in the history of the Dutch Republic. This was still smaller than Switzerland —about one tenth the size of the Republic of Athens; yet for one hundred and fifty years it maintained itself in the midst of Europe, without any Alpine barriers, as one of the first powers of the earth,—after having set at defiance Philip II., the monarch of two worlds, with nearly half of Europe arrayed on his side. There is nothing more brilliant in all history than the career of the Dutch Republic, or, as it is more frequently called in continental Europe, the Seven United Provinces. It was not alone the Spanish monarch that the republican Dutch set at defiance: they also defied the combined power of France and England; establishing their independence after a war of thirty years. Cromwell and Charles II. made war upon them in turn for no conceivable reason, except jealousy of their flourishing commerce, and that the English monarch was said to have received a large sum of money from Louis XIV. as the price of England's aid. This war continued for two years, but failed to crush the Republic. The French king

made peace only to raise an overwhelming army. This being done, he invaded the country, and was again joined by the English. The Dutch sent to Louis XIV. to ask terms, when they saw that the invaders were within three miles of Amsterdam, but so humiliating were the terms he offered, that they declared they would rather die than accept them. Seeing themselves surrounded on all sides by enemies, they at first resolved to embark all the people on board their ships, and to sail for India. Finding this impracticable, they broke down their dykes, let in the sea, and so submerged the country that Amsterdam looked like a vast fortress in the midst of the ocean. Although this was the cause of great suffering and did immense injury to the people, it had the desired effect. The invaders were forced to withdraw, and the Republic continued unsubdued. Far from yielding, it forced Louis to make peace after he had expended millions in attempting to crush it; and it would have flourished to this day had not the demon of faction disunited the provinces.

In all this we have a useful lesson if we will only profit by it. We see that the Dutch had nothing to fear as long as they continued united. But as soon as the people of one province began to think that their interests were different from those of another, and to make claims accordingly on the federal government, threatening to secede if their complaints were not heard, it was easy to predict that the Republic would not exist long if the former good understanding between the different sections of the state could not be restored. But the education of the people had been comparatively neglected for some thirty years previously. The higher institutions of learning were still well maintained. The wealthy classes had ample facilities for obtaining a liberal education in colleges established by the founders of the Republic. But it gradually became the fashion to prefer foreign colleges, especially those of France; and, as a matter of course, those belonging to the Republic were neglected according as this became general. By this means, the sons of the principal functionaries of the state—those destined to be legislators themselves, were brought into

contact with those whose interest it was to undermine the government of the United Provinces. Austria did her best on one side and France on the other, to increase the disaffection between the different factions. One party was in favor of France, the other in favor of Austria; both accused each other of treason; and the people, no longer possessed of the intelligence of those who brought the thirty years' war to a successful termination, believed the worst charges preferred by the heads of their party against the principal statesmen of the country, and became excited and turbulent, until finally, in 1787, the civil war broke out which put an end to the Republic.

It seems to us that these facts are more instructive than anything contained in either of the volumes whose titles are given at the head of our article, with which our readers are not already familiar, although each of the latter is useful just now as well as interesting. It is such facts that make history useful and teach wisdom to statesmen. The same country and people enable us to form a pretty correct estimate of the relative merits of republicanism and monarchy as instruments of national prosperity and civilization. We have seen already the greatness attained by the Republic; but what greatness has the monarchy which succeeded it attained? Holland has now been a kingdom almost uninterruptedly since 1806; but neither alone nor when joined to Belgium has she attracted any notice. There were those in the days of the Republic who thought they could make a more aristocratic figure as courtiers under a monarchy; but the reverse proved to be the fact. They learned, when too late, that whatever consideration they received in France, Germany, or England, they owed it to the power and glory of the Republic. With the king came heavy taxation, empty pomp, a large expenditure of the public money in mere idle display, but neither power nor glory. Whatever prestige Holland still retains, or whatever claim she possesses to the character of a commercial nation, she owes it not to monarchy but to republicanism; so that the king is deriving benefit at this day from the trade opened with China and Japan more than two hundred years ago. Nor have the

arts, sciences, or literature, fared anything better by the change. The universities of Leyden and Utrecht, so famous under the auspices of the Republic, have degenerated to the rank of third-rate seminaries. Holland can no longer boast of such scholars and authors as Erasmus, Grotius, and Boerhaave, nor of such painters as Rembrandt, Berghens, and Vandervelde; and as for her literature it is scarcely known beyond her frontiers.

The facts we have stated in reference to the efforts of Louis XIV. will serve to explain why it is that most of the great authors of that brilliant period of French history have decried republics. Men of genius had no better friend anywhere than Le Grand Monarque, whatever were his faults besides; and it was but natural that they should have tried to please him in return. Hence it is that we find such summary denunciations of republicanism in the great intellectual productions of his reign, as that which Corneille puts into the mouth of Cinna when addressing Augustus:

"Le pire des états, c'est l'état populaire."*

Similar opinions are to be found in the writings of Bayle and Montesquieu. The former does not spare even the Republic of Athens, of which he draws a most gloomy picture in the article on Pericles in his Dictionary. "A man," he says, "would look in vain into the history of Macedon for as much tyranny as he finds in the history of Athens." Nor does republicanism fare much better at the hands of Montesquieu, who allows his prejudices to carry him so far as to express such an odious opinion as the following, in his *Esprit du Loi:* "The sale of employments is good in monarchical states, because it makes it the profession of persons of family to undertake employments which they would not fulfil from disinterested motives alone." In a similar spirit he tells us that "The sterility of the territory of Athens established a popular government there, and the fertility of that of Lacedæmon an aristocratic

* Cinna, Act III. Scene 1.

one." The universality of the French language throughout the civilized world gave currency everywhere to these ideas; for who, that has knowledge of *belles lettres* is, unacquainted with writers like Bayle or Montesquieu, especially the latter, whose Persian Letters are models of refined wit and elegant satire? There are but few who ask themselves, in reading such passages as we have quoted, whether the wits of France had any particular motive more than the wish to impart information, for their attacks on republicanism; and hence thousands take their statements for granted, and thank their stars that they are ruled by either a king or an emperor, not by a stadtholder or president.

There is, however, another French author of still greater eminence than either of those quoted, who vindicates republicanism, and whose writings had more effect in producing the French Revolution than those of, perhaps, all other authors of his time. We quote some of his remarks, partly because they contain important historical facts which cannot be gainsaid, and partly because their influence is still powerful in France, in spite of despotism: "In this same Macedon, the virtue of which Bayle opposes to that of Athens, we see nothing but a tissue of tremendous crimes for a series of two hundred years. It is Ptolemy, the uncle of Alexander the Great, who assassinates his brother Alexander to usurp the kingdom. It is Philip, his brother, who spends his life in guilt and perjury, and ends it by a stab from Pausanias. Olympias orders Queen Cleopatra and her son to be thrown into a furnace of molten brass. She assassinates Arideus. Antigonus assassinates Eumenes. Antigonus Gonathas, his son, poisons the governor of the citadel of Corinth, marries his widow, expels her, and takes possession of the citadel. Philip, his grandson, poisons Demetrius and defiles the whole of Macedon with murders. Perseus kills his wife with his own hand, and poisons his brother. These perfidies and cruelties are authenticated in history. Thus, then, for two centuries the madness of despotism converts Macedon into a theatre for every crime, and in the same space of time you see the popular government of Athens stained only

by five or six acts of judicial iniquity, five or six certainly atrocious judgments, of which the people in every instance repented, and for which they made, as far as they could, honorable expiation. They asked pardon of Socrates after his death and erected to his memory the small temple called *Socrateion*, &c. . . . . The Athenian people, therefore, appear to have had good natural dispositions, connected as they were with great versatility and frivolity. In what despotic state has the injustice of precipitate decrees ever been thus ingenuously acknowledged and deplored ?"*

Now if we compare our own Republic with any of the great despotisms of Europe, we shall find the result equally favorable, and creditable to republicanism. Nay, even England, that affects to be most shocked at our iniquities, would not gain much by a similar comparison.† But before we attempt this, let us first try to "see ourselves as others see us." It cannot be denied that our political system has many defects. The habit of nominating candidates for the presidency, not for their talents, statesmanship, or other qualifications, but for their "availability," cannot fail to exercise an injurious influence. A President elected on such grounds does not command that respect at home or abroad without which he could hardly perform his duties, even though he were fully qualified otherwise to do so. Men of great abilities are respected even by their enemies; and there is no lack of such in the United States. In proof of this, we need only mention a few names at random, without regard to party politics, namely those of Cass, Seward, Everett, Douglas, and Crittenden. Although

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* Voltaire's *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. Art. *Democratie*.

† The mere fact of living under a democracy is, however, no cause of congratulation, except it be an enlightened democracy—that is, except those who undertake to govern themselves, know how to do so; for there is no form of government more ancient. On this subject, M. Leroux observes, in his work entitled *De l'Egalité*, quoting a well-known Latin proverb:—"*Mundum regunt numeri*, voilà la devise des antiques savants; voilà l'axiome que les Indiens, les Chaldiens, les prêtres d'Egypt, ont transmis, avec une science des nombres aujourd'hui fort mysterieuse, à Pythagore, d'ou quelques reflets en sont venus à Platon."—p. 170.

there is a great difference between these five, any of them may be said to be qualified for the office. Mr. Cass is, in our mind, a much abler statesman than Mr. Douglas; the same may be said of Mr. Seward or Mr. Everett, as compared with Mr. Crittenden; but it has been well said that there are many degrees between mediocrity and perfection which may be filled with credit.

An untried man may, if elected, prove eminently capable of discharging the duties of chief magistrate even of a republic like ours, the greatest of ancient or modern times; but the presumption is ten to one against him. Why, then, not select men from those that are acknowledged by all to be qualified? Who will deny now that Clay or Webster would have made a good President? And who believes any longer that either, whatever were his faults, would have used his power and influence as President to sever the bonds which unite the different States of the confederacy, merely to gratify a partisan feeling? The presidential career of General Jackson has afforded a useful lesson in this way, if we would only profit by it. His opponents had predicted nothing but anarchy and ruin as the results of his election. A thousand reasons were adduced by men who, in other respects, were sensible and intelligent, to show that he would plunge the country in civil war, or entail upon it some other evil equally deplorable; yet no other President since the time of Washington has imparted more lustre to the American name, or won so much glory for the Republic. Clay and Webster did honor to their country by their eloquence and statesmanship; but though undoubtedly the greatest men of their time, and those best capable of guiding the destinies of their country, the doctrine of "availability" effectually excluded them from the presidential chair as it now excludes Seward, Cass, and Everett.

Nor is there any reason to expect a better state of things as long as the present system of so-called national conventions continues to exist—a system which virtually places the election of the President in the hands of third and fourth rate poli-

ticians, a large number of whom, if not the majority, are influenced by motives which have little to do with patriotism. It certainly does not exaggerate the evil to say that three to one of those who take the most active part in conventions and presidential "platforms" are much more concerned to know whether they will get offices themselves, than they are to assure themselves whether the candidate they put forward is, in any proper sense, qualified for the high position in which they desire to place him. In other words, they are much more likely to ask themselves, Will he give me this or that office, than, Is he more likely than any one else, we could name, to forward the interests, and add to the greatness and honor of the nation? If it be said that those privileged to vote at conventions are sent to do so by those who know them best, our confidence in their disinterestedness and integrity is increased but little. Nay, indeed, it is rather diminished when it is remembered what kind of persons they are that have most power at ward meetings. It is notorious that it is not the intellectual qualities that prevail at these preparatory assemblies. Those who take part in them show a decided preference, both by precept and example, for the doctrine of physical force, and the kindred dogma that a dollar gained, if only as the price of a vote, is a dollar earned.

In short, it may be said, but too truly, in plain English, without any figure of speech, that pugilists, gamblers, *et hoc genus omne*, have much more to do, in our large cities, with sending delegates to conventions than any other class of citizens. And if this is admitted, it must follow that the same class have most to do with the question, Who shall, or shall not be our next President? And here we have the secret of the doctrine of "availability." It is not a great statesman, an accomplished diplomatist, an eloquent orator, an original thinker, or a profound scholar, the legislators of ward meetings want, as their candidate for the presidency. One that possesses some qualities in common with themselves is much more acceptable; for he will be much more likely to sympathize with them in their troubles when they break somebody's head, or

plunder somebody's store, and want to be excused for doing so. It is not men who would confer dignity on the Republic, and command respect abroad as well as at home, they wish to have at the helm in such circumstances. A third or fourth rate lawyer, who has served an apprenticeship in defending criminals from the gallows, would suit and please them much better. If they cannot elevate one altogether of this character, they make as near an approach to such as they can. By this we mean no reflection on any of the gentlemen now before the country as candidates for the presidency, all of whom we regard as men of honor and integrity. But a man may be very honest and scrupulously upright, and mean to do the best in his power in any position in which he may be placed, and still be utterly unqualified to be President of the United States.

Is not this the case with more than one of the present candidates? It is, however, different with Mr. Everett. The politics of the eloquent ex-whig secretary and ex-minister to England are not ours. We do not belong to his party more than to any other, and we think his contributions to a certain weekly "sensation" journal are utterly unworthy of him. There are some of his views which we deem most erroneous, and calculated, if carried out, to do mischief. At the same time, we should rather vote for him than for any of the rest, because we regard him as the ablest statesman, and have full confidence that, whatever may be his opinions on certain controverted points in political economy, he would do nothing as President which would compromise either the dignity or interests of the nation, or conflict with civil or religious liberty. It does not follow, that because a large proportion of Mr. Everett's supporters are, or have been "Know-Nothings," that he is one himself. If he were, he should be unworthy the name of statesman, and be more intolerant than the most despotic of European despots. Happily there are but few even of the so-called Know-Nothings who apprehend any longer that an influx, however great, of the children of toil and industry, let them come from where they may, can be otherwise than useful and profitable to a vast country like ours—one, the development of whose re-

sources would give work to half the population of Europe for centuries to come. Mr. Everett is too enlightened a thinker to cling to a narrow-minded theory after it has been discarded for its absurdity by those who can hardly be said to think at all—

> "The believers of incredible creeds,
> Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds,"

assuming that he has, at any time during his public life, been in favor of a system of proscription and intolerance of which the Autocrat of all the Russias would be ashamed. But for no other conceivable reason than that he is thus one of our greatest statesmen, Mr. Everett occupies only the second place on the ticket of the American party. The most enthusiastic admirers of whatever talents Mr. Bell may be said to possess, would hardly pretend that he is the equal of Mr. Everett as a statesman. Yet the former has the nomination for President, while the latter has only that for Vice-President.

The Republicans, acting on the same plan, have treated Mr. Seward still worse, by overlooking him altogether, and taking up Mr. Lincoln in his stead; although it is by no means certain that the South, more than the North, will give one vote more for the latter than it would have given for the former. We happen to be somewhat informed on this point. From having travelled pretty extensively in the Southern States, we have learned that, however much Southerners may sometimes denounce the author of the "higher-law" theory, they have the highest respect for his transcendent talents. As for hatred, they are too generous and, indeed, have too much common sense, to entertain any such feeling towards him. Nor are they by any means certain that, if he were President, he would take any step calculated to deprive them of their vested rights, were it even in his power to do so. That some fear him in this way is quite true; but the number is much smaller than is generally believed at the North—vastly smaller than would be inferred from the tone of certain daily journals whose writers are often much more excited themselves than the people of whose sentiments they are ostensibly the exponents.

In a similar manner it could be proved that Mr. Cass has more friends in the North than platform-makers of his party give him credit for. Indeed, the American people generally are too thoughtful, enlightened, and liberal, to reject any properly-qualified candidate, merely because there are some of his views of which they do not approve. Were it otherwise, instead of the uninterrupted internal peace and prosperity which our country has enjoyed from the time of Washington to the present, it would have been the theatre, long before this, of civil war, and all its attendant evils, like unhappy Mexico, and several of the South American States. We should have little reason to boast of our excellent system of common schools (which, though more efficient, and more extensively established in some parts of the country than in others, has its ramifications, on a greater or less scale, in all parts of the Union) did we reject a man whose qualifications we know to be of the highest order, merely because there are some questions upon which his mode of thinking is different from that of the majority. Still less, need we say, is the danger that certain States would withdraw from the Union if certain men should be placed in the highest offices in the gift of the people. The States alluded to are far too patriotic to do anything of the kind; they would be much more likely to fight in defence of the Union, were it in any real danger, as they have more than once done before—for communities, like individuals, are not the less affectionate and reliable in the time of need for being somewhat irritable and impulsive.

There is, then, really no good reason why the best men, rather than the most available, should not be chosen to fill the highest and most responsible offices. And until this is done, we cannot reasonably expect that our executive government will be creditable to us as a free and enlightened people. Nor must we wonder if we see crime on the increase. Those who are satisfied with an "available" President will be likely to be equally satisfied with an available judge, and a sympathetic jury. By this we do not mean but that many of our judges are as high-minded, and as far beyond the reach of improper

influence as those of any other nation in the world. But in their case, as well as in that of the President, it must be remembered, that a bad tree cannot yield good fruit. It is but natural that the class of persons who have most to do with nominations for office would prefer a judge, as well as a President, who would be likely to sympathize with them in their troubles. Had they any other feelings they would be more than human; while, unfortunately, the truth is, that in too many instances, they are less than human. It is obvious, then, that more than the dignity of the nation and the stability of the Republic, is at stake. In such circumstances life and property could not be otherwise than insecure. And does experience teach us that they are not? Do we not rather see painful evidence almost daily that they are? This is the worst charge that can be preferred against us, as a self-governing nation, since the first duty of government is to protect life and property, and that in proportion as it fails in this it is defective.

Having thus briefly glanced at the chief defects of our present political system, intimating, in passing, how easily they could be remedied, let us see whether any monarchical government has anything to boast of, after all, in comparison with our republican system. No monarchy in Europe allows so large a share of liberty as that of England; yet it has darker sins to answer for than the worst that can be laid to the charge of the most incompetent government the American Republic has ever had. Nor is it necessary to go to any of the foreign possessions of the former in order to prove this; but simply to take notice of the manner in which that government sometimes acts at headquarters. For example, let us look at its mail system, which, in some respects is the best in the world—much, it must be admitted, superior to ours as far as regularity, promptness, and cheapness, are concerned. But if a letter is sometimes detained unduly long in the post-offices of the United States, it is pretty sure not to be opened, by order of the Secretary of State, lest it might contain treason against some foreign despot. But, it may be asked, would it

not be equally safe from such tampering in the post-offices of England? To which we reply in advance, that it would not. We have now before us two documents, one entitled "Report from the Secret Committee of the House of Lords upon the Detaining and Opening of Letters at the General Post-Office; the other, Report from the Committee of Secrecy in the House of Commons on the same subject." In one of these documents it is admitted that, among the British cabinet ministers, who, within the last fifty years, have sanctioned, or caused, the opening of letters belonging to foreigners seeking an asylum in England, in compliance with the wishes of continental despots, are Sir Robert Peel, Earl Spencer, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russsll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Melbourne, Sir James Graham, and the Marquis of Lansdowne. This may well seem incredible; but it is beyond question. It is due, however, to the journals of Great Britain to say that they have, time after time, denounced the system with the execration which it so well deserves. One of the ablest of the English Quarterlies* analyzes one of the "Reports" referred to as follows:

1. *Theft* is permissible, when information, important to the public interest, can only be obtained by *stealing* it from a letter.

2. *Lying* is permissible to conceal theft; in the tacit form of re-sealing a letter, so that the fact of its having been opened may never be detected.

3. *Forgery* is permissible for the same object: in the form of counterfeiting seals and imitating Post-office stamps.

4. *Treachery* is permissible in "cases of emergency." The servant may betray his master for the "public good." The confidential agent may act as a secret spy. The bearer of a written communication, compromising, perhaps, the lives and fortunes of individuals, may carry it direct to their bitterest enemies, and he honorably commended for his breach of trust.

5. *Rogue-making* is also permissible; for the arts of knavery are somewhat detestable to honest men; and forgery in particular, is a

* Westminster Review, vol. xlii, pp. 230, 231.

skilled profession, which cannot be thoroughly acquired without opportunities of practice.

6. *Tyrannous injustice* is permissible; in the *form* of secret accusations, and secret tribunals for trying a man in the dark, upon the evidence of *stolen* documents, of which the purport may be wholly misunderstood.

The admissions reluctantly made in each of the reports, show that it is one thing to deliver fine speeches in favor of Italian liberty, and another quite different to mean anything by such speeches. We extract one passage:—"Representations had been made to the British government, from high sources, that plots, of which Mazzini was the centre, were carrying on, upon British territory, to excite an insurrection in Italy; and that such insurrection, should it assume a formidable aspect, would, from peculiar political circumstances, disturb the peace of Europe. The British government, considering the extent to which *British interests were involved* in the maintenance of that peace, issued, on their own judgment, but not on the suggestion of any foreign power, *a warrant to open and detain M. Mazzini's letters. Such information, deduced from those letters as appeared to the British government calculated to frustrate this attempt, was communicated to a foreign power*," &c.

But we have not room to pursue the subject. We have adduced sufficient evidence, however, to prove that even constitutional England has quite enough to answer for, herself, without entertaining any solicitude in regard to the manner in which the American government attends to its own affairs. Whatever may be the faults of the latter, it does not betray those to whom it pretends to afford an asylum. Thus, the more we compare our own country with any other, the more reason we have to congratulate ourselves, and to regard with indignation or contempt all who endeavor to excite one section of the Republic against the other; no matter what country they come from, or what means they adopt—whether they pretend to praise Northerners for their philanthropy, or to sympathize with Southerners as an injured people, who are bound to protect their interests against all who would despoil them.

ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

REFERENCE.

Chambers's Encyclopædia: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Illustrated with Maps and numerous Wood Engravings. Vol. I. Crown 8vo, pp. 824. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1860.

No publications issued on either side of the Atlantic within the last quarter of a century have contributed more to the diffusion of useful knowledge than those of the Brothers Chambers, whose "Miscellany," "Information for the People," and "Cyclopædia of English Literature," are read and appreciated, by as many different classes, wherever the English language is known. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to give a fairer or more correct view of the whole field of English literature, within the same limits, than that which is presented in the last-mentioned work. In this no one is unduly praised. It makes no effort to immortalise mediocrity, through personal, political, or any other motives; and it is equally free from the imputation of seeking to depreciate true merit. Had the Brothers Chambers, instead of producing a work of this kind, permitted themselves to deal in fulsome adulation, or censure, according as the authors on whom they sat in judgment entertained opinions which harmonized, or conflicted with their own, ignoring altogether the just claims of many, their Cyclopædia of Literature would never have attained its present universality. It would not be held, as it worthily is, in equal estimation in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America; but would have been treated with the contempt due to all false pretences, which, like withered flowers, soon fall to the ground.

Judging from the volume now before us, their new Encyclopædia is destined to prove equally popular in Europe and America, as just what it purports to be, i. e., "A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People." We have carefully examined more than a dozen of the biographical, historical, and scientific articles, and can bear testimony to the reliable accuracy, truthfulness, and general good taste, with which they are written. It is evident that no pigmies are permitted to attempt, in its pages, the rather hopeless task of making giants of each other; which is more than could be said of a certain other work with a similar title. This is the more to be regretted, for the credit of our literature, because there is abundance of learning, talent, and ability, in America to produce a work not only equal but superior to that of which the initial volume is before us, however excellent it may prove as a whole. There is no reason why

the country that has produced the best Dictionary of the English language (Webster's), should not produce a Cyclopædia of General Knowledge worthy of the name—one in which, at least, we could have some faith as a work of reference. Our resources are much more abundant now than they were when a Philadelphia house published the *Encyclopædia Americana*, which has obtained high rank in Europe as well as in America.

But instead of getting up a Cyclopædia that would be worthy of the increased and constantly increasing intelligence of our people, the publishers of the series of large volumes entitled the "New American Cyclopædia," see fit to reprint the Chambers's work after another house had entered into honorable arrangements with its owners for the privilege of issuing it simultaneously with themselves. But those who know the "enterprising" gentlemen alluded to best, will hardly wonder that they have done even this. It is nothing worse than the conduct so indignantly and contemptuously complained of by Mr. Spiers in the "London Times," in relation to his French Dictionary; nor does it show less modesty, or less honesty, than to appropriate a work that cost the London publishers thousands sterling, add to it a few passages here and there, of exceedingly little value, and style it "Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography!" The Messrs. Lippincott have reproduced the first volume of "Chambers" in all its integrity, including its copious illustrations, and large, finely executed, accurate maps.

A Church History of the First Three Centuries, from the thirtieth to the three hundred and twenty-third year of the Christian Era. By Milo Mahan, D. D., St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary. 12mo., pp. 428. New-York: Daniel Dana, jr. 1860.

It is pleasant to meet with a history of the Church in which there is no bigotry or uncharitableness. Indeed there is not much room for either in Dr. Mahan's work, since there were not many sects in the time of which he writes—no Protestant sects, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—for the concluding chapter of the book has reference to the reign of Constantine, a period nearly twelve centuries anterior to the Reformation. The time embraced by the work is three hundred and twenty-four years; but except for about a century after the time of Luther, this comprehends the most important and eventful period of the Church's history. The author makes no pretensions to fulness of detail. He tells us, on the contrary, that his work "is intended chiefly for the use of the general reader; with a view to whom results are given rather than learned disquisitions, and the references are made as far as possible to authorities that are easily accessible. It is hoped," he adds, "that it will also be found a help to young students and candidates for Holy Orders. In the case of such, however, it is taken for granted that Eusebius is close at hand, and at least one good text-book, such as Gieseler's Church History."

Those who would say that we had already Church histories enough, are informed in advance, that "The narrative of the three years of the ministry of our Lord required four men, four minds, and four different points of view to do justice to it, though written under the guidance of an infallible inspiration. Much more is there room for many men, many minds, and many different points of view, in a subject which covers all time, and in dealing with which no sort of infallibility can be decently laid claim to."

This shows good sense, as well as intelligence, and gives a better idea of what is to be expected in the body of the work than almost any description that could be given of it. The author makes no attempt at what is called fine writing; he fills his pages with no mere theories; indulges in no declamation; but confines himself to facts; and all of these which the skeptical might be disposed to question, are amply attested by various authorities, concisely given in foot-notes; which are much more numerous, important and interesting than the modest remark or two we have quoted from the preface, might lead the reader to expect. Nor does Dr. Mahan confine himself exclusively to quotations from ecclesiastical writers; he also quotes Tacitus, Tertullian, Gibbon, &c., so that the student of general history, as well as the candidate for Holy Orders, or the pious Christian, may derive instruction from his pages. The value of the work would have been much enhanced for all, had it been furnished with a suitable index. Its table of contents is, indeed, full and well arranged, and it has also the advantage of a carefully-prepared chronological table. But nothing saves time in a work of this kind so well, or makes the facts which it contains so available, as a good index. True, in the present instance, the necessity of an index is to a certain extent obviated by brief notes in the margin, which occur at every page. At any rate, the book will prove a valuable addition to the family, as well as the school, library, and it affords us pleasure to recommend it accordingly.

The Librarian's Manual; a Treatise on Bibliography, comprising a select and descriptive List of Bibliographical Works; to which are added Sketches of Public Libraries. Illustrated with Engravings. By REUBEN A. GUILD, A. M., Librarian of Brown University. Small quarto, pp. 304. New-York: Charles B. Norton.

THE title page gives a correct idea of the character of the "Manual," which is such that there is no one who takes any interest in bibliography who would not find it a valuable addition to his library. It gives a descriptive list of four hundred and ninety-five separate works, of the first importance, which comprise one thousand nine hundred and sixteen volumes. The historical sketches embrace fourteen of the principal libraries of Europe and America, and are illustrated with well-executed engravings. A full table of contents and a copious index considerably

enhance the value of the "Manual" as a work of reference, for those about to purchase, or wishing to consult, the best class of books.

BELLES LETTERS.

Castle Richmond, a Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE author, of "Doctor Thorne," "The Bertrams," &c., &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Few honester English books on Ireland have been written than this. But a book may be very honest and contain very little that is worth knowing. In other words, a writer may mean well and succeed badly in his undertaking. But such is not the case in the present instance. Mr. Trollope is as successful as he is honest and well-disposed, in his "Castle Richmond." It is evident that he did not cross the channel to make out a case against the Irish, and show how ungrateful they are to the paternal government of England, that has always been so liberal in furnishing them—penal laws, and giving them a stone, a bullet, or a tract, when they asked for bread—a piece of their own loaf! True, it is nothing new for an English writer to do justice to the Irish. Indeed, Englishmen of genius have done so almost invariably. As instances, suffice it to mention Spenser, Byron, Shelley, and Dickens. But we are told that Mr. Trollope is more Scotch than English. Assuming this to be true, then we may add the names of Scott and Campbell, although neither appears to have studied Irish character so carefully as the author of "Castle Richmond." In the opening chapter of the story there is more truth than poetry. We transcribe a paragraph or two, which serve to show the spirit in which the whole is written, and at the same time to give an idea of the prejudices which England still entertains against those whom she has so long and cruelly oppressed:

"I wonder whether the novel-reading world—that part of it, at least, which may honor my pages—will be offended if I lay the plot of this story in Ireland. That there is a strong feeling against things Irish, it is impossible to deny. Irish servants need not apply; Irish acquaintances are treated with limited confidence; Irish cousins are regarded as being decidedly dangerous; and Irish stories are not popular with the booksellers.

"For myself, I say that if I ought to know anything about any place, I ought to know something about Ireland; and I do strongly protest against the injustice of the above conclusions. Irish cousins I have none; Irish acquaintances I have by dozens; and Irish friends also, by twos and threes, whom I can love and cherish—almost as well, perhaps, as though they had been born in Middlesex! Irish servants I have had in my house for years, and never had one that was faithless, dishonest, or intemperate. I have travelled all over Ireland, closely as few other men can have done, and have never had my portmanteau robbed or my pocket picked. At hotels I have seldom locked up my belongings, and my carelessness has never been punished. I doubt whether as much can be said of English inns."

Like most characteristic Irish stories, a goodly proportion of "Castle Richmond" is devoted to love; and we have abundant evidence that the author understands the peculiarities of that passion as it affects the im-

pulsive sons and daughters of Erin. The feelings of Clara Desmond, as she saw Herbert Fitzgerald, her lover, ride away at nightfall, after he had asked and obtained her assurance of love, are beautifully and truthfully described without any apparent effort:

"She stood gazing after him, as long as her straining eye could catch any outline of his figure, as it disappeared through the gloom of the evening. As long as she could see him, or fancy that she still saw him, she thought only of his excellence; of his high character, his kind heart, his talents—which, in her estimation, were ranked perhaps above their real value—his tastes, which coincided so well with her own, his quiet, yet manly bearing, his useful pursuits, his gait, appearance, and demeanor. All these were of a nature to win the heart of such a girl as Clara Desmond; and then, probably, in some indistinct way, she remembered the broad acres to which he was the heir, and comforted herself by reflecting that this at least was a match which none would think disgraceful for a daughter even of an Earl of Desmond."—p. 118.

The scene in the twenty-second chapter, in which the lawyer appears and informs young Fitzgerald of the ruin of his prospects, is powerfully drawn, and is imbued with a deep and touching pathos. The latter learns for the first time, not only that his mother had been married before, but that her former husband was still living and now came to claim her property. His grief was deep and great, but it was much more for his mother's sake and his beloved Clara's, than for his own. His painful misgivings and impatience, while waiting to know the worst from Mr. Prendergast, the lawyer, are depicted in the author's happiest style:

"He waited, with his watch in his hand, till the dial showed him it was exactly eight; and then, with a sinking heart, he walked slowly out of the dining-room, along the passage, and into his father's study. For an instant he stood with handle in his hand. He had been terribly anxious for the arrival of this moment, but now that it had come, he would almost fain have had it again postponed. His heart sunk very low as he turned the lock, and entering, found himself in the presence of Mr. Prendergast."—p. 242.

Mr. Prendergast is almost equally sad; and does all he can to prepare Herbert for the terrible news that awaits him—doing what few lawyers do in such circumstances—that is, shedding tears of sympathy and regret. The dialogue that ensues is creditable to human nature; for that there are lawyers, and sons, and lovers, in real life, like Mr. Prendergast, and Herbert Fitzgerald, is not to be doubted, seldom as they are met with. We can only make room for one more extract—that in which the effect of Fitzgerald's bankruptcy on Lady Desmond, Clara's mother, is in part described:

"And again Lady Desmond sat silent, still thinking how she had better speak and act. After all, she was not so cruel nor so bad as Herbert Fitzgerald thought her. What had the Fitzgeralds done for her that she should sorrow for their sorrows? She had lived there, in that old, ugly barrack, long, long desolate, full of dreary wretchedness and poverty, and Lady Fitzgerald, in her prosperity, had never come to her to soften the hardness of her life. She had come over to Ireland a countess, and a countess she had been, proud enough at first in her little glory—too proud, no doubt; and proud enough afterward in her loneliness and poverty; and there she had lived—alone. Whether the

fault had been her own or no, she owed little to the kindness of any one; for no one had done aught to relieve her bitterness. And then her weak, puny child, had grown up in the same shade, and was now a lovely woman, gifted with high birth, and that special priceless beauty which high blood so often gives. There was a prize now within the walls of that old barrack—something to be won—something for which a man would strive, and a mother smile that her son might win it. And now Lady Fitzgerald had come to her. She had never complained of this, she said to herself. The bargain between Clara Desmond and Herbert Fitzgerald might be good for both of them, and let it be made and settled as a bargain. Young Herbert Fitzgerald had money and position; her daughter had beauty and high blood. Let it be a bargain. But in all this there was nothing to make her love that rich, prosperous family at Castle Richmond. There are those whose nature it is to love new-found friends at a few hours' warning, but the Countess of Desmond was not one of them. The bargain had been made, and her daughter would have been able to perform her part of it. She was still able to give that which she had stipulated to give. But Herbert Fitzgerald was now a bankrupt and could give nothing! Would it not have been madness to suppose that the bargain should still hold good?"

We will not mar the pleasure which is in store for those who have not yet read the story, by entering into any further details in regard to the plot. Suffice it to say, that though simple in its construction, the brief extracts we have quoted give but a faint idea of its true character; but, for the sake of the ladies, we will add that Fitzgerald not only gets over his embarrassments and troubles, but becomes richer as well as more happy than he had ever expected, even before he had seen lawyer Prendergast; which, of course, could not have happened had not the beautiful Clara fallen to his lot after all.

Memorials of Thomas Hood, collected, arranged and edited by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by his Son, illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches, in two vols. 16mo. Boston: Ticknor & Field. 1860.

The present generation at least will not easily forget Tom Hood. No other modern humorist has so many admirers; and there are few who do not love the man quite as much as they admire the poet. There is much in the present volumes to show that he deserves all; although they contain little praise. His son and daughter have evinced excellent taste and a judicious discrimination. They have printed nothing for which the poet would have any reason to blush, were it possible for him to read the "Memorials," and nothing which is not more or less interesting to the reading public. If all biographers were equally careful and faithful to their trust, the sons and daughters of genius could exercise a frankness in their conversation and letters which too many recent works warn them against. No one doubts that Hood, as well as Moore, has said many things which, if published, would seem harsh, and perhaps tend to lower the author as a man, if not as a poet, in public estimation; for even the most genial—those who make us laugh most, and feel deepest for the miseries of others, are still human, and as such have their weaknesses. This is particularly true of those who, like Hood, have to struggle against

disease and poverty. But it is due not only to the author's own memory, but also to the living, that every incautious, angry, or censorious remark, however wittily made, should not be published, merely to pander to a morbid curiosity. We have seen this but too painfully illustrated in such recent works as the Life of Miss Brontë, Humboldt's Correspondence, etc. The contrast renders the "Memorials" all the more agreeable. Let us open what page we may in either volume, we are sure to find something that is pleasant, without any alloy of ill-nature, envy, or jealousy; something that warms our sympathies, and teaches us to make allowance for the failings of our neighbors, even when we have suffered from them ourselves. Although the biographers disclaim all pretensions to literary merit in the filial duty they have so well performed, they furnish several anecdotes which are as happily related as they are interesting and characteristic in themselves. The following will serve as an example:

"In the early part of his residence at Wanstead, my father's boyish spirit of fun broke out as usual. On one occasion, some boys were caught by him in the act of robbing an orchard; with the assistance of the gardener, they were dragged trembling into the house. My mother's father happened to be staying there, an imposing-looking old gentleman, who had not forgotten his scholastic dignity when looking on anything in the shape of a boy. A hint to him sufficed, and he assumed an arm-chair and the character of a J P. for the county. The frightened offenders were drawn up before him, and formally charged by my father with the theft, which was further proved by the contents of their pockets. The judge, assuming a severe air, immediately sentenced them to instant execution by hanging on the cherry-tree. I can recollect being prompted by my father to kneel down and intercede for the culprits, and my frightened crying and the solemn farce of the whole scene had its due effect on the offenders. Down on their knees they dropped in a row, sobbing and whining most piteously, and vowing never 'to do so no more.' My father, thinking them sufficiently punished, gave the hint, and they were as solemnly pardoned, my father and grandfather laughing heartily to see the celerity with which they made off."—Vol. i., p. 39.

Some of Mrs. Hood's letters are charming. Occasionally they appear as if they had been touched by the hand of the humorist in his happiest moments. Writing to Mrs. Elliot from Coblentz, she says:

"So much for Hood's New Year's eve. I must now tell you my story about the Christmas pudding. The Lieutenant was with us on Christmas day, and enjoyed my plum-pudding so much, that I promised to make one for him. Hood threatened to play some tricks with it—either to pop in bullets or tenpenny nails; and I watched over my work with great vigilance, so that it was put in to boil without any misfortune.

"I went to bed early, telling Gradle to put it, when done, into the drawing-room till the morning. Hood was writing, and says it was put down smoking under his very nose, and the spirit of mischief was irresistible. I had bought a groschen's worth of new white wooden skewers that very morning. He cut them a little shorter than the pudding's diameter, and poked them in across and across in all directions, so neatly that I never perceived any sign of them when I packed and sealed it up the next day for De Frank's man to carry over to Ehrenbreitstein. He came to thank me, and praised it highly. I find that while I was out of the room, Hood asked him if it was not well trussed, and he

answered him 'yes' so gravely that Hood thought he meditated some joke in retaliation, and was on his guard. At the ball the truth came out—he actually thought it was some new method of making plum-puddings, and gave me credit for the wood-work. He had invited two of his brother officers to lunch upon it, and Hood wanted to persuade me that the 'Cardinal' officer had swallowed one of the skewers! Now was not this an abominable trick?"

In one of his usual epistles to Dr. Elliot, a highly esteemed friend, Hood writes:

"I have but just heard from Dickens, who has been out of town, I suspect, hunting for a locality for his next tale. At least, he was twice in the country when I called lately. I am sorry to say his interest at the Sanatorium has been pre-engaged. It appears to me that Mrs K. has come rather late into the field, and Dickens implies that the candidates are very numerous.

"Here follows his answer: 'I can't state in figures (not very well remembering how to get beyond a million) the number of candidates for the Sanatorium matronship, but if you will ask your little boy to trace figures in the beds of your garden, beginning at the front wall, going down to the cricket-ground, coming back to the wall again, and carrying over to the next door, and will then set a skilful accountant to add up the whole, the product, as the tutor's assistants say, will give you the amount required. I have pledged myself (being assured of her capability) to support a near relation of Miss E——'s; otherwise, I need not say how glad I should have been to forward any wish of yours.'"

But to extract all that is amusing and interesting in the "Memorials," would be to transcribe two thirds of both volumes, and our limits will not admit any more. The letters from Ostend which commence at the close of the first volume, are as agreeable specimens of the epistolary style as any lover of gay and playful humor need wish to see—especially those to Dr. Elliot and Mr. Dilke. Here and there we have an epigram, a sonnet, or a song in the author's best vein; and there are several of these that are to be found in no other work that we have seen. And equally attractive are the extracts from the poet's commonplace book, and "memoranda from pocket-book" near the close of the second volume. It is, however, too much the habit to regard Hood as amusing only. Most of his productions are indeed of the gay and sportive kind; but there are some even of his jests which are imbued with a deep and thrilling pathos. No poem of equal extent has made a more lasting impression than his "Song of the Shirt," or has excited a more profound sympathy for the unhappy seamstresses of London, whose miseries it has delineated but too truly. But that he could be grave and lofty when he chose—often soaring as high as some of the best masters in pathos—he has left us more than presumptive evidence. For example, there are few if any finer flights of the same kind in our language than his "Ode to the Moon," from which we quote the opening stanza, and with it close our notice of the "Memorials."

"Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread

Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild chamois on her Alpine snow,
Where hunters never climbed—secure from dread?
A thousand ancient fancies I have read
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought,
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought."

1. *The Sea and the Sailor; Notes on France and Italy, and other Literary Remains of Rev. Walter Colton. With a Memoir.* By Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, author of "The Island World of the Pacific," "The Whale and his Captors," &c.
2. *Deck and Port, or Incidents of a Cruise in the United States Frigate Congress to California. With Sketches of Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, Lima, Honolulu.* By Rev. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N. Author of "Ship and Shore," &c.
3. *Land and Lee in the Bosphorus and Egean; or, Views of Constantinople and Athens.* By Rev. WALTER COLTON. Edited from the Notes and Manuscripts of the Author, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever.
4. *The Land of Gold; or, Three Years in California.* By Rev. WALTER COLTON.
5. *Ship and Shore in Madeira, Lisbon, and the Mediterranean.* By Rev. WALTER COLTON. Revised from the Journal of a Cruise in the Frigate Constellation, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever.

New-York: D. W. Evans & Co. 1860.

THERE is much variety in these volumes, and more agreeable, entertaining, suggestive reading than is often to be met with within similar bounds in the most pretentious writings of the present day. The author travelled extensively by sea and land; and was always careful to note for future use whatever struck him as interesting or instructive. He has in turn occupied the positions of a ship-chaplain, a missionary, and an editor, and while appearing to have conscientiously and fully performed his duties in every instance, he always found time to devote to the favorite business of authorship; although, when overtaken by death, scarcely any of his best papers were ready for publication. But fortunately he had a friend who was able and willing to prepare his productions for the press, and do justice to his memory, as the volumes before us sufficiently prove. The Rev. Mr. Cheever has acquitted himself creditably as an editor, adding several of the author's manuscripts which were never before published, together with a well-written memoir of his life.

It is needless now to describe the productions of Mr. Colton; they are well known by his countrymen from one end of the Union to the other; most of them being among the most popular works in the school libraries of several States. The volumes which have been most read are those entitled "Ship and Shore in Madeira, Lisbon, and the Mediterranean,"

and "Land and Lee in the Bosphorus and Egean; or Views of Constantinople and Athens." Although the former was the first of the author's productions which he ventured to publish in book form, it is undoubtedly an agreeable book of travels. There is a freshness in its pages which is always attractive. But he is much more elaborate, thoughtful, accurate, and entertaining in his "Land and Lee," which gives a truer insight into the manners, customs, social and political conditions, and religions of the Greeks and Turks, than any other volume of similar size and design with which we are acquainted. In the "Sea and the Sailor" we have "notes" on France and Italy, whose greatest fault is their brevity—notes from which tourists of the present day, who are ambitious to appear in print, might learn a useful lesson. Yet, perhaps, the most readable of the whole series is "The Land of Gold," which consists of graphic and lively descriptions of California and its inhabitants during the exciting period when the gold fever raged with most violence. The publishers have done their part well, issuing the five volumes in uniform size and style—clearly printed and tastefully bound.

The Works of Shakespeare, the text carefully restored according to the first editions; with Introductory Notes, original and selected, and a Life of the Poet, by the Rev. H. N. HUDSON, A. M.; in eleven volumes. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.

Mr. HUDSON's edition of the great dramatist is already known to most of our readers. It is based on the famous Chiswick edition, first published in 1826, and of which it is as nearly an imitation as the important recent emendations and corrections in the Shakespearian text render judicious. The corruptions of former editions, introduced as corrections, are now omitted; the true reading being restored as nearly as possible, by comparison with the folio of 1623; and this is done without any ostentation of critical acumen, or superior learning. This is the first time the Chiswick edition has been reprinted in this country, notwithstanding its popularity in England; and the aim of the American editor has been to retain its advantages without its defects.

An elaborate criticism is given to each play, in the form of an introduction. The notes are not copious, and they are seldom long, but they are quite sufficient for the scholar and the intelligent reader. Indeed, they are far preferable to those tedious disquisitions of other editors which are calculated to bewilder rather than to enlighten the student. In the closing volume, we have a well-written life of the poet, together with his minor poems and sonnets, and an historical sketch of the drama. But Mr. Hudson has made one serious omission. Had he given us a good general index to the whole series in the first or eleventh volume, he would have greatly enhanced the value of his labors. We have, indeed, a list of all the plays at the beginning of the work, with the numbers of the volumes in which they respectively appear. But this is not sufficient. There are many facts in the introductions

and notes which it would be important to be able to turn to without loss of time. Upon the whole, however, we know of no edition containing an equal amount of matter in addition to the pure text, which can be said to be at once so convenient, neat, accurate, and cheap as this.

The Complete Works of Lord Bacon. 12 vols. 12mo. Boston: Brown & Taggard.

This is another enterprise which deserves to be encouraged. We have seen a specimen volume; and as to its style, suffice it to say that it is uniform with that of Carlyle's Essays, issued in spring last, in four beautiful volumes, by the same publishers. The new edition will embrace all the productions known to have emanated from Bacon. His greatest work is that entitled *Instauration of the Sciences*, of which the *Novum Organum*, written in Latin, forms a second part. The latter is the chief foundation of his fame; it is by far the most elaborate and most philosophical he has written. The following aphorism, with which it opens, gives an insight into the character of the whole: "Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no further than he has, either in operation, or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature." The principles of philosophy so ably expounded in the second book of the *Novum Organum*, is called the *inductive method*, and the author generally gets the credit of having originated it, although it is beyond question that other philosophers had taught it before him. The true credit to which he is justly entitled is that of having been the first to explain and exemplify it, so as to place it within the reach of all minds of ordinary intelligence. His Essays are, however, the most universally read of all his writings. This popularity he accounts for himself, by observing that they "come home to men's business and bosoms; and like the late new half-pence, the pieces are small and the silver is good." Among his other productions are his famous treatise "Of the Wisdom of the Ancients," "Felicities of Queen Elizabeth's Reign," "A History of King Henry VII.," &c. An edition containing all the great inductive philosopher's writings cannot fail to prove acceptable to the thinkers of America.

Life Before Him. A Novel. 12mo., pp. 397. New-York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

The book bearing this unpretending title is not of the "sensation" kind. It contains no accounts of atrocious murders, or startling crimes against the laws of property or morality. No effort is made in its pages to pander to a morbid taste. In short, it is a simple story of every-day life, in which no attempt is made even to "point a moral." But is it anything the worse for all this? By no means. If it has not been as much read as dozens of other recent stories, it is not because its real merits are not superior to those of most of them. The characters of Mr. Ashley, Major Shelton, and Warren Hoffman, are faithfully de-

lineated, and their conversations on various subjects are replete with those judicious, instructive thoughts which indicate a high degree of culture, much good sense, and no slight acquaintance with the secret workings of the heart. To those who prefer what is thoughtful and refining to what is coarse and meretricious, we would commend "Life Before Him."

Woods and Waters. By Alfred B. Street. 12mo. New-York: Michael Doolady. 1860.

There is more true poetry in this volume than in many performances given in the form of verses and styled poems. The author loves Nature in her wild simplicity. Born and brought up in a part of the country where her aspect is most lively and picturesque, he has learned to study her minutely and deeply; so that in reading his scenic descriptions, one almost thinks he feels the bracing air of the hills and woodlands on his brow, and sees around him those objects, animate and inanimate, ever in motion, or ever varying, which tend most to impart animation to the landscape—

> "Colors mingle, features join,
> And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
> The fairer eminent in life advance;
> And every image on its neighbor smiles."

The graphic and spirited sketches thus given are interspersed with dialogues often highly dramatic and full of vivacity; in which we are shown, as in a picture, all the characteristics of rural life, as modified in our time, by the encroachments of civilization. And in spite of this modification, we are frequently reminded of such exciting scenes as those in Cooper's "Deerslayer" and "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish;" although there is no more striking or agreeable feature in the volume before us than its genuine freshness and originality. It is pleasant to find so attractive and good a book bearing the imprint of a worthy, spirited young publisher, for it may be regarded as almost an earnest of a career at once useful and prosperous.

Leaves of Grass. 12mo., pp. 456. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge.

If it be an essential attribute of poetry to afford pleasure and delight to the mind, in proportion as the latter is refined by culture, the performances, entitled "Leaves of Grass," have little claim, considered as a poem, to that title; for in no work of the same size have we ever read so much that is disgusting and repulsive. The author seems to exult in being as indecent, obscene, and profane as possible. This is the more to be regretted, because, in the midst of a great deal of the silliest twaddle, and the most unmeaning bombast, we find thoughts of rare beauty and striking force, wonderful felicity of expression, and imagery, at once the boldest and most pleasing. Nor are the passages of the latter kind by any means

few; although, undoubtedly, the predominating qualities throughout the book are coarseness and vulgarity; so that we often meet with whole stanzas which are too filthy to be quoted. There is a modesty in nature herself, which those who understand her will not overstep; but Walt Whitman (for this we understand is the name of the would-be Homer) goes beyond nature, or rather, in most cases, he fails to reach her. Decency requires that we sometimes draw a veil over what is natural; but though such is hidden by common consent, it is not absurd or revolting like many of the images and precepts of Mr. Walt Whitman. We have, now, neither time nor space to illustrate our remarks by suitable extracts. We will, however, give two or three, which we think will sufficiently justify our views, if they do not give a correct idea of the true character of "Leaves of Grass." Such egotism and bravado as the following, are to be found at almost every page:

"I believe in the flesh, and in the appetites,
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part
and tag of me is a miracle.

Divine am I, inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch, or am touched from,
The scent of these arm-pits, aroma finer than prayer,
This head more than churches, bibles, and all the creeds.
If I worship any particular thing, it shall be some of
the spread of my own body."—p. 55.

Be it observed, that this is chaste and decent compared to what follows, but which we take care to omit. Nor is he, generally, much more pleasing or poetical in his scenic descriptions. Thus in describing a sea-fight, he sings (?):

"We had received some eighteen pound shots under the water,
On our lower gun-deck two large pieces burst at
the first fire, killing all around, and blowing up overhead."—p. 78.

As a specimen of his patriotism, we give one stanza:

"To you of New-England,
To the man of the sea-side State, and of Pennsylvania,
To the Canadian of the North—to the Southerner I
love,
These with perfect trust, to depict you as myself—
the germs are in all men;
I believe the main purport of these states is to be found
a superb friendship, exalté, previously unknown,
Because I perceive it waits, and has been always waiting in all men."—p. 374.

Leaving poetry out of the question, it would be difficult to find duller prose than this. Yet, as we have said, Walt Whitman can be occasionally musical, tender and pathetic. As an instance, we quote a part of a death-bed scene, which is as beautifully drawn as it is truthful and touching:

"When the dull nights are over, and the dull days also,
When the soreness of lying so much in bed is over,
When the physician, after long putting off, gives the silent and terrible look for
an answer,

When the children come hurried and weeping, and the brothers and sisters have been sent for,
When medicines stand unused on the shelf, and the camphor-smell has pervaded the rooms,
When the faithful hand of the living does not desert the hand of the dying,
When the twitching lips press lightly on the forehead of the dying,
When the breath ceases and the pulse of the heart ceases,
Then the corpse-limbs stretch on the bed, and the living look upon them,
They are palpable as the living are palpable.
The living look upon the corpse with their eyesight,
But without eyesight lingers a different living and looks curiously on the corpse."

Nor is this, by any means, the best we could cull from the pages of "Leaves of Grass." We have read and re-read in it many passages much more exquisite; but nevertheless, we cannot regard Walt Whitman as a true poet. That he has genius there can be no doubt, though it is certainly not of a high order. In wading through his uncouth rhapsodies, we are reminded of the pompous, but generally empty speeches which Homer puts into the mouth of Paris, especially of that line in which he makes Helen inform us that the braggart libertine was but ill supplied with sense—

Τοῦτῳ δ' οὔτ' ἄρ νῦν φρένες ἔμπεδοι, οὔτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσσω
ἔσσονται.

The publishers have done their part well. A better printed book, coming even from Boston, we have not seen in a good while. We have never seen Walt Whitman to our knowledge; nor do we know anything of him further than we learn from his book, but we think there is reason to fear that he will be too much read by a class of persons not capable of picking the diamonds out of the putrescent filth in which they are imbedded.

How to Enjoy Life; or, Physical and Mental Hygiene. By William M. Cornell. 12mo., pp. 360. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

The author of this work has written much and well. As professor of physiology and hygiene in one of our principal medical colleges, and one having a large practice as a physician, he has had opportunities of thoroughly studying the subjects which he treats in this volume; and it is evident that he has fully availed himself of them. He has omitted nothing that could reasonably be expected in any work of equal extent on hygiene; but he has given us not a little which few would expect in a book of three times its size, but which is not the less interesting on this account. We could fill pages with examples of this kind; but the space which we have now left will only admit of the following brief extract: "It is questionable whether the system of *advertising*, so prevalent at present in cities, that such a one will preach on a certain subject, at a certain time or place, is wise or right. Does it not look a little too much like the

catchpenny advertisements of itinerant lecturers? More especially is this practice questionable in a *pastor*, for two reasons: first, because the parish, having settled him, expect he will preach without publishing it in a newspaper; and second, it may seriously interfere with the arrangements of some more humble, but less ostentatious brother, who may preach at the same hour, but not choose to herald it by a flourish of trumpets." The remarks of this character, on various subjects, which the author pertinently introduces here and there, serve as an agreeable feature in "How to Enjoy Life."

Morris's Poetical Works, in blue and gold. New-York: Scribner.

☞ The new edition of Morris's works, at once beautiful, cheap, and complete, as it is, will not a little increase the popularity already almost universal, of our national song writer. Having already given our estimate of the intrinsic merits of his poems, attempting to indicate the secret of the wonderful fascination which they have now exercised for nearly a quarter of a century among all classes—especially among the cultivated—wherever the English language is spoken, we need only observe here that in the "blue and gold" volume we have a number of new effusions, in the poet's happiest vein.

The Linton Family; or, the Fashion of this World. By SARAH H. BRADFORD, author of "Lenie," "Ups and Downs," "The Silver Lake Stories." 12mo., pp. 320. New-York: Pudney & Russell. 1860.

WE confess we are no admirers of modern fiction. It is but seldom we read a novel, scarcely ever, except when required by duty. Not but we like the genuine article. Such, as for example, as Fielding's Tom Jones, Sterne's Tristram Shandy, Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, Cooper's Spy, or last, though not least, Miss Edgeworth's Leonora. We imagine there are not many who have tasted the sweets of these that have any very high admiration for the stories of the present day, even when declared five hundred times in one advertisement, occupying a whole page, or two, in a newspaper, to be the best ever written. Occasionally, however, a good tale makes its appearance; but, except it is of the "sensation" kind, it is not appreciated. Men and women of taste, indeed, read and commend it; nay, an "enterprising publisher" may proclaim that twenty thousand copies of it have been sold in one week; but at the same time it is not popular in the ordinary sense of the term. It has this advantage, however, over that which is "popular"—its readers increase after the first six months while those of the latter diminish, though perhaps not in so fast a ratio. One makes a noise, as it were, for a few weeks, and falls into oblivion; the other makes its way silently but steadily, until it takes the rank of a standard work.

Of the latter character is the present story, if we are not much mistaken.

It will astonish nobody; but it will interest and instruct thousands. There is nothing "thrilling" in its pages; but a good deal that is thoughtful and sensible—many a useful lesson of a kind not easily forgotten. There is nothing intricate in the plot; but it is so constructed that it awakens a lively interest at the outset. Our curiosity is fully excited when we reach the third chapter, and enter into the spirit of the dialogue between Grace and Walter, which is thus introduced by the latter: "Come, Gracie, it is too lovely to be sitting here over these books; let us go and take a ramble by the stream." Grace readily assents; and as readily accepts the invitation. We would gladly transcribe the dialogue which follows, but it is too long for our space, though in reading it one is rather sorry that it is not longer; and to give a fragment would be something like plucking a leaf from the rose. A remark or two from each, however, will give an idea of its character:

"Have you spoken to grandmamma about this, Walter?"

"Of course not, Gracie, before speaking to you. I have not presumed too much, have I, in taking it for granted that you feel a deeper interest in my future than grandmamma, or any one else,—you are really going to be my 'little wifey' some day, are you not, Gracie?"

His face was very earnest now, as he bent it toward me in the moonlight.

"Do you really mean it, Walter?" I asked, looking at him. "I thought this talk about 'little wifey' was all fun."

"I really mean it, Gracie."

"Walter, I am very young; only fifteen."

"And Gracie, I am very young, only twenty; but youth is a weakness of which we shall be getting the better every day we live," &c.

The reader who knows anything of love will easily understand that the walk made, by moonlight, under such circumstances, was neither hurried nor wearisome. But it is as a delineator of the hollowness and vanity of metropolitan fashion, as contrasted with the happy, innocent simplicity of country life, that our authoress is most interesting and instructive. In order to present both pictures in relief, she brings Grace Linton, the heroine, from a quiet country home to the city. Here she meets with all kinds of characters, and relating her experience in the form of an autobiography, she gives portraitures from life of faithless lovers and heartless coquettes; and here and there for variety's sake, identifies a hypocrite with a knave. To the ladies, "The Linton Family" will prove especially attractive; for it is calculated to lay a stronger hold on their sympathies than any story of similar character it has long been our privilege to read.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

A History of Williams College. By Rev. CALVIN DURFEE. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 8vo, pp. 432. 1860.

We have often read works much better written and more attractive than this. But it is not the book that affords most pleasure that is always the

most instructive; and they are the best writers, after all, who add most to our stock of knowledge. True, Mr. Durfee does not tell us much that is new, but he tells us a good deal that is interesting, not only to those who have been educated at Williams College, or to whom the institution is endeared as the *Alma Mater* of father or grandfather, but to all who take an interest in the cause of collegiate education in America. It would be invidious to find fault with a work of this kind because its periods are not always well rounded, and sometimes contain superfluous words, or because here and there we meet with a mistaken date, or with a passage in which the learning or talents of an admired friend are over-estimated. The author's own remarks in reference to the task he has undertaken, may well disarm criticism. In his preface he says: "Still it falls far short of reaching his own ideal of what such a history should be. He has not reached the standard at which he aimed. He sensibly feels that the college deserves a far more worthy memorial."

We have no sympathy with critics that would attack an author who is thus modest, even if his book, instead of containing anything valuable, were disfigured with blemishes. But there are really no serious faults in Mr. Durfee's "History." We have no acquaintance with the institution of which he treats, yet we have been much interested in the perusal of his book. The introduction, which is in the form of a letter from the pen of Governor Washburn, embraces many agreeable reminiscences, and affords a pretty good insight into the modes of instruction, and principles of government, practised in the college. Among the biographical sketches, those of Ephraim Williams and President Griffin will best repay perusal. The religious history of the college forms another interesting feature in the work, although the author's views on this subject seem, occasionally, somewhat prejudiced. The will of Col. Williams, the munificent founder of the institution, is given in an Appendix, with various other documents of more or less interest. The "History of Williams College" has also the advantages of portraits and other engravings, a general index, and large and clear typography.

History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes, to the Pontificate of Nicholas V. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D. In 8 vols. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

We have had the pleasure of examining some specimen sheets of the American edition, now in press, of Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity." Of the work itself little need be said. In point of literary merit and reliableness, it takes rank with Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Hume's History of England, and Hallam's History of the Middle Ages. Before Dr. Milman had undertaken this at all, he had attained high distinction as an author, both in poetry and prose. His dramas entitled "The Martyr of Antioch," "The Fall of Jerusalem," "Anne Boleyn," and "Belshazzar," though not designed for the stage, have been

often acted, in aristocratic circles, and they have still many admirers as literary efforts. Dean Milman is also the author of a *History of the Jews*, in three volumes, which is confessedly a standard work. As to his learning, there can be no doubt of its being profound, since he has been Professor in Oxford University for many years. No one but a scholar could have written his Latin Christianity, which, indeed, is sufficiently evident from the work itself. It is the standard Protestant authority not only in England, but also in France, and to a great extent in Germany. We perceive that the first volume of the American edition is to be issued in October, from the Riverside press, Cambridge, Mass. While fully equalling the last London edition, from which it is taken, in typography, and surpassing it in the portableness and convenience of its size, it will be little if anything more than half the price of the latter.

The Life of Daniel Wilson, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. By Josiah Bateman, M. A., Rector of North Gray, Kent; his Son-in-law and first Chaplain. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 744. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

There are not many divines whose Life would afford materials for so large and interesting a volume as this. Not that Dr. Wilson's has been distinguished by any very remarkable incidents, but he has travelled much, lived much in foreign countries, thought much; and written much. From his youth he appears to have been amiable, religious and studious. Unlike most clergymen of the Church of England who obtain preferment, he owed his elevation to his own perseverance, industry, and talent; for although the son of respectable, though humble parents, he had no great friends to interest themselves in his behalf. It may indeed be doubted, accordingly, whether, if he had remained at home, he would ever have got a mitre.

When he was made Bishop of Calcutta, several others had refused to accept the boon; and with very good reason of a worldly nature, since four other bishops had been prostrated in a very short time by the overwhelming duties they had to perform in the same see. He was fully aware of the difficulties he had to encounter; so that he tells us in his diary: "I was compelled by conscience and by an indescribable desire to sacrifice myself, if God should accept the offering and the emergency should arise." The emergency did arise when he was fifty-four years old; and it is sufficiently evident from his previous character, that ambition for the honor of the mitre was not his motive in leaving friends and home to take up his residence, and undertake onerous duties in a climate which had proved so fatal to several of his brethren.

It is not the less true, however, that he raised himself to distinction, as we have said, by his own unaided efforts. All that his father was able to do for him as a means of setting him up in the world, was to bind him as

an apprentice for seven years to a silk manufacturer. No apprentice could have been more obedient, or more industrious; but at the same time he found leisure to study. His first thought in relation to the ministry was to become a missionary. A clergyman who took an interest in his case enabled him to enter St. Edmond's Hall; and soon after he was ordained and placed in the curacy of Chobham and Bisley. He was not long in this position, when he got the better curacy of Worton, and soon after became minister of St. John's Chapel; Bedford Row, London. Here his scholarship attracted attention, and he was made tutor at Oxford, and subsequently Vicar of Islington. No ordinary man could have made this progress in the Church of England without being connected in any way with the governing class; and once possessed of the rich living of Islington, he had no need to go to India or elsewhere in the evening of life, if he had only consulted his personal well-being and comfort.

But the volume before us is not a mere narrative of the life of Dr. Wilson. His letters, and the extracts from his journal, are much more valuable than his biography, truly interesting and instructive as the latter is. He gives a more correct insight into the habits, customs, and social, religious, and political views of the Hindoos, than any other recent writer, save Mr. Hills, whose History of British India is the most complete and reliable we have. Altogether, independently of the Bishop's theological views, his Life, as presented in this book, is replete with instruction and encouragement. The work is, in brief, one which may be read with profit and pleasure by the seekers after truth, and the admirers of well-directed talents among all denominations of Christians; and it is gotten up in superior style by the American publishers.

The Life of Cardinal Ximenez. By the Rev. Dr. Von Hefele, of Tübingen. Translated from the German by the Rev. Canon Dalton. 8vo., pp. 581. London: Catholic Publishing Company, Charles Dolman, Manager. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1860.

Cardinal Ximenez is not to be regarded merely as an ecclesiastic. No man of his time exercised a more powerful influence on the nation to which he belonged. This will be easily understood when it is remembered that he was the confessor of Queen Isabella of Spain, when the fleet was fitted up that enabled Columbus to discover America. There is more than presumptive evidence that the queen was not a little influenced by her confessor; and he was held in equal esteem by King Ferdinand, who, immediately after the great discovery was made, had him appointed Archbishop of Toledo, subsequently availing himself of his wisdom and talents in the affairs of government. Instead of squandering his revenues in idle pomp and display, the good bishop devoted them to the founding of an institution of learning, which has continued to the present day to maintain a high character, namely, the University of Alcala. He was also

the first to publish a Polyglot Bible, which he did while performing, at intervals, several other literary labors.

After producing a reform among the clergy of all Spain, he became one of the principal ministers of Philip the Fair, at whose death he was appointed Regent of the kingdom, and soon after he obtained the cardinal's hat. Thus we see that Ximenez was the Richelieu of Spain; and although the University of Alcala has not attained such celebrity as the French Academy, the Spanish ecclesiastic was quite as great a man, and as munificent a patron of the arts and sciences, as the illustrious Minister of Le Grand Monarque.

Yet how little is the former known, especially in this country, as compared with the latter. The volume before us gives an interesting narrative of the life and times of Cardinal Ximenez—one which may be read with profit and pleasure by all denominations of Christians, and which claims the particular attention of all who respect the memory of one of the most munificent patrons of literature which Spain produced in her palmiest days.

Echoes of Europe, or Word Pictures of Travel. By E. K. WASHINGTON. 8vo., pp. 697. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1860.

Mr. Washington is a shrewd observer; and what is still better, he is liberal in his views—free from national and other prejudices. To these qualifications he adds that of a graphic and attractive writer; so that, turn to almost any page of his book we are pretty sure to find something which, if it is not altogether new, is at least invested with new interest. Whether in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, or Germany, he gives us the facts as he saw them, without any coloring—"naught extenuating, and setting down naught in malice." He makes no effort to conciliate European favor either for himself or his book, by fulsome adulation of those, capable of more or less influencing public opinion, whom he has met with in his travels; and he is equally manly and independent in speaking of his own countrymen. No fault is more common with our tourists than to compare whatever attracts their attention to something at home, which they think similar, generally giving the palm of superiority to the latter. Mr. Washington, does the reverse of this without exciting the least doubt as to his patriotism. Thus, in speaking of poetry, he says (page 257): "It is astonishing, or else not, how slightly poetry flourishes in America. Perhaps if an action were brought, by America, against the Muses to show cause why they had not given us more of the poetic, they might rejoin by finding some in the one twentieth part of what Willis calls his poems; also find a few entire pieces—perhaps three or four of each—in Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. They could also allege the whole of Poe in extenuation. Of him, it may be said, that he approaches more nearly the essential feeling of the poetic than any other

person—inasmuch that he is a poet even to a 't.'" The remark that follows this is rather harsh: it hardly does justice to the author of *Evangeline*. We reproduce it, however, as proof that the author is not afraid to give free expression to his views: "But Longfellow's wretched mass of diluted stuff in 'Hiawatha' and 'Miles Standish's Courtship,' where he tries to make the plain, old, coarse Puritan court in hexameters, as well as the entire train of 'female contributors,' would nonsuit the Muses and clear the court *non die*." Mr. Longfellow is pretty well used to criticism; but what will our scores of female poets say to the closing part of the sentence just quoted? Perhaps they had better pass on, and not read it at all. They will find quite sufficient in the book to make amends for it. This we could easily prove to the satisfaction of our readers, if we had only sufficient time and space. We will, however, give a brief extract or two. In describing the celebrated cathedral of Strasbourg, our author says:—

"At twelve o'clock, a large brazen clock, near the top of the vast establishment, flaps his wings and crows thrice, heard all over the church; the figures of the Twelve Apostles march around in a circuit; the figure of Death strikes the hour; and the whole clock becomes almost animated. I ascended the tower of the cathedral to the platform, more than three hundred feet high. The great spire, visible as a thing of beauty, 'cleaving the sky,' long before one reaches Strasbourg, extends like a woven work of stone and iron, gradually tapering to the top, where it terminates in a cross about one hundred and seventy-four feet higher. The ascent can be made by a slender stairway of stone and iron nearly to the top; but it is a feat more to be admired than imitated, as several persons have fallen down, and some have precipitated themselves, overpowered by that singular feeling that impels one to leap down when one is at a great height. It is the highest church spire in the world, probably also the grandest and in most perfect taste."—page 181.

His description of the carnival at Rome is one of the most graphic and interesting we have seen; but we can only make room for a brief extract:—

"At two o'clock the Carnival was resumed, and the old city seemed glad and happy as in its youth of two thousand years ago. The procession of carriages began to move up and down the Corso, the Via Condotti, the Piazza di Spagna, filled with gay masqueraders, throwing and receiving bouquets, pelted from windows and balconies, pelting in return, receiving showers like snow of *confetti*, and all in a state of magnificent gayety. All kinds of masks are in motion, though it is strictly forbidden to caricature either priests or soldiers—the two principal elements of Rome—yet even these were sometimes slightly 'taken off,' as far as they dared; but Englishmen, Jews, Turks, demons, old women, were all represented in long groups of masqueraders in most *outre* costume. The great press and crowd of two hundred thousand people on the Corso defied description."—page 519.

Though Mr. Washington is certainly a very agreeable writer, there are not a few of his remarks which contain more truth than poetry. For example, in telling us what he had to pay for *visas* to his passport, to various functionaries, when about to leave Italy, he states, somewhat sarcastically, that he was charged more by the American consul than by

any of the others, not excepting the Neapolitan police agents, or the French minister (p. 616). But we cannot follow the author at further length. We may observe, however, that his sketches of the principal places and objects of interest in and about London, Paris, Venice, Rome, and Naples, are the best we have seen in any recent work.

History, Theory and Practice of the Electric Telegraph. By George B. Prescott, Superintendent of Electric Telegraph Lines. 12mo., pp. 468. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have here a full and interesting narrative of all that is worth knowing on the subject of the great invention of the age. The peculiar characteristics of the various telegraphing systems now in use are fully explained under the following headings: Electrical Manifestations, General Principles of the Electric Telegraph, Electric Telegraph Apparatus, Subterranean and Submarine Lines, The Atlantic Cable, Progress of the Electric Telegraph, Various Applications, Construction of Lines, Disturbances, Miscellaneous Matters, Early Discoveries in Electro-Dynamics, Galvanism. The different systems are illustrated by plates and diagrams, and their relative value is indicated by facts and statistics. An important feature in the book is the careful and apparently impartial consideration which it gives the pretensions of the various claimants to the discovery of the principles of the electric telegraph. The "Part" which treats on galvanism is written with considerable ability, and shows that the author fully understands his subject. But most, if not all the poetry in the "miscellaneous" department might have been omitted without much loss. Not that it is by any means wanting in merit, but unfortunately there is now satire rather than merited praise in the lines entitled "How Cyrus laid the Cable," which end thus:

> "And may we honor evermore
> The manly, bold and stable,
> And tell our sons, to make them brave,
> How Cyrus laid the cable!"

The work is got up in tasteful style, and has the advantage of a copious index. Though it has little pretensions to literary merit, all who take an interest in scientific progress will find it well worthy of perusal.

EDUCATION.

1. *Elementary and Practical Arithmetic:* In which have been attempted various Improvements in Arrangement and Nomenclature, and all the means of thorough Discipline in the Principles and Application of the Science. By James B. Dodd, A. M. A New and Improved Edition. With an Appendix.
2. *Arithmetic for High Schools.* Containing the Elementary and the

Higher Principles and Applications of the Science. By JAMES R. DODD, A. M.

3. *Elementary and Practical Algebra:* In which have been attempted Improvements in General Arrangement and Exposition, and in the means of thorough Discipline in the Principles and Applications of the Science. By JAMES B. DODD, A. M., Morrison-Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Transylvania University.
4. *Elements of Geometry and Mensuration.* By JAMES B. DODD, A. M.
5. *Elements of Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical:* With Applications to Heights and Distances, the Areas of Polygons, Surveying, Navigation, and the Solution of Astronomical Problems. By JAMES B. DODD, A. M.
6. *Algebra: For High Schools and Colleges.* Containing a Systematic Exposition and Application of the Elements and Higher Principles of the Science. By JAMES B. DODD, A. M.

New-York: Pratt, Oakley & Co. 1860.

We have carefully examined Prof. Dodd's series. Nor have we found the task by any means so laborious as we had expected; although we opened the first, as well as the last, volume without any of the prejudices too generally entertained against the study of mathematics. The great mistake is to suppose that algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, as well as arithmetic, are to be valued solely for the amount of practical knowledge which they afford; or that they need be studied only by those whose pursuits in life may require calculations more or less abstruse. Hence one tells us that it is sufficient for his son to learn simple arithmetic; another goes farther, and is willing to admit that a tolerable acquaintance with algebra may be useful, if not altogether necessary, for the position in which he intends to place his son; a third party may allow himself to be persuaded that the exigencies of the situation of his son may require a knowledge of geometry and even of trigonometry; and so on to the end of the chapter. It is not strange that those who reason in this way think that females have no need of mathematics at all, but that the time they may be induced to spend at them is so much waste—a mere idle sacrifice to vanity and fashion. A young lady, indeed, intended to be the wife of a merchant, or expected to engage in business of her own, might, they admit, find it useful to be able, if not to keep accounts correctly, at least to examine the ledger, and see how her husband or herself stands, as the case may be. But they hold that for all this, the common rules of arithmetic are quite sufficient.

If it could be estimated how much the compilers of text-books are to blame for the prevalence of these erroneous views, it would be seen how much harm, rather than good, an incompetent person does the cause of education when he undertakes to get up such books, and succeeds through

the influence of partial friends in introducing them, to any extent, into the public schools. He may give the rules, and even the principles of the science which he pretends to teach; but this is not sufficient. There must be order, arrangement, gradation. Otherwise anybody that can read could compile a text-book. There is no lack of materials. Propositions, problems, rules, and definitions, are to be had in abundance. But they must be formed into a *system*. What is plain and simple must be placed at the beginning, and fully explained; and whatever it possesses of beauty or utility should be made as apparent as possible to the student. The theorems or problems should become difficult only in proportion as a pupil of ordinary intelligence can be supposed to understand them; for it must be borne in mind that there are but few boys who have an aptitude for the solution of what requires close reasoning and patient study.

Prof. Dodd understands all this; and hence it is that it is a pleasure rather than an irksome labor to examine his series. Not only does each treatise exhibit a gradation in itself well calculated to encourage the student, teaching him at every step to turn to account the knowledge he has acquired, but the same progressive connection is maintained from one work to another. Thus the transition from the High School Arithmetic to the Elementary Algebra is easy and natural. The principles in the latter are the same as in the former, except that they are more clearly defined and illustrated, and better calculated to make a lasting impression. Thus, in performing the operations of multiplication, subtraction, or division, in algebra, we learn to understand the *reason* of the rules given in the Arithmetic, so that the mind is at once interested and instructed. Those wishing to proceed farther, take up the High School Algebra, and having already learned to form the simpler equations, they may commence at Arithmetical Progression; whereas those intending to study the whole course thoroughly may take up the High School Algebra at once, as soon as they understand simple arithmetic; since the beginning of it is just as simple as that of the Elementary Algebra.

And in the Geometry and Trigonometry the same system is carried out. In the beginning of the former, an extensive variety of the most useful theorems are clearly demonstrated; and the knowledge thus obtained is made available towards the end, in a brief but comprehensive treatise on mensuration of planes and solids. The same course is pursued in Dodd's Trigonometry, in which the student is first introduced to the properties of logarithms, then to the measurement of angles, arcs, segments, tangents, &c., &c.; and these being sufficiently understood, land surveying follows, then come navigation and spherical trigonometry.

Whatever may be said of the operations in algebra and geometry, as such, few will venture to deny that mensuration, land surveying, and navigation, are of great practical utility. The mistake is, as already intimated, to suppose that their study does no good except when carried into prac-

tice. But it might be said, with just as much truth, that gymnastics are no use save to those who intend to make a living by the suppleness of their joints or the strength of their muscles. The mind requires exercise as well as the body; the faculties of the former as well as of the latter are vigorous or weak according as they are called into action or otherwise. The effect of mathematical studies on the reasoning powers is well understood by educators; nay, indeed, by all who have paid any attention to them. There is no finer system of logic than that which is learned from algebra and geometry, or both. No other discipline to which the mind can be subjected is so well calculated to secure accuracy of judgment, correctness of conception, and an orderly, discriminating procedure of thought.

Let no one say, then, that it is lost time which is spent by either boy or girl in studying mathematics; although a bad text-book involves an expenditure of fourfold as much time and labor as are necessary; and cause hundreds to turn their attention to subjects which at least seem more inviting. But with Prof. Dodd's series it is the reverse. We have seen none to equal it, as a whole, save the series of the Brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh. "Chambers's Geometry" is a more complete treatise than "Dodd's Elements;" but the former has no practical problems in mensuration like the latter. Nor would any of the other volumes at the head of our article suffer by a similar comparison with any text-books of equal size, whether European or American. In short, if the author would only give us a full treatise on geometry, on the same plan of "practical application"—one containing, for example, all the problems in Simpson's or Elrington's Euclid, his series would at once be the most complete and philosophical, produced by any single individual, that either hemisphere could boast of.

1. *Wells's Principles and Applications of Chemistry, for the use of Academies, High Schools, and Colleges*, with two hundred and forty illustrations. By DAVID A. WELLS. 12mo. New-York: Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1860.
2. *Wells's Science of Common Things*. New-York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.
3. *Wells's Principles of Natural Philosophy*. New-York: Ivison, Phinney & Co. 1860.
4. *A Class Book of Chemistry, designed for the Use of Academies and Schools, and for Popular Reading*. By EDWARD D. YOUMANS. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.
5. *A Natural Philosophy, embracing the most recent Discoveries in the various branches of Physics, &c.* By G. P. QUACKENBOS. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Although we have thus placed the text-books of Wells, Youmans, and Quackenbos, side by side, they are very different. The works of Mr. Wells

are presented to us on their own merits. Thus we take up his "Principles of Chemistry" and find no recommendation to it in the book itself. But in turning to either of the others, we find "testimonials" of all kinds in its praise, with such modest assurances, from the publishers, as that "They [Quackenbos's school books] have stood the test of criticism," &c. "The secret of their success is their perfect adaptation in style, language, *and development of the subject*, to the pupil's comprehension." In proof of this, we are furnished with the "opinions" of such learned authorities as the New-York "Sun," the Lawrence "Sentinel," &c. Did we proceed no further, but were endowed with a large amount of faith, nearly sufficient to remove mountains, we should have no trouble in coming to the conclusion that Messrs. Youmans and Quackenbos are not only superior to Mr. Wells, but in short, to all others who have ever attempted similar performances. Bearing in mind, however, that the statements of those who praise their own goods are not always the most reliable, we have taken the trouble to compare the different books with each other, and in doing so we have discovered another "secret," namely, that the works of Wells do not need "testimonials."

But this is no reason why justice should not be done him. It is those who really deserve praise that should get it, let interested publishers do and say what they will in contradiction of the fact. We will observe, therefore, without entering into any further comparisons, which might be deemed invidious, that we know no better works of their kind than those of Mr. Wells.

The author, after graduating at one of our first literary institutions, completed the course pursued at the Lawrence Scientific School; but, though acquiring then the knowledge and fondness for science which have prompted to the preparation of his various works, it may be doubted whether the real education which has enabled him to write so clearly on entirely different subjects, and compete successfully with the labors of specialists in the separate sciences, was not acquired in the editorial chair of "The Annual of Scientific Discovery," and another leading New-England journal.

The French are, of all nations, the most happy in the adaptation of the style and material of their educational series to the progressive elucidation of the subjects, and the mental capacities of those who study them. This is doubtless partly due to their national versatility, their genius for method, for analysis, and illustration; it is due, also, in part, to the fact, that their works are selected by central boards, composed of men most learned in the subjects on which they treat, and thus the best works are sure of adoption and remunerative circulation, making it worth the while of the most able men to contend for the palm; but it has often seemed to us that it was especially due to the fact that the general adoption of the plan of selecting their teachers by the *concours*, developed to the highest degree the faculty of imparting knowledge, as well as that of acquiring it.

With us it is far different. Our professorships are often filled by those who have acquired a name and position by attainments or original researches, which make them eminently deserving of whatever honors may pertain to the positions they are called upon to occupy, while they are entirely destitute of the power of imparting their knowledge to those whom it is their duty to instruct. With how great sinking of the heart does our memory revert to the bench-thinning eloqnence of a distinguished chemical *savant*, who might have taught alchemy instead of the more modern sciences, for all that we could understand or can now recollect of the dronings of those weary hours—hours rivalled in the fulness of their *ennui* only by those other hours when "having ears we heard not" the dry disquisitions of a geological sage, who treated of rocks igneous, Plutonic, and aqueous, in language whose effect in dampening the enthusiasm and indurating the intellect, was hardly inferior to the metamorphic power of the forces he discoursed upon. Yet these are frequently the men who are required to write our text-books, the circulation of which is sustained only by the influence of their names, or the interested efforts of their publishers. We are no admirers of "Science made easy," and would not be understood to advocate a reduction, by one jot or tittle, of the highest standard of scientific thoroughness, but we do believe the making of text-books to be one of the fine arts requiring the possession of peculiar gifts, and not to be compassed by every one who has the knowledge to appreciate or the ability to criticise, any more than is painting or poetry. It is, moreover. an art in which the highest excellence requires long practice as well as favoring genius.

The correctness of this position, we think, is proved by the history of the successful works, or series of works, which have from time to time been candidates for public favor. Some of the most successful have originated with men without a previously established position as authorities in the branches they have treated upon, and whose subsequent career has proved them to be possessed of distinct powers, equally well adapted to the elucidation of any subject in which clearness of thought and expression, aptness of illustration, and a logical arrangement, are more essential than original research or microscopical accuracy.

"The Science of Common Things," "Wells's Natural Philosophy," "Wells's Chemistry," &c., attest the versatility of the author's talents, and his thoroughness. What especially characterizes his text-books on science, in a greater degree than any other works of like character before the public, is that they are interesting. Every abstract proposition is impressed on the mind by some curious or familiar fact, involving the application of the principle stated, so that the learner, realizing in a degree the high sense of enjoyment arising from the discovery of truth, soon comes to regard his task rather as a recreation than labor.

We have seen claimed for other works a greater accuracy and more full

posting, as regards the latest researches in science, but an examination of the books in question has failed to satisfy us that such is the fact. On the contrary, if it were at all desirable, we could instance a great number of errors and deficiencies in the very works for which superior excellence on the ground of accuracy is most loudly asserted.

We are glad to perceive that Mr Wells's books are watched by both author and publishers with considerable vigilance, and every ambiguity of expression or error of statement is corrected as soon as discovered, while new facts in science are from time to time incorporated with the text; thus each edition is brought nearer and nearer to perfection, and made more worthy of public confidence.

Lincoln's Familiar Lectures on Botany. New edition, with an Appendix containing a Familiar Explanation of the Natural System, and an Artificial Table for the analysis of plants according to the same system. By Mrs. Lincoln Phelps. New-York: Mason Brothers.

For thirty years this book, and the "Botany for Beginners," by the same author, have been standard works in the district and public schools, and higher seminaries and colleges.

The publication of "Lincoln's Botany," caused a revolution in the progress of botanical knowledge. It taught teachers how to teach, while it led the student by a *flowery* path to the investigation of the vegetable kingdom; and for the first time botany became a regular branch of school education, especially among young ladies, while many of maturer years found a new pleasure in the fascinating study of flowers—probably some found not the time to explore into the deeper mysteries of the structure and growth of plants, though the book from which they learned the beautiful system of the Linnæan Analysis was from the first full in information upon those subjects. Many who took the initiatory step in the study of nature's volume, by the aid of this book, and the Beginner's Botany, may not have proceeded further, but this has not prevented their enjoyment of the new light, never to be extinguished, which then dawned upon their minds.

"Lincoln's Botany" having been often revised by its author, has kept pace with the progress of the science. As it first appeared, it contained, *in extenso*, a system of vegetable physiology and anatomy founded upon the researches of Mirbel, Jussieu, and Decandolle, and of the English botanists of that day. The latter had been slow to note the discoveries and to adopt the opinions of the *savans* of continental Europe. This, however, has been done by Lindley, so that much which has been copied from him by later writers or compilers may be found in Lincoln's Botany, as credited to the physicists of France and Germany.

The Linnæan system is explained and illustrated in this work in a clear and interesting manner. The author, in her preface, defends the use of

this system as initiatory to the study of the vegetable kingdom, confirming, by the testimony of distinguished botanists, the opinion that by no other method hitherto proposed can the attention be so favorably drawn to this subject as by that of Linnæus. In the new and enlarged edition of Lincoln's Botany, the author has attempted to simplify the natural system by offering an *artificial* table to aid in the analysis of *plants* by means of this system, and to direct the student to the more thorough investigation of the *natural orders;* these are fully explained in the body of the work, while the genera belonging to them are arranged under their proper heads.

With this addition, which brings the work up to the present state of the science, we may anticipate for this favorite manual of Botany a new career of usefulness and success, and for schools, by its aid, a renewed interest in this department of natural science.

1. *Studies in Animal Life.* By GEORGE HENRY DAVIS, author of "Life of Goethe," "The Physiology of Common Life," &c. 12mo., pp. 146.
2. *Natural History for the Use of Schools and Families.* By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D., author of "Human Physiology," "Child's Book of Nature," &c. Illustrated by nearly 300 engravings. 12mo. pp. 382.
   New-York: Harper & Brothers.

IT is sufficient to say of these that they should have a place in every family that estimates natural history at its true value. Dr. Hooker's book is, without exception, the best we have seen of its kind, either in Europe or America. There is not so much variety in Mr. Davis's, but what his work contains is as reliable as Dr. Hooker's.

Human Physiology. Designed for Colleges and Higher Classes in Schools, and for General Reading. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College. Illustrated by nearly 200 engravings. 12mo. pp. 454. New-York: Pratt, Oakley & Co. 1860.

There is no lack of text-books on physiology; but there is scarcely anything in book form more difficult to find than a good one. Some authors say too much; others too little; and neither have the faculty of interesting the student. If the arrangement is good, the language is defective; and if both are passable, the illustrations are abominable. We have met with so many treatises of these various kinds, that it was not without some misgivings we took up the volume before us. The first two or three pages seemed rather uninviting, their style being too elaborate. This happens in the best books; and it is so in the present case. The most learned as well as the most talented are generally the most diffident. Doctor Hooker does not begin to feel that he is master of his subject until he reaches the

second chapter, and applies himself to "the distinctions between animals and beasts." At the same stage the student, or general reader, begins to feel that, after all, physiology is not a dull subject. This becomes more and more apparent as one passes from "Formation and Repair" to "Cell Life" and "the Nervous System," so that on reaching the chapters on the "Varieties of the Human Race," "Life and Death," and "Hygiene," he has learned how truthful is the sentiment of the Roman poet, that there is a system in all things, and that there are certain limits which cannot be rationally overstepped:

> "Est modus in rebus, sunt certe denique fines
> Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum."

We are sorry that the book did not fall into our hands in time to enable us to bestow on it that attention which its intrinsic merits deserve; for its subject is one that cannot be too carefully studied either in schools or at the family fireside, since it is the first duty of every rational being to know himself.

1. *The Fireside Friend; or, Female Student:* being advice to young ladies on the important subject of Education, with an Appendix on Moral and Religious Education, from the French of Madame de Saussure. By Mrs. Lincoln Phelps. 12mo., pp. 377. New-York: Harper & Brothers.
2. *Hours with My Pupils; or, Educational Addresses;* the Young Lady's Guide, and Parent's and Teacher's Assistant. By Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, author of "Lincoln's Botany," "Ida Norman; or, Trials and Their Uses," "Caroline Westerley; or, the Young Traveller," &c., &c. New-York: Scribner.

There are few, if any, of the gentler sex, either in Europe or America, who have done more for the cause of education than the learned and accomplished authoress of these volumes. Among her own countrywomen we believe Mrs. Emma Willard, of Troy, can alone be said to be worthy of comparison with her as a writer and teacher. Nowhere else save in France do we find such works as "The Fireside Friend," emanating from a female pen; and it is pleasant to know that it has been appreciated at home and abroad, accordingly. There are few young ladies' seminaries in the United States or British America in which it is not used as a text-book; and that its value is similarly recognized in England, may be inferred from the fact that several editions of it have appeared in London, one of which we have seen advertised as uniform with the works of Hannah More. A work of this kind needs no description at our hands. Its character is sufficiently indicated by its title at the head of this brief notice. Suffice it to say, that the matter is admirably arranged and evinces not only multifarious learning of a high order, but also a deep insight into the philosophy of teaching.

"Hours with my Pupils" is written in a more popular style; it does not contain so much information that is worthy of careful study: in other words, it is not so well suited to the school-room; but it is scarcely less calculated to do good. This will be the better understood when it is observed that in one the experienced professional teacher addresses students supposed to have made considerable progress in the acquirements which constitute a liberal education; while in the other the author speaks rather in the character of a mother—one possessed of high culture and an excellent judgment, with a mind well stored with knowledge, and a happy faculty of communicating the results of her studies and experience. In short, if we also take into accuunt "Ida Norman," a thoughtful, interesting, instructive novel, with a pure and elevated moral tone, by the same lady, we know of no works to which can be more truthfully applied than to hers the words of Akenside:—

> "Like spring's unfolded blooms
> Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
> May taste at will from their selected spoils,
> To work her dulcet food."

1. *The History of Rome.* By TITUS LIVIUS. The Third Decade, Part the First, illustrated by copious Notes, historical, geographical, and critical, and especially adapted for the use of Military Students, by E. R. Humphreys, LL. D., Head Master of Cheltenham Grammar School, author of "Greek and Latin Prose Composition," "Excitationes Iambicæ," "Manual of Civil Law," &c. 8vo., pp. 396. London: Longmans, Brown, Green, & Longmans.
2. *Excitationes Iambicæ; or, Progressive Exercises in Greek Iambic Verse.* By E. R. HUMPHREYS, LL. D., Head Master of the Grammar School, Cheltenham. Second Edition, much enlarged, with sixty short Introductory Exercises, by H. M. Jeffrey, M. A. 16mo., pp. 425. Cambridge (England): Macmillan & Co.

WE do not approve of English notes to a Greek or Latin Classic, except for the use of beginners; but there is no rule without an exception. Those to Humphreys' Livy are of such a character that, far from encouraging indolence on the part of the student, they are calculated to encourage him to industry, by pointing out the beauties of the author, and exhibiting the hidden resources of the Latin language. So well does the editor succeed in this, that we should be glad to see all the works of Livy's History, which are extant, annotated by the same hand.

Indeed, his Introduction alone affords evidence of ripe scholarship, and we have seldom had the pleasure of perusing a more excellent sketch than the "Epelogomena" at the end of the volume, given in the form of an appendix, and embracing "The leading facts of the history of the Punic wars, from the point at which it is brought down by Livy, at the close of l. XXV." Of the thirty-five books, which are all that remain to us save a

few fragments, of the one hundred and forty-two books which constituted the whole history, those given by Dr. Humphreys are undoubtedly the best; although, in a military point of view, they are by no means reliable, since, according to the author, the Romans were never defeated in the open field, and there is scarcely one of his descriptions of battles which does not show, but too plainly, how little he knew in reality of the art of war. In this respect he is as inferior to Cæsar or Sallust as he is superior to almost all other prose writers in the poetic grandeur and eloquence of his style. It is but justice to Dr. Humphreys, however, to say, that he corrects many of the historian's blunders in his notes, by reference to other authorities; and by so doing he imparts a peculiar attraction to the edition before us.

The "Exercitationes Iambicæ" is a work requiring learning of a different character. There are many capable of preparing a valuable edition of Livy, who could not write one of the Greek exercises in the other volume, whose title is at the head of our notice—much less do so with the elegance and accuracy which characterize the Greek compositions of Dr. Humphreys; whose text-books we would gladly commend to the friends of classical education, as unquestionably the best of their kind, so far as they go, which it has been our privilege to examine.

French in One Volume: The Complete French Class-Book, embracing Grammar, Conversation, Literature, with Commercial Correspondence, and an adequate Dictionary. By Louis Pujol, A. M., of the University of France, Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland, &c.; and Rev. D. C. Van Norman, LL. D., Principal of Van Norman Institute for Young Ladies. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

We have had the pleasure of examining specimen sheets of the several parts of this work, and in doing so have been deeply impressed with a sense of its value. It opens with an elaborate treatise on pronunciation, which may be said to remove one of the chief stumbling-blocks which the English student has to overcome in studying French. In the same section we have a system of grammar, which embraces within comparatively narrow bounds the theoretical and practical. In the second part, the syntax of the language is gradually but fully developed. It includes a large variety of exercises in French and English, with conversations, by means of which the idioms of the former are illustrated in such a manner as cannot fail to make an impression. The third part embraces an excellent system of teaching French conversation; and in the fourth, the learner is introduced to French literature, by a series of progressive lessons in translating, which are followed by judicious selections in prose and verse from the best of the old classics, as well as of the modern French writers; all arranged in chronological order, and each preceded by a biographical sketch of the author; while in the form of an appendix, we

have models of commercial and polite French letters translated into English. Thus at every step the English student is taught to appreciate the resources of his own language, while making himself acquainted with the genius and peculiarities of the French; so that with a little industry and perseverance he soon realizes the precept of the French Horace:

> "Sans la langue, en un mot, l'auteur le plus divin
> Est toujours, quoi qu' il fassé, un mechant écrivain."*

Both compilers of the "Class-Book" are educators of a high rank; Dr. Van Norman being the principal of the Van Norman Institute for young ladies, New-York, one of the best female seminaries in America; and Monsieur Pujol, professor of French in the same institution.

History of the United States, or Republic of America. By EMMA WILLARD. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

We have been permitted to examine the proof-sheets of the part of the History of the American Republic about to be added by Mrs. Emma Willard to her work—already widely circulated and extensively read as a standard authority, in both Europe and America—shortly to issue from the press of A. S. Barnes & Burr. The history of our country for the last ten years has been a tangled maze of startling and portentous events. The historian who could give a calm and dispassionate statement of such events must live in a higher moral atmosphere.

The difficulty of sifting out the facts proper for history, from the mass of statements found in Congressional reports, in the printed speeches of public men, in the narratives of contemporaneous events given in books and newspapers, requires experience in historic composition, great patience in research, and uncommon powers of condensation. To write history when and where the facts accrue—to write it, not in mere generalities, but with date, and place, and circumstance, is to write it so that criticism as to its subject-matter is defied; and it shows on the part of the author a profound consciousness of truth. It is many years since Mrs. Willard first came before the public with that history of her country which is now found in many lawyers' offices and sometimes near the desks of members of Congress, as a book of reference. Daniel Webster made it his, as appears by his letter to the author, published in her last revised edition. That also contained a continuation of the history, which, like the present, before being added to the part then published, had been subjected to the examination of actors in the scenes described. To that part Henry Clay, Judge McLean, and others, gave their sanction.

A history thus composed must be satisfactory to those who read for information; and it must gain instead of losing by age. The author writes of times in which she lived—not as a careless looker-on, but as

* *Boileau*, Art. *Poetique*, chant I. v.

a chronicler, taking note as she goes along of events of present interest, and also of such as foreshadow future important consequences.

LAW.

A Treatise on the Law of Contracts, and upon the Defences of Actions thereon. By the late JOSEPH CHITTY, Jr., Esq. The sixth English edition, by JOHN A. RUSSELL, LL. B., of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law, and Professor of English Law in University College, London. Tenth American edition, by J. C. PERKINS; crown octavo, pp. 1063. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1860.

The name of Chitty has become almost as familiar, on both sides of the Atlantic, as that of Blackstone, and the former is quoted on contracts quite as often as the latter is on common law. The present edition of the "Treatise" is at once complete and convenient. Unlike most other English works which are in use in our courts and law schools, it contains all additions necessary to adapt it to the practice in this country, including full notes, references, and decisions of American law. The latest and best English edition, from which this is taken, could not have fallen into the hands of a more competent American editor than Judge Perkins, whose reputation is European as well as American.

Nor is it alone in our courts and law schools the work under consideration will be found useful. The arrangement is so excellent throughout, and the index so copious, that there is no one possessed of property and even an ordinary amount of intelligence, who would not find it a valuable addition to his library of reference. But to law students it will be particularly welcome, especially to those in the habit of consulting incomplete editions of the same work in several volumes. If all large law treatises were thus put into as portable a form as possible, our lawyers would be much more learned than they are, and meanwhile much valuable time would be spared. The list of English and American cases cited extends to one hundred and fifteen pages, and we are also presented with a full analysis of the various kinds of contracts treated of in the text. Add to this the fact that it quotes accurately more authorities than any other work of equal size, and it will hardly seem strange that Chitty on Contracts, in its present form, has been compared as an authority, by more than one eminent lawyer and scholar, to Webster on Words, their meanings, derivations, and orthography—one being the standard authority on contracts, the other on the English language—and it is a remarkable coincidence that both works are from the press of the same American publishers.

The Maryland Code—Public General Laws, compiled by OTHO SCOTT and HIRAM MCCULLOUGH, Commissioners; adopted by the Legislature of Maryland, January session, 1860—the Acts of that session being therewith incorporated—with an Index to each article and section.

By HENRY C. MACKALL, of the Maryland bar, by authority of the State of Maryland. 2 vols. crown octavo. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1860.

It is but rarely that law books are gotten up anywhere in such tasteful and elegant style as that of the two portly volumes before us. Indeed, it is not too much to say that it is a credit to Baltimore to have a publishing house capable of sending forth such excellent specimens of the typographic art—certainly as good specimens as any Northern city can produce of th same kind—and the paper and binding are quite in keeping with the letter-press. The first volume contains the public general laws, and the second the public local laws. Both embrace all the laws which continue in force, enacted since the first settlement of the State, extending over a period of more than a hundred and fifty years. Hitherto the law student had to wade through more than forty volumes to find what is now comprehended, together with the Acts of the session of 1860, in two volumes of portable and convenient size.

In the first, the articles and sections of the public general laws are arranged alphabetically. In the second, the public local laws are arranged in similar order, by counties. The index of the former is at the close of the volume, and refers to articles and sections; while there is a separate index to each article in the latter, the references being to sections. In either volume the general reader can find much that is curious. For example, it seems that "Every owner of a dog in Harford county shall pay an annual tax as follows: for each dog one dollar per annum, and for each bitch two dollars." * * "If any owner or keeper of a dog shall be unable to pay the tax thereon, and the constable shall be unable to find any property to execute for the same, *the constable shall forthwith proceed to kill his or her dog or dogs.*"—Vol. ii., p. 626.

Thus the poor dogs have to pay the penalty with their lives of the poverty of their masters or mistresses; and if the latter shall endeavor to save them, they are declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished accordingly with fine or imprisonment, or both! This seems harsh and inconsistent with the generous character of the people of Maryland, but there are many humane and charitable laws which would make amends for it, even if it were strictly executed. At all events, no law library in the United States can be said to be complete without "The Maryland Code," and we doubt not that our legal friends will be glad to have their attention called to it.

Introduction to the Study of International Law, designed as an aid in teaching, and in Historical Studies, by THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. 12mo., pp. 486. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1860.

There are none who take any interest in public affairs, or the teachings of history, who can be indifferent to the subject on which this volume

treats. Although intended only for schools and colleges, the work will prove a useful addition to the family library. As its title implies, it does not pretend to be a full treatise on national law; but it embraces all that is necessary, except for lawyers, or those who intend devoting themselves to the legal profession. Its chief use is to aid the student of history, and to enable those engaged in commerce to understand their rights and privileges in the pursuit of their business, especially in time of war. For these purposes, it is as reliable as any work of the kind, since its chie materials are drawn from the standard authorities of Europe and America —such as Heffter, Bernard, Wheaton, Kent, and De Martens. The volume is well printed, and has the advantages of a full table of contents, and a copious index.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons on the Christian Year. By the Rev. W. H. Lewis, Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, L. I. Fourth edition. 8vo. pp. 445. New-York: F. D. Harriman.

It is not often that sermons are attractive to the general reader. Dulness prevails so much in the pulpit at the present day, that the very name repels many. Our people are too practical, and think too much, to be satisfied with mere repetitions of what they have heard already fifty times over. This is the reason that so many leave church just before the sermon commences, when they know, either from experience or hearsay, how truly it may be said of the preacher, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." When cases of this kind are so frequent, it is all the more pleasant to meet with discourses like those of Dr. Lewis. Not that the author assumes any superiority. On the contrary, he rather speaks depreciatingly of his own efforts; but they are only the thoughtless who would think anything the less of them on this account, since in nine cases out of ten it is those that have most genius that are most modest. This is as true in theology as in general literature, as we see in the examples of Tillotson, Berkeley, Burnet, and Paley.

Mr. Lewis is not, however, what is called a "sensation" preacher. Simplicity, earnestness, vigor of thought and expression, and unostentatious piety, are the principal characteristics of his discourses, and we form this opinion without having ever heard him speak. But probably we cannot give a better idea of his book, as a whole, than by transcribing an extract from the preface. "Of learned and eloquent discourses," he says, "we have a large supply; but for those of a simpler and more practical character, adapted to our services, such as the common reader, providentially detained from God's house, might take up in connection

with the lessons for the day, or such as might be read with profit to a congregation in the absence of its rector, we look almost in vain. The experience of a quarter of a century in the exclusive and unceasing discharge of parochial duties, leads the author to hope that he may do something toward supplying this deficiency, especially since, in his *public* ministry, he has ever aimed to meet wants ascertained by *private* converse, and therefore may expect, as the physician's prescriptions, made upon observation of particular cases, are often generally useful, so that which has been addressed to his own people may benefit some beyond his immediate sphere of labor. . . . The author lays no claim to great originality. A pastor who has seldom less than three sermons a week to prepare, has not, and *it is well that he has not time, for deep studies and learned disquisitions*, but is obliged to be practical, and to aim only at meeting the great and immediate wants of the soul; nor should he be blamed if he culls his simples from every field over which he passes, provided he mix and compound them so as to heal."

Nothing could be more unassuming than this; but it may be doubted whether even a pastor would be anything the less efficient in the performance of his duties if he had time for "deep studies and learned disquisitions." We believe it will be found, on examination, that it is those who have studied most that have done most good. Knowledge is power in the Church as well as out of it. Time there was, indeed, when ignorance of all books, save the Bible, especially of classic books, was regarded as a necessary qualification, even for a minister of the gospel. Dr. South, in writing of the Independents and Anabaptists in old Puritan times, tells us that, "Latin unto them was a mortal crime, and Greek looked upon as a sin against the Holy Ghost. All learning was then cried down, so that with them the best preachers were such as could not read, and the ablest divines such as could not write. In all their preachments they so highly pretended to the spirit that they *hardly could spell the letter*." It is nothing of this kind, we are sure, Dr. Lewis means; but his remark is liable to be misrepresented; and in any sense it is scarcely correct. St. Paul was told that too much learning had made him mad; but he was not the less spiritually wise, or the less successful as an apostle, on this account. It may be said, however, in a similar manner that the discourses in the volume before us are not the less valuable because an observation occurs in the preface which seems to convey an erroneous impression. We have a sermon for every Sunday and principal holiday of the Episcopal Church. All are readable; but those which claim most attention are the discourses on the Influence of Prosperity, Solomon and his Proverbs, and Signs of Excessive Worldliness. There are none of our religious publishers more judicious in their selections than the Rev. Mr. Harriman; and his publications are always gotten up in a style at once tasteful and substantial.

Old and New. By the Rev. James Craik, D. D., Rector of Christ Church Louisville. London: W. Wells Gardner. New-York: Daniel Dana, Jr.

It may be doubted whether much good is ever done by works of this kind, although they are more readable than any others on the subject of religion. We need hardly add to this remark that "Old and New" is sectarian and controversial. People are seldom converted by violent invectives against their religion. No Roman Catholic will think anything the less of the Pope because he is called anti-Christ and other similar names. And if it is deemed wrong to speak disrespectfully of the mother of one's neighbor, when she has done nothing to deserve it, it can hardly be deemed proper to do so of the mother of our Lord.

With the merits of the points at issue we have nothing to do. That clergymen should use all fair means to convert those who do not believe in their religion, seems legitimate enough; but they should be rather mild and conciliatory than harsh and offensive. The titles of some of the chapters in the present volume will give a pretty correct idea of its character: namely, The Chief Romish Sophism, Romish Infallibility, the Papal Monarchy, as stated by itself, Penance and the Morality of the Confessional, Purgatory, Indulgencies and Romish Schools, Saint and Image Worship.

To these we will add a brief remark or two, taken here and there from the book, almost at random. Thus, at page 188, we are told in reference to the Eucharist that "The fifth article of the Romish creed is another sad and *horrible* perversion of the old religion." Some of the awful consequences of placing Protestant children under the tuition of Roman Catholic teachers, are thus described, "Leaving the school apparently unscathed does not end the *terrible ordeal for the soul thus wantonly exposed.* . . . . The most successful means of proselytism in female seminaries *is to conceal from parents and guardians those ailments which so often attend the critical period of pubescence*, and during that time to operate upon the melancholy and morbid state of the mind in those afflictions."

We believe there are not many teachers of any religion, except, perhaps, among the Mormons—especially female teachers—who enter into particulars, to either parents or guardians, relative to "the ailments which so often attend the critical period of pubescence." It seems to us that the cause of morality, leaving religion out of the question, is not much served by entering thus literally *in medias res.* The book is, however cleverly written. Protestant readers, fond of religious controversy, will peruse it with avidity; and not a few will learn logic, if not Christian charity, from its pages.

Protestants and Catholics differ much less in their religion than either generally suppose. In short, the chief difference between them is that

the latter believe about three times as much as the former; though perhaps not more than twice as much as the Episcopalians! Surely, then, there is no reason why they should call each other hard names; and much less should they desire to send each other either to hell or purgatory.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

1. *American History.* By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. II. Discovery of America. 16mo., pp. 288.
2. *Stories of Scotland and its Adjacent Islands.* By Mrs. THOMAS GELDERT, author of "Truth is Everything," "Stories of England," &c. 16mo., pp. 180.

New-York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

Although these tiny volumes relate to countries far distant, and different from each other, we place them side by side, because those for whom they are intended will be glad to study them together. It would be needless to describe the characteristics of Mr. Abbot's style. No other American writer for the young, with the sole exception of "Peter Parley," is so well known, or has attained such success in the same field.

Mrs. Geldert has a similar reputation in Europe; and she bids fair to become equally popular in America. Our remarks on her "Stories of England," in our first number, would, in general, apply with equal force to her "Stories of Scotland." Her plan in each is to present the principal facts and incidents in a plain and attractive garb, briefly referring results to their causes, and teaching the youthful reader to profit by them. The incidents related by Mrs. Abbott are more recent, though nearly the most ancient in American history. Both volumes are handsomely illustrated. Indeed they are, in every respect, well calculated to prepossess the minds of children in favor of historical studies.

The Chosen People: A Bible History, being a History of the Jews from the Sacred Scriptures, prepared for Sunday-School Classes or Home Instruction. By SARAH H. BRADFORD, author of "The Silver Lake Stories," "Ups and Downs," &c. 12mo., pp. 353. New-York: Pudney & Russell. 1860.

No ancient people are less understood than the Jews, and there are no people, ancient or modern, against whom stronger prejudices are entertained. Whatever tends to alter this state of things cannot fail to do good. It is a singular commentary on our boasted charitableness as Christians, that, with the exception of a part of the New Testament, all the precepts of our religion have come to us through a Jewish medium. All the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament were Jews. In no Christian Church is divine service performed without quoting more or less from Moses, David, or Solomon. Christ himself always called the Jews the Lord's chosen people; and yet there is not a country is Chris-

tendom, with the sole exception of our own, in which they have not suffered the most cruel persecution. A mere catalogue of the butcheries to which they have been subjected, because they have implicit faith in the Old Testament, and do not accept the New, would make one's blood run cold. Even at the present day they are excluded from civil rights in several of the states of Europe. They enjoy more liberty in the United States than anywhere else; indeed, in the eyes of the law, they are on an equality with their Christian fellow-citizens; but it is not the less true that they are still a despised race.

The little volume now before us is well calculated to produce a different feeling, and as such we cordially welcome it. In our mind it is all the better, for this purpose, because it makes no attempt to depart from the Scripture record. As a history for the higher classes in Sunday-schools, and for the youthful family circle, it is calculated to do much good. The questions for examination, given at the end, considerably enhance its value as a means of impressing on the youthful memory all the incidents and facts in the text which claim attention.

1. *The Chief's Daughter, or the Settlers in Virginia.* 18mo., pp. 162.
2. *The Convert of Massachusetts.* 18mo., pp. 172.
New-York: F. D. Harriman. 1860.

Parents and guardians of all denominations will be pleased to have their attention called to these charming little volumes. They contain nothing calculated to offend the most sensitive of any truly Christian sect; but much to conciliate, entertain, and instruct. "The Chief's Daughter" is evidently from a pen capable of producing a much longer and more intricate story. But whether such would be so acceptable to either boys or girls as that which we have, is another question.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Occasional Productions, Political, Diplomatic, and Miscellaneous, including among others a glance at the Court and Government of Louis Philippe and the French Revolution of 1848, by the late RICHARD RUSH, edited by his executors, with a copious index, 8vo., pp. 535. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

Who the executors are that have edited the occasional papers of Mr. Rush we are not aware; but we can say that they have performed their task judiciously, if not ably. If they are not men of remarkable talent, they are at least men of common sense, which is more than could be said of two thirds of those who undertake similar duties. It was not, indeed difficult to make an interesting book out of the posthumous productions of a man like Mr. Rush. Without having any pretensions to more than, ordinary literary merit, he wrote much. He was a keen observer of men

and things; and having in turn been Minister Plenipotentiary to England, and subsequently to France; Secretary of the Treasury, and Attorney-General of the United States, he had peculiar facilities for obtaining important information both at home and in the principal nations of the Old World. That he was not unmindful of the opportunities thus afforded is sufficiently evident from the volume under consideration; though it is by no means a brilliant work. But what it lacks in brilliancy it makes amends for by pleasing reminiscences, and interesting, instructive facts.

The article on "Washington in Domestic Life," which occupies the first chapter, presents a most amiable picture of the man who, better than any other patriot and soldier of ancient or modern times, deserves to be called the Father of his Country. A *fac simile* of an autograph letter from Washington to his private secretary, Colonel Lear, together with a note of invitation to the same gentleman, the former containing the additional signature of Mrs. Washington, is not a little valuable by itself, if only as showing what a bold, regular, and legible hand the hero wrote, and how scrupulously correct was his style of composition. Another article, which possesses no ordinary historical importance, is that entitled "Washington, Lafayette, and Mr. Bradford—a sketch in part from memory." Several of Mr. Rush's letters, official as well as private, will repay careful perusal; the same may be said of his brief paper on the death of Mr. Canning, and of the two essays entitled "Value of Early Efforts at Excellence," and "Labor necessary to Eminence." But the most elaborate paper in the whole book is that on the Court and Government of Louis Philippe in 1847–1848, and the French Revolution which followed. This does not pretend to the strict accuracy of history; but it contains materials of which the future historian will be glad to avail himself. The full table of contents at the beginning of the volume, and the copious index at the end, show that although Mr. Rush is dead only since the 30th of July last, the editors have omitted nothing calculated to render his "Productions" at once interesting and useful. The volume is got up in tasteful library style, and embellished with a fine portrait of the author.

Art Recreations, being a complete Guide to Ornamental Work. By Madame L. B. Urbino, Prof. Henry Day, and others, with valuable receipts for preparing materials. Splendidly illustrated. 12mo, pp. 332. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1860.

There is much in this volume that is useful and instructive as well as pleasing. The publishers tell us that "it has its origin in the fact that during the time in which they have been engaged in issuing pictures and dealing in artists' materials, they have been in the constant receipt of letters from all parts of the country, asking for information in various departments of ornamental work." It is pleasant to find that after one has been at much pains to please, or oblige others, he has been all the time

serving himself, though actuated by no selfish motive; and that before us is evidently a case of this kind.

The ornamental work on which instructions are given, are pencil drawing, oil painting, water color painting, painting on ground glass, Grecian painting, moss work, gilding and bronzing, magic lanterns, enamel painting, paper flowers, &c., &c. The work is copiously and *suitably* illustrated, but not "splendidly," as we are told on the title-page. Sometimes there is similar exaggeration used in the text; the editors understand art better than the graces of the English language. Their errors in this way are, however, but slight, and indeed fall into insignificance when compared with the real merits of the book. For ladies especially, "Art Recreations" has peculiar attractions, and it may be added, that it is better worthy their attention than all the novels of the season put together. A book more beautifully printed has seldom, if ever, emanated even from the modern Athens.

Richardson's New Method for the Piano-Forte. 4to. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

In all enlightened countries, music has become a necessary branch of female education. Nor can a knowledge of it be regarded merely as an accomplishment; it is useful as well as ornamental. No one that thinks and feels can be insensible to its refining and soothing influence on the mind. The piano has done more good in this way than any other means of instruction, with, perhaps, the sole exception of the Bible. Those, therefore, who simplify its study, so as to shorten the time necessary to devote to it, are entitled to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind. Mr. Richardson proves, in the work before us, that he is a true and successful educator. Not but there were instruction-books enough for the piano before he compiled his "Method." But they either imposed too much labor on the pupil, or were too elementary.

The great merit of the new work is, that it leads the student along, step by step, giving such pieces for practice, and such instructions upon them, as are calculated to encourage, and at the same time inculcate sound principles. The exercises throughout are graduated with remarkable skill and correct taste—especially those on the five-finger scale, which form a valuable feature in the book by themselves. A series of ten diagrams are given at the beginning, showing the exact relative positions of the arm, hand, and fingers, in playing the piano, in a manner to command, by sufficient practice and attention, every variety of sound of which that fine instrument is capable, when properly constructed. In short, we miss nothing in "Richardson's Method" which is in the least necessary to the intelligent progress of the learner—nothing of any value to be found in any other instruction-book for the piano-forte, whether European or American.

Miller's New-York As It Is; or, Strangers' Guide-Book to the Cities of New-York, Brooklyn, and adjacent places, comprising notices of every object of interest to strangers, &c. 16mo., pp. 130. New-York: Jas. Miller. 1860.

There is an incredible amount of useful information in this little volume. Indeed we do not find that anything has been omitted which a stranger visiting our city might be supposed to take an interest in. It is illustrated with plates, representing almost every building either remarkable in itself or historically interesting, in New-York and its vicinity; and the map given at the end, is the largest, most complete, and most accurate which we have yet seen in any similar publication.

Norton's Hand-Book to Europe; or, How to Travel in the Old World. By J. H. SIDDONS. 18mo. pp. 243. New-York: Charles B. Norton. 1860.

There are not a few of our tourists that spend three or four weeks in Europe and then undertake to enlighten the benighted at home on all they have seen and heard, who would not profit by a careful study of this little volume before they commence their self-imposed tasks. They would, at least, avoid many ridiculous blunders. It would, however, be still better if most of them perused the "Hand-Book," and kept their books of travels to themselves. No other volume of the same size that we have seen contains so much that is accurate and reliable relative to the chief places and objects of attraction and interest in the Old World.

Philogomena Logica; an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of the Logical Processes. By Henry Longueville Mansel, B. D., LL. D., Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at Oxford, Editor of Sir William Hamilton's Lectures, &c., &c. First American from the second English Edition, corrected and enlarged. 12mo., pp. 291. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Those who are merely commencing the study of logic, had better take up another work before this, especially if they are acquainted only with the English language. But such as already understand the elementary principles of the science, will find much more in its pages than its slender size would lead them to expect. The author's mind is fully imbued with the profound, thoughtful spirit of Hamilton, whose works he has so ably edited; and it is evident that he is equally conversant with all that is valuable in the writings of the great metaphysicians of the Continent, particularly those of Kant and Cousin. A portion of "Philogomena Logica" attracted the attention of scholars both in Europe and America, in the North British Review, some time since, in two articles entitled "Philosophy of Language," and "Recent Extensions of Formal Logic." These are now enlarged, both by important matter introduced into the

text, and copious notes; the latter highly valuable in themselves, embracing as they do some of the best thoughts of the greatest thinkers of ancient and modern times. Regarding it as a whole, we are acquainted with no work of equal size so well packed with thought and erudition.

1. *Manual of Geology, designed for the use of Colleges and Academies.* By Ebenezer Emmons, State Geologist of North Carolina, late State Geologist of New-York, Professor of Natural History and Geology in Williams College. Illustrated with numerous engravings. Second edition. 12mo., pp. 297. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.
2. *Introductory Course of Natural Philosophy, for the Use of Schools and Academies,* edited from Canot's Popular Physics. By William G. Peck, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860.

These two excellent text-books did not reach us in time to enable us to do more in our present number than to observe briefly that they possess peculiarities which will render them equally welcome to both students and teachers. This is particularly true of the "Manual of Geology," a treatise at once more comprehensive and more attractive, and one that contains a larger variety of interesting, instructive facts, than any similar work of equal size, which it has been our privilege to examine.

The illustrations of the Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian, and Triassic systems, and of the fossil remains of animals, are remarkably true to nature, and form a valuable feature in the book. As an introductory course, the "Natural Philosophy" embraces all that is desirable; and what is much better, the matter is admirably arranged, the principles of the science being logically and practically explained and excellently illustrated.

English Grammar, in Familiar Lectures, accompanied by a Compendium, embracing a new systematic order of Parsing, a *new system of Punctuation,* exercises in False Syntax, and a system of Philosophical Grammar, to which are added an Appendix and a Key to the Exercises. Designed for the use of Schools and Private Learners. By Samuel Kirkham. New edition, with additions. New-York: Collins & Brother.

Until the work fell into our hands a few days since, we had not supposed that a "Grammar" like this was any longer used, even in the backwoods. The only similar performance that can be compared to it is Cobbett's "Ploughboy's Grammar;" but undoubtedly there is not so much arrogance, bad taste, and bad English, in the latter as in the former, although the number of editions of Kirkham said to have been published is almost fabulous. It seems the book was in the possession, some years since,

of other New-York publishers; but they had the good sense, or may we not say the intelligence and honesty, to get rid of it as soon as they could, and to substitute in its stead a work more worthy of the character of our school system.

Small as the volume is, four fifths of its contents are taken from the old Grammar of Murray. Had the matter thus appropriated not been tampered with, it would be very good; but, like an unskilful tailor who attempts to alter a garment in order to suit the latest fashion, Mr. Kirkham makes all his own, so much that if poor Lindley could see it he could hardly identify what cost him so much research and labor. The so-called "Compendium" is simply a folded sheet of paper, coarsely printed and containing a certain number of "rules" which, as we are told, are "*not to be studied, but spread before the learner.*" Several of these rules are such libels on the English language, and do such violence to common sense, that it is well, indeed, that they are "*not* to be studied." But why "*spread*" them?

Without waiting for an answer to this question, we proceed to glance at the body of the work, or that part of it which we are informed is "a system of philosophical grammar." What the author lays down as a rule, as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, in one place, he flatly contradicts in another. Thus, "Verbs express *not only the manner or state of being*, but likewise *all the different actions* and *movements* of all creatures and things, whether animate or inanimate."—(p. 62.) Elsewhere, in the same work, we are told that "Verbs *do not, in reality, express actions.*"—(p. 37.) Now, which statement is the learner to believe? In a similar manner, in speaking of nouns and verbs as the sources from which all the other parts of speech have sprung, our philologist says, "Nay, more. *They* may be reduced to *one.*"—(ib.) That is, *they* may become *it!* In explaining the nature and scope of the present tense, he observes, "This tense is sometimes applied to represent the *actions of men long since dead*," giving, as an example, the sentence, "An honest man *is* the noblest work of God" (p. 128), thus teaching the learner to regard *is* as an *active* verb.

But we might pass from page to page, from one end of the book to the other, and find specimens of this kind thickly strewn in each; and we have already devoted more space and attention to it than it is worth. Before closing our remarks, however, we think it fair to show how much we have the misfortune to differ with the publishers in our estimate of "Kirkham." They inform us, with becoming modesty, that they "have endeavored, from time to time, to make such alterations as the advance in philological learning has brought to light,"—that is, the alterations have been "brought to light" by "the advance of philological learning!" In connection with the "recommendations" prefixed to the work, each party bestowing a certain amount of praise is repaid in kind. A periodical called

the "Western Review," gives a long, "first-rate notice," and accordingly we are informed, at the head of it, that "This journal is ably conducted by the Rev. Timothy Flint, author of 'Francis Berrian,' 'History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley,' and *many other popular and valuable works.*" The next "recommendation" is, "from the pen of a gentleman of the bar, *a distinguished classical teacher,*" but one, it seems, that has no name. On the next page we have the recommendation of a Mr. Smith, "Editor of *a valuable literary journal*, styled the 'Hesperus.'" A sort of disquisition is given at the end of the book, "from the pen of "the distinguished author, Professor A. Mills," which, although it does not contain a single original idea, is an "elegant essay," whose perusal "it is hoped, will excite an interest in the study of rhetoric, a subject too much neglected in our educational institutions." Thus, upon the whole, it seems that nothing is lost by giving an "appreciative" notice, of the right length, to the Messrs. Collins & Brother, even though their "Kirkham" be somewhat suggestive of that famous college which

> "Looketh South and West alsoe,
> Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
> Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
> Through transparent holes in every pane."

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The Sand Hills of Jutland. By Hans Christian Andersen. 12mo., cloth. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Oratory and Orators. Translated and edited by J. S. Watson. 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Electro-Physiology and Electro-Therapeutics, showing the Best Methods for the Medical Uses of Electricity. By Alfred E. Garratt, M. D., Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, 8vo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Year of Grace: a History of the Revival in Ireland, in 1859. By Rev. William Gibson, Professor of Ethics in Queen's College, Belfast, with an Introduction by Baron Stow, D. D. 12mo., cloth. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

The Rebel and the Rover. By Harry Hazel. Paper, 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1860.

Travels, Explorations and Missionary Labors in Eastern Africa. By Dr. J. Lewis Knapp. 12mo., cloth. Boston Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

A Smaller History of Greece, from the Earliest Times, to the Roman Conquest. By William Smith, LL. D. Illustrated with Engravings on Wood. 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Three Clerks. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Doctor Thorne," "The Bertrams," &c. 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Pathfinder; or, the Inland Sea. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo., cloth. New-York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1860.

Euripides Ex-Recensione. Frederic A. Paley, accepit verborum et nominum index. Vol. I. 18mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Price of Soul Liberty, and Who Paid It? By H. C. Fish, D. D.. 18mo., cloth. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

A History of New-York: from the beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch dynasty. By Diedrich Knickerbocker. The author's revised edition, on tinted paper, illustrated, complete in one volume. National edition Crown. 8vo., cloth. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1860.

Science a Witness for the Bible. By R. W. N. Pendleton, D. D. 12mo, cloth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

Lovell the Widower. A Novel. By W. M. Thackery, author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," &c. Paper, 8vo. New-York: Harper & Bros. 1860.

The New-York State Business Directory, Containing The Names and Addresses of the Merchants, Manufacturers, Professional Men, &c. Also, a List of Banks, Insurance Companies, Railroads, Newspapers, &c. &c. (Being Part of The Middle States Directory.) By Adams, Sampson & Co., Publishers of the New-England Business Directory, And Directories For Albany, Troy, Boston, &c., &c.

The Boston Directory. Embracing The City Record, A General Directory of the Citizens, And a Business Directory. For the Year Commencing July 1, 1860. Boston: Adams, Sampson & Co.

The New-England Business Directory. By Adams, Sampson & Co., Publishers of The Boston Directory, Massachusetts Register, New-York State Business Directory, &c. 1860.

Bracebridge Hall; or, The Humorist, a Medley. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. National Edition, complete in one volume. The author's revised edition, printed on tinted paper, crown. 8vo., cloth. New-York: George P. Putnam. 1860.

The Queens of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton. Illustrated by Charles Altamont Doyle and the Brothers Dalziel. 12mo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Precious Blood; or, the Price of our Salvation. By Frederick William Faber, D. D., Author of "All for Jesus," "The Blessed Sacrament," &c., &c. 16mo. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1860.

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The Flowers of Heaven; or, the Examples of the Saints, Proposed to the Invitation of Christians. Translated from the French of the Abbé Orsini. A New Edition. London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1860.

The Caverly Family; or, Mrs. Linden's Teachings. By. H. H. H. Pp. 251. New-York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1860.

Christian Union, and the Protestant Episcopal Church in Its Relations to Church Unity. By William H. Lewis, D. D., Rector of The Church of The Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, L. I. Pp. 118. New-York: Published for the Author, by Rev. F. D. Harriman.

The Church and the Press; or, Christian Literature the Inheritance of the Church, and the Press an Educator and an Evangelist. A Sermon Preached in Richmond, At St. Paul's Church, October 12, 1859, at the Eleventh Triennial Meeting of the S. S. Union and Church Book Society. By A. Cleveland Coxe, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. Pp. 48. New-York: F. D. Harriman.

The Infant's Harp: A Collection of Hymns for Sunday Schools. Compiled By a Sunday School Teacher. With Illustrations. Pp. 72. New-York: F. D. Harriman. 1860.

Unity and Its Restoration. Addressed to all Christians who desire to hold the Faith in Unity of the Spirit, and in the Bond of Peace By a Presbyter of the Diocese of Illinois. Pp. 109. New-York: Daniel Dana, Jr.

Religion, Science, Labor; Distinct, but Never Disunited. A Lecture Delivered on Tuesday, March 18, 1856, before The Working Men's Improvement Association of Cheltenham. By E. R. Humphreys, LL. D., President. Cheltenham: Wight & Bailey, Promenade. pp. 30. London: Longman & Co.

The Modern School For The Organ. A New, Progressive, and Practical Method. In Three Parts. Part I.—History and Description of The Organ, Elementary Instruction, Exercises, and Voluntaries in All Styles of Playing The Organ (Without Pedals.) Part II.—Pedal Playing. Part III.—Combination of Stops, Voluntaries, and Pieces Suited to All Occasions. By John Zundel, Organist and Director of Music at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Pp. 200. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The English Classics, an Historical Sketch of the Literature of England, from the earliest times to the accession of King George III., G. R. M. Johnson. 16mo. Philadelphia. 1860.

Analytical Orthography, an investigation of the sounds, or the voices and alphabetical notation, &c., &c. By S. S. Haldenam, A. M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

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INDEX

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME

OF THE

National Quarterly Review.

Abbott, Jacob, his Aboriginal America, noticed, 273. Vol. II, 542.

Angelo, Michael — Inspiration from Dante, 30.

Art Recreations noticed, 544.

Aurora Leigh, reviewed, 186, *et seq.*

Availability; or, Politicians vs. Statesmen, article on, 485—Seldon's adage, *ib.*—parties and factions, 486—the people credulous everywhere, *ib.*—value of education, and its progress, 487 — the French Revolution and the cause of its excesses, 488—intelligence of the Swiss, 489—resistance to Bonaparte, 490 — the Dutch republic, *ib.*—lesson afforded by the Dutch republic, 491—criticism on Democracy, 493—defence by Voltaire, 494—comparison between the United States and the despotisms of Europe, 495—effect of the doctrine of "Availability," 496—influence of pugilists, &c, 497—Mr. Everett as a candidate for the Presidency, 498—Mr. Seward as regarded by Southerners, 499—folly of intolerance, 500 — comparison with England, 501—letter opening by cabinet ministers, 502.

Bacon, Lord, his works noticed, 514.

Bell, Rev. J. D., his Higher Pleasures of the Intellect, noticed, 270.

Bradford, Sarah H., her Linton Family reviewed, 518 — her Chosen People, 542.

Brown, Goold, his Grammar of English Grammars, noticed, 237.

Browning, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett, Review of her Poems, 173 — beauties and faults of style, *ib.* — compared to Mad. Dacier, 174 — her Prometheus, *ib.*, 179 — her Drama of Exile, etc, 175 — Cry of the Children, 179 — Romance of the Swan's Nest, 186 — Aurora Leigh, 186, *et seq* — Napoleon III in Italy, 198, *et seq* —

Beatrice 4, Platonic Love, 5—her marriage and death, 7.

Bullions, Dr. Peter, his grammars, noticed, 255.

Carlyle, Thomas, his Critical and Miscellaneous Essay, noticed, 242.

Chitty, Joseph, his Treatise on Contracts noticed, 537.

Clark, Thomas, his Latin Grammar, noticed, 260.

Colton, Rev. Walter, his works noticed, 512.

Cooper, James Fenimore, article on, 279 — his characteristics as an author misunderstood, *ib.* — criticisms upon, 280, 281, 282 — curious specimens, 282, 283, 284, 285 — his "England," 286 — criticisms on the English, 288 — comparison with other authors, 290 — criticism on Scott, 291 — criticisms on America, 297 — The Spy, Pilot, and the Pioneers, 301 — comparison, *ib*, general character of Cooper's works, 304 — The Deerslayer, 306 — The Borderer, or The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish, 308 — Content, the Puritan Settler, and his wife Ruth, 309 — The Bravo, 310 — analysis of the story, 311 — The author's originality, 314 — character of the illustrated edition of his works, 316.

Code, The Maryland, noticed, 537.

Cornell, William N., his How to Enjoy Life, noticed, 517.

Craik, Rev. James, his Old and New, noticed, 541.

Cyclopædia, the New American, criticised, 233 — its defects, 234 — unreliableness as a work of reference, 235, 236.

Dante, Alighieri, article on his life and works — comparison with other poets, 8 — poets who have borrowed from him, 17, 18, 19 — his allegories, 24 — banishment, 27 — champion of liberty, 29 — intellectual powers, *ib.*

Dictionary of Latin Synonyms, Ramshow's, noticed, 236 — its value as a work of reference, 237.

Dickens, Charles, article on, 91 — his rank as an author, 93 — Pickwick Papers, 94 — Nicholas Nickleby, 96, 97, 98 — Oliver Twist, 100 — comparison with other novelists, 104, 106, 107 — inconsistency of his characters with themselves, 110, 111 — his excellences, 112, 113.

Dwight, Benjamin W., his Modern Philology, noticed, 257.

Duyckinck, George L., his Life of Bishop Taylor, noticed, 278.

Dictionary, Webster's, noticed, 231 — pictorial illustrations, their value, *ib.* — definitions, derivations, and general superiority, 232, 233.

Dodd, James B., his Mathematical Series reviewed, 526, *et seq*

Durfee, Rev, Calvin, his History of Williams College, noticed, 519.

Emmons, Ebenezer, his Geology, noticed, 547.

Encyclopædia, Chambers', noticed, 504.

English Language (The), article on, 401 — importance of its history as that of a great people, *ib.* — Dr. Latham's philological labors and scholarship, 402 — erroneous statements of Mr. Marsh relative to English philology, 403 — Grimm's and Bopp's researches, and their value, 404 — Dr. Latham's opinion as to the chief source of Modern English criticised, 405 — Anglo-Saxon largely indebted to the Dutch and Danish, 406 — the term Anglo-Saxon defined, 407 — other elements of the language, 408 — Harrison on its composite character, 409 — Marsh's Lectures unduly praised, 410 — the greater part of his materials appropriated without acknowledgment, *ib.* — comparison of American universities with those of European countries, 414 — evidences of a narrow spirit, 415 — unfair and unscholarly habit, 417 — dialects of the Celtic, 418 — the Latin element, 421 — system of analysis, 422, 423 — the girl teacher — interesting incident, 427 — Mr. Marsh's rhetorical composition, 429 — elements of his language — justice to all, 431 — analogy between our language and people, 432.

Evans (Miss), review of her works, 455 —fascination of her narrative, 456 — comparison with other writers, 457 — her works attributed to different male authors, 457, 458, 459 — her forte, 461 — analyses of Adam Bede, 463, 464 — sketch of Hetty Sorrel, 466 — Captain Donnithorne's attentions to Hetty, and their results, 467, 468 — Hetty sentenced to death for child-murder, but subsequently reprieved and transported, 470 — the Dodson family, 472, 473 — Maggie's character, 474, 475 — faults and beauties, 483, *et seq*.

Farrar, F. W., his Julian Home, noticed, 247.

Fasquelle, Lewis, his French "Method," etc., noticed, 256.

Fine Arts, article on, 146 — why art has been little cultivated in America, *ib.* — Puritanism adverse to the fine arts, 147 — Copley and Trumbull, West, Stuart, and Alston, 149 — a new interest manifested for the fine arts, 151 — two lights in which the subject of art may be viewed, 152 — Grecian sculptures, 153 — images, 154 — temple of Elephanta and the Trimourti, 154 — the artist, connoisseur, and amateur, 155 — Lysippus, his bronze horses, their travels, 156 — Agesander, his Laocoon; Ruskin's critique upon the same, 157 — the monuments of ancient sculpture found at the beginning of the 15th century, 158 — antiquity of painting symbolic writing — the renaissance; Michael Angelo, Lorenzo de Medici, 159 — destruction of works of art in the 5th century, Iconoclasts, religious art, 160 — Mrs. Jameson's misfortunes, 161 — legendary or mediæval art, 162 — Practical use of the study of legendary art, 164 — the arts introduced into Italy by the Greek school, 166 — the Florentine school; Guido Reni; Cimabue, *ib.* — character and history of Michael Angelo exhibited in his portrait, 167 —

cartoons of Raphael, *ib.*—Raphael Sanzio's Madonnas, Madonna of Raphael Mengs, Dresden Gallery, 168—Correggio's portraits and his "Night" in the Dresden Gallery, 199 Titian, the last great painter of Italy, mannerists of the 16th century; Tintoretto and Veronese; anachronisms in the paintings of the latter, 170—portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, 171 — the subject of æsthetics, as connected with novelty and refinement, *ib.*—the true end of social life, 172 — the mind's painting and the great mission of æsthetics, *ib.*

Franklin, Dr. Benjamin, his works noticed, 254.

French Class Book noticed, 535.

Geldert, Mrs. Thomas, her Popular History of England, noticed, 272. — Stories of Scotland, 442.

Godwin, Parke's History of France, reviewed, 30 — Ancient Gauls, 31, 32 — The Strife of Races, 33–37 — Doubtful Origin of the Franks, 41 — comparison between the Germans and Gauls, 45 — reliableness and general character of the work, 63.

Gray, Asa, his Botanies noticed, 261.

Guild, Rueben A., his Librarian's Manual noticed, 506.

Hackett, H. B., his Illustrations of Scripture reviewed, 266.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel, his Marble Faun noticed, 248.

Hayes, Isaac J., his Arctic Boat Journey noticed, 258.

Heefle, Rev. Dr. Von, his Life of Zimenez noticed, 522.

History (The) of the Reformation in Sweden, Anjou's, noticed, 252.

Hitchcock, Edward, his Anatomy and Physiology noticed, 264.

Hood, Thomas, his Memorials reviewed, 509, *et seq.*

Hooker, Worthington, his Physiology noticed, 532.

Hudson, Rev. H. N., his Shakespeare noticed, 518.

Holcombe, William H., his Poems noticed, 241.

Humboldt, Alexander Von, imperfect edition of his Letters criticised, 270.

Humphreys, Dr. E. R., his works noticed, 534.

Hungary, Past and Present, article on, 316—her efforts in 1848-9, 317; greatest misfortune, *ib.*—comparison with Italy, 318—historical sketch, 319—the Magyars, 320 — different races, 322—conquests, 323—conversion of King Stephen to Christianity, 325—the Magna Charta of Hungary, 328—the house of Hapsburg, 329 — veneration for Arpad, 332 — King Mathias' death, 334 — war of succession, 337 — conduct of the Emperor Leopold, 340 — Maria Theresa, 342 — her schemes of conquest, 344 Revolutions of 1848, 347 — Kossuth and Gorgey, 349 — results, 350.

Il Fureidis; an Oriental Romance, noticed, 246.

Irving, Washington, his Salmagundi, and History of New-York noticed, 244

Italy, Past and Present, article on, 201 — the rule of Austria, 202 — Effect of Napoleon's rule, 203 — the French Republic expelling the Austrians from Italy, 204 — Bonaparte's proclamation, *ib.* — conduct of the liberators in Italy, 205 — French injustice exceeded by Austrian tyranny, 206 — the people of Lombardy, 208 — petition of the Milanese to Gen. Bonaparte, 208 — effect on Catholics of interference with the Pope, 210 — Sicilian Vespers a warning to the French in Italy, 211 — the Neapolitans always disliked the French, 212 — treatment of the Sardinians by Bonaparte, 213 — the Emperor Francis willing to leave the Italians to themselves, 214, 215 — military superiority of the French over the Austrians, 216 — modern Italy has had her independent governments, 218 — naval superiority of Venice in the days of her independence, *ib.* despotism, 219 — the Republic of Florence, 220 — political misfortunes of Naples, 225 — Oppressions of King Ferdinand, *ib.* — anecdote of Leo IX. and a Norman prince. 226—States of the Church, *ib.* — government of the Popes, 227—Bonaparte's tenderness for Italy, *ib.* — Influence of the Church, 228, 229.

Kirkham, Samuel, his English Grammar criticised, 517.

Leatherman, P. R, his Moral Science noticed, 265.

Lee, Holme, his Against Wind and Tide noticed, 249.

Lewis, Rev. W. H., his Sermons noticed, 539.

Life of Andrew Jackson, Parton's, noticed, 250.

Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer, his Last Days of Pompeii noticed, 245.

Macleane, A. J., his edition of Horace noticed, 258.
Mahan, Milo, his Church History noticed, 505.
Man, Robert James, his Guide to Life noticed, 265.
Mansel, B. D,, his Philogomena Logica noticed, 546.
Miller's Guide Book noticed, 546.
Milman, H Hart, his History of Latin Christianity noticed, 520.
Mitchell, O. M., his Popular Astronomy criticised, 261.
Mitchell, S. Augustus, his Ancient Geography noticed, 260.
Morris, George P., his poems noticed, 239—comparison with other lyric poets, *ib.*—popularity of his songs, 240, 241—new edition of his works, 518.
Modern French Drama, article on, 64 — its origin, *ib.* — censorship of the drama and hissing, 65 — Corneille, 66 — tribute to his genius, 67 — popularity of Molière, 68 — love of the French for comedy, 69 — tragedies of Voltaire, *ib.*—his triumphs, 70 — royal favors bestowed upon Molière and his burial, 71—Archbishop of Paris, 71, 72 — tact of Madame Molière, Racine and Molière, 78 — character of Racine, his unhappy marriage, 74 — his modesty and sensibility, 75 — unfortunate memorial to Louis XIV., 76 — effective reading and conversation of Racine, 77 — Crebillon, 78 — comparative merit of the dramatic literature of different countries of Europe, 79, 80 — Dr. Johnson's remarks on the unities, 80, 81 — the French drama more classical than the English, 82, 83 — Dr. Blair's comparison, *ib.* — decline of, *ib.* — the historical drama unpopular with the French, 85 — the Czarina, *ib.* — causes of the degeneracy of the French drama, 88, 89 — the Italian opera and French fantaisie, 89 — dramatizing novels, 90 — authors neglected, actors courted, the theatre in disrepute, 90.
Nineteenth Century (The), article on — Buckle's Civilization, 118 — national pride, *ib.* — no unmixed races, 115 — Anglo Saxons, *ib* — ancient civilization, 116 — theories of Mr. Buckle, 117 — England before the time of William the Conqueror, 118 — the Anglo-Saxons a barbarous people, *ib.* — Magna Charta a Norman institution, 119 — pride in Norman ancestry, 120 — influence of governments upon civilization, 121 — Mr. Buckle's views of the influence of the Christian religion on national progress, 122 — destruction of monuments of genius among the ancients, 124 — Mr. Buckle's praises of skepticism, 127 — Guizot's Mémoires, 129 — no evidences of an advance of civilization, 130 — errors of ancient republics compared with the modern, 131, 132 — the battle of Waterloo not a loss to French liberty or civilization, 133 — the citizen king and Napoleon III., 135 — political and social condition of England, 137, 138 — Maccall's, "Reasoner" violent and exciting, *ib.* — Ernest Jones urges the people of England to break their chains, 140 — defects in all social systems, *ib.* — Florence in her prosperous days, 141 — revolutions, expulsion of the Moors, 142 — comparison of the United States with Carthage and Byzantium, 143, 144 — Mr. Buckle opposes popular prejudices, 144 — knowledge of defects tending to improvement and reformation, 145.
Paley, William, his Evidences noticed, 268.
Paley, F. A., his Æschylus noticed, 258.
Peck, William C., his Natural Philosophy noticed, 414.
Phelps, Mrs. Lincoln, her Botany noticed, 531—her Fireside Friend and with my Pupils, 533.
Prescott, his History of the Telegraph noticed, 525.
Richardson's New Method for the Piano noticed, 545.
Rush, Richard, his Occasional Productions noticed, 543.
Seward as an orator and statesman, article on, 432 — habit of judging men by their political opinions rather than by their intellectual faculties, *ib.* — pernicious effects, 433 — the lessons of the past, *ib.* — absurdity of disliking men for their opinions, *ib.* — necessity of a neutral ground, 433 — impression made in Europe by Seward's speeches, 435 — English and American parties compared, 435 — mutual accusations, *ib.* — Seward's works worthy of attention for their literary merits, 436 — general character of his speeches, 437 — his efforts in favor

of education, 438 — female education, 439–440 — Seward compared to Guizot and Brougham, 441 — extract from annual message, *ib.* — schools for the children of foreigners, 443 — all should be taught by teachers belonging to their own religion, *ib.* — denunciation of the Philadelphia riots, 444 — tribute to the whig party, 445 — Mr. Seward's style, 446 — comparison with Lord John Russell, *ib.* — the destiny of America, 447 — extracts, 448, 449 — the power of eloquence, 450 — the Roman Republic, 451 — what America has accomplished, and what she has yet to do, 453 — faults and beauties, *ib.* — speeches on various subjects, and their value, 454.

Social Life in America, article on 350—selfishness and patriotism, 351—National character and the fathers of the Republic, 352 — Colonial dependence and English travellers, 353 — Dickens' notes, 354 — the author's first remark in America, a tribute of praise, 355 — Mr. Buckingham's visit, and lectures, 357 — his own account of his great exertions, 358, 359 — Prof. Chasles' strictures, 360, 361 — Miss Martineau and Miss Bremer, 362 — criticisms of the former, 364, 365 — Miss Bremer among the Socialists, 366 — Lady Stewart Wortley and Miss Murray, *ib.* — criticisms, 367 — Miss Murray's opinion of our cemeteries, 368 — her criticisms on American *savans*, 369, 370 — condition of women and dress, *ib.* — watering places, 371 — complaints in regard to servants, 373 — private entertainments, 374 — failure of the writers, *ib.*

Street, Alfred B., his Woods and Waters noticed, 515.

Torquato Tasso, article on his life, writings, and genius, 375—scarcity of epic poets and comparison with other poets, *ib.*—causes, 376 —qualifications for an epic, 377—early misfortunes of Tasso, 378 — Rinaldo completed in ten months, 379 — analyses of the poem, 380 — arrival in Ferrara, and introduction to the Princesses of Este, 383, 384 — persecution of the author commences, 385, 386 — the "Gerusalemme" criticised, 387, 388, 389 — episode of Sophronia and Olindo, 390, 391 — Tasso's love for the Princess Leonora, 392, 393 — criticisms, 394, 395 — objections to certain passages in the "Gerusalemme," 396 — defence by the author, 397 — arrival in Rome, 398 — affecting letter and death, 399.

Trollope, Anthony, his Castle Richmond reviewed, 507.

Washington, E. K., his Echoes of Europe noticed, 523, *et seq.*

Wells, David A., his School Series noticed, 528, *et seq.*

Wilson, Daniel, (Bishop) his Life noticed, 521.

Willard, Mrs. Emma, her History of the United States noticed, 536.

Whitman, Walt, his Leaves of Grass noticed, 515, *et seq.*

Woolsey, Theodore D., his Introduction to National Law noticed, 536.

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The articles, discussing large and various fields of literature, philosophy and art, display much knowledge, thought and judgment.

From the Yorkville (S. C.) Enquirer.

The tone of the Review is youthful, fresh, and not staid nor stately as quarterlies too often are. In the article on *Mrs. Browning*, all discussion of her views on slavery (either English or American) is fairly and properly staved off. That article we may mention in passing, is in all respects a fine one, giving our favorite her true and high position among living poets. Among the *Notices and Criticisms*—to our mind the great feature of the *National*—there are some fine excoriations. Appleton's *New American Cyclopædia* is reviewed without the fear of publishers before his eyes. Mitchell's *Popular Astronomy* is handled without gloves. Humboldt's *Correspondence* is treated in similar fitting style. Praise is dealt out with equal freedom, and very fair discrimination. The classics especially, but education in general, is a leading feature of the *National*. The mature scholarship of Mr. Sears determines this matter very fortunately. Scholarship is what we want in such works.

From the New-York Herald.

The publication now before us is characterized by marked ability, varied learning, critical acumen and original thought. The subjects are all interesting, and they are treated in a more agreeable and readable way than the majority of articles in the English quarterlies, which are, for the most part, too heavy and dull. * * * * * There is an independence of thought and a freshness about the first number of the *National* which we like—the critical articles are piquant and trenchant, and we hope its future numbers will be sustained with the same ability, and that it will have a long and prosperous career.

From the New-York Evening Post.

The first article is an elaborate criticism of Dante, in which the writer shows how many modern poets of almost equal eminence have borrowed from his pages. In the second article Mr. Godwin's History of France is discussed with great candor, learning and ability. The reviewer has a few faults to find with that work, but shows his estimation of it by devoting thirty-five pages to a careful and instructive analysis of its contents. * * * * * We have finally an eloquent exposition of the affairs of "Italy, Past and Present." The historian here proves himself a friend of Italy, dilates upon her glory and her wrongs, and wishes success to the movements that are made in favor of her independence; but he does not forget that in ancient times these Italian states, which are now clamoring so justly against the oppressors at Rome and Vienna, were themselves among the vilest of oppressors, and are only experiencing that measure of which history is so full. The contributions to this review are scholarly in their tone and interesting in subject, and need only a little intermixture of politics to render them wholly acceptable.

Some of the best critics and essayists in America are already numbered among our contributors.

Business communications to be addressed to the publishers. Communications relative to the literary department to be addressed to Mr. E. I. Sears.

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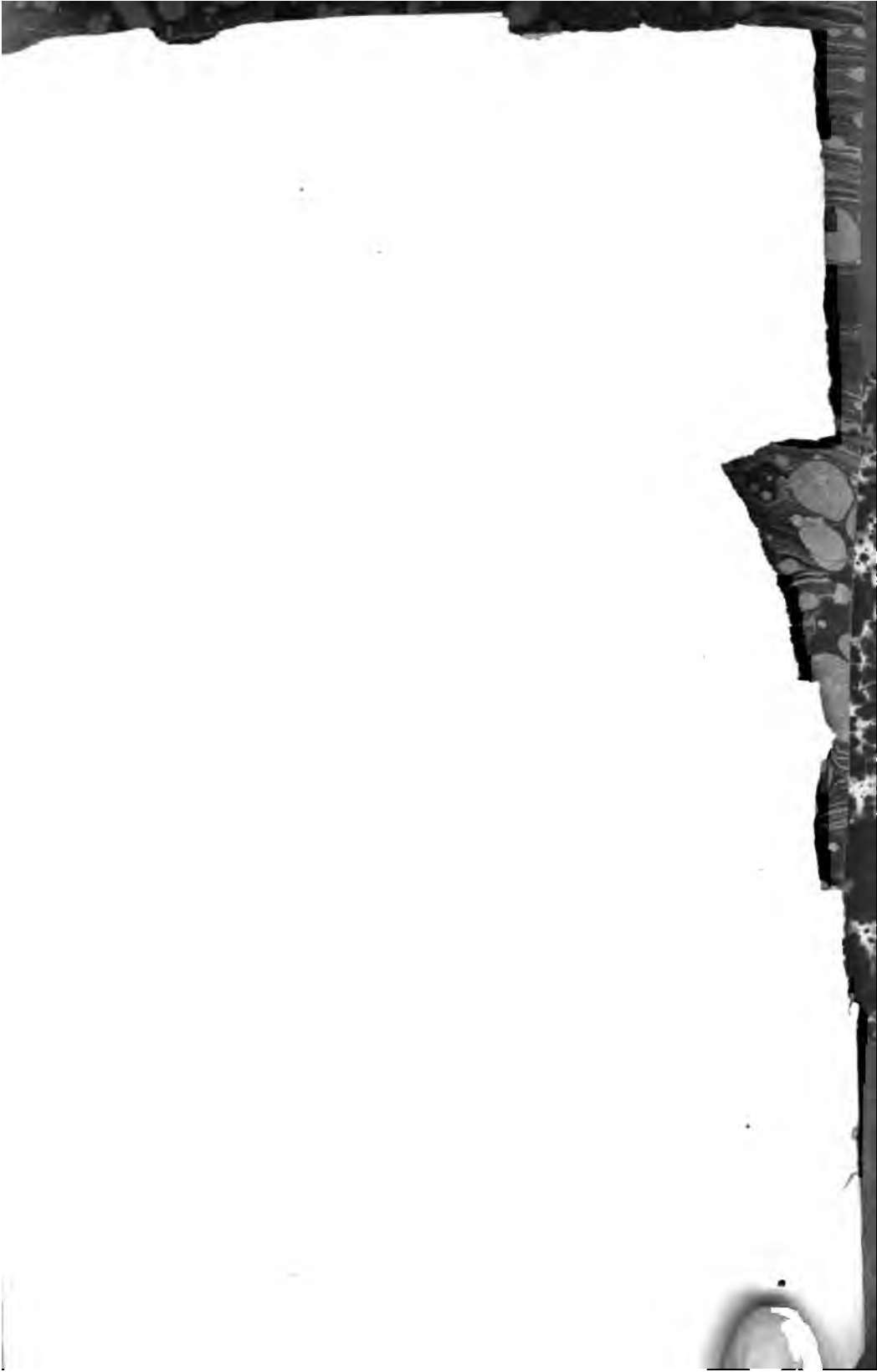

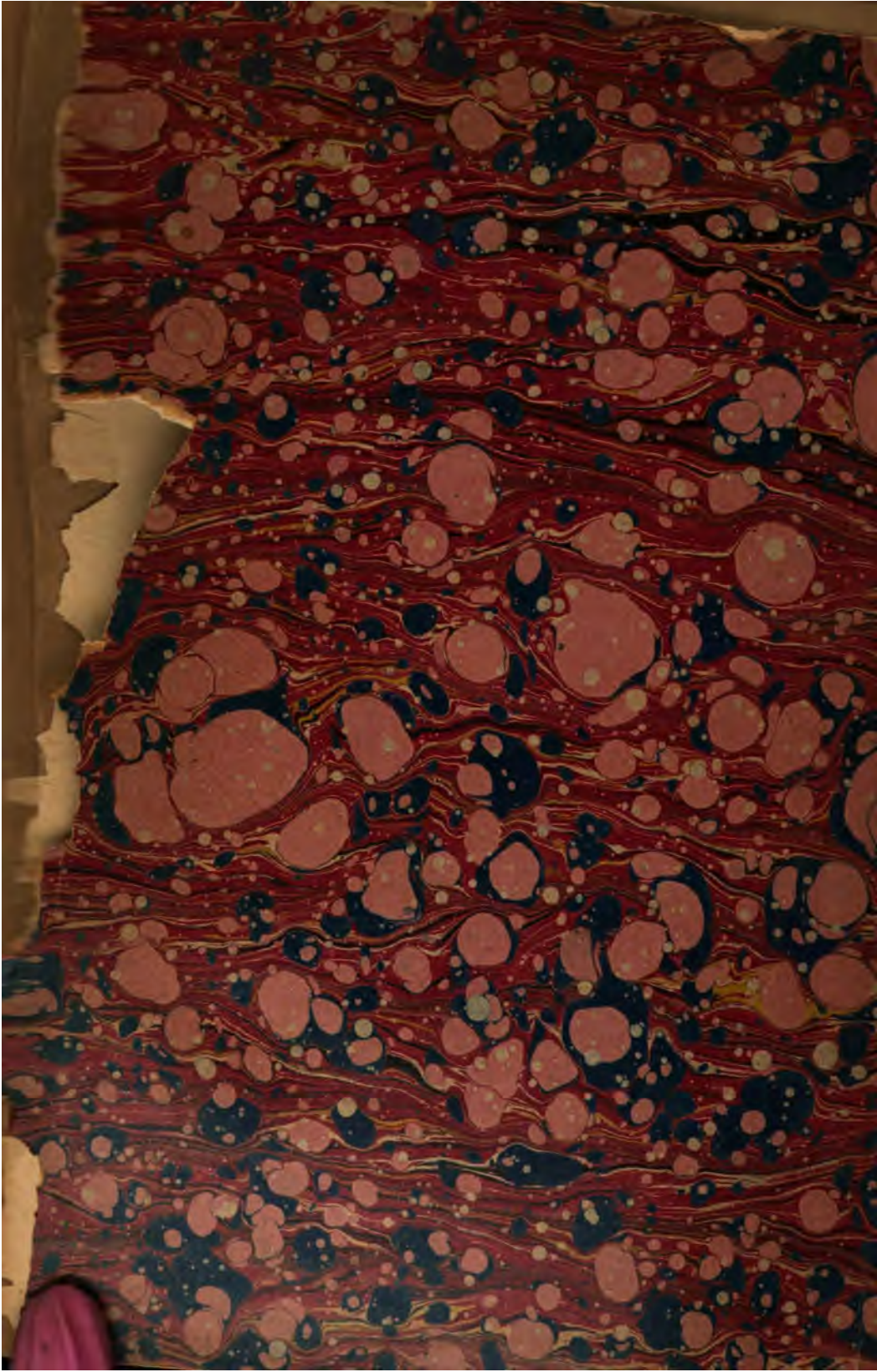

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